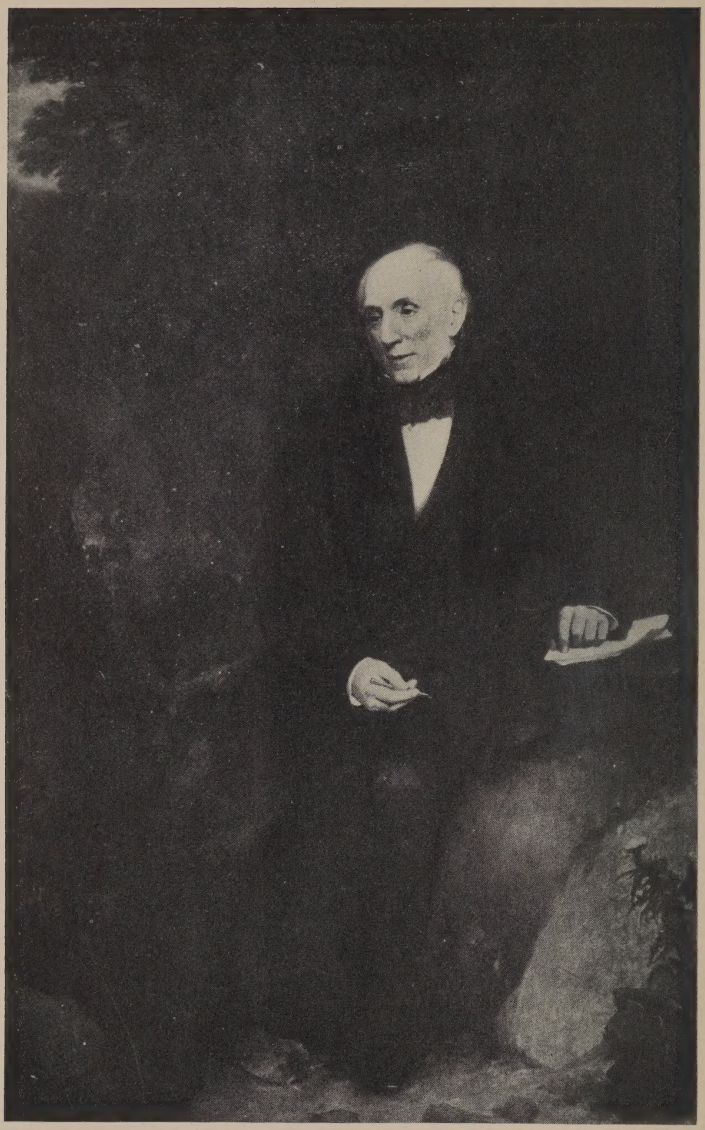
LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUL - 2 2009
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PR83 .N64 1907 v.3
Nicoll, W. Robertson
(William
Robertson), Sir, 1851-1923.
History of English
literature,

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE



FROM THE PAINTING BY H. W. PICKERSGILL, R. A.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
MAY 6 1919
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY
W. ROBERTSON NICOLL
AND
THOMAS SECCOMBE

WORDSWORTH TO SWINBURNE
(1770) (1837)

VOLUME III

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
1907

Copyright 1906, 1907, by
Dodd, Mead & Company

Published, October, 1907

CONTENTS

BOOK VI

ROMANCE

CHAPTER I—WORDSWORTH PAGE

Sketch of his life—Meeting with Coleridge—The *Lyrical Ballads*—*The Excursion*—*Sonnets*—The poet of Nature—Poetic diction—His excellences and limitations 871

CHAPTER II—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Pantisocracy—Life with Wordsworth—Influence on contemporaries—Endless procrastination—*Christabel*—*Letters* and *Table Talk* 888

CHAPTER III—GREAT CRITICS

Charles Lamb—Hazlitt and *The London* Group—Thomas De Quincey 908

CHAPTER IV—SIR WALTER SCOTT

Early training—The Scott group—*Border Minstrelsy*—Abbotsford—Ruin—The *Opus Magnum*—Voyage to Italy—The end—Greatness of Scott's output—His manifold influence 953

CHAPTER V—LORD BYRON

Ancestry—Newstead—Harrow—Cambridge — Vocation The Levant—*Childe Harold*—Marriage—Leman—Byron and Shelley—The Guiccioli—*Don Juan*—Ravena—Pisa—Missolonghi—Byromania—Its justification 970

CHAPTER VI—JANE AUSTEN, SOME LADY NOVELISTS, HER CONTEMPORARIES, AND OTHERS PAGE

Jane Austen—Life—Atmosphere—Comparisons and corrections—Maria Edgeworth — Susan Ferrier—Galt and the *Blackwood* group 987

CHAPTER VII—NINETEENTH-CENTURY HISTORIANS: FROM MITFORD TO MACAULAY

Early Victorian historians—Mitford, Thirwall, and Grote—Arnold, Long, and Merivale—Milman's *Latin Christianity*—Finlay's *History of Greece*—Roscoe's *Leo X.*—James Mill—Histories of India—Alison—Napier's *Peninsular War*—Lingard and Hallam—Lord Macaulay 1006

CHAPTER VIII—SHELLEY

Early days and marriages—Italy—William Godwin—*Cenci*, *Prometheus*, and *Adonais*—Lyrics—Form and matter of his verse—Landor, Peacock, and Trelawny 1023

CHAPTER IX—JOHN KEATS

Æsthetic philosophy—John Keats—School and surgery—First poems—*Endymion* and the reviewers—*La Belle Dame sans Merci*—Hellenic and romantic influence—The great odes—Beauty is truth . . 1043

CHAPTER X—THE COCKNEY SCHOOL: LEIGH HUNT AND TOM HOOD—QUARTERLY REVIEWS AND MONTHLY MAGAZINES . . 1061

CHAPTER XI—THOMAS CARLYLE 1086

BOOK VII

THE AGE OF THE NOVEL

PAGE

CHAPTER I—BULWER AND DISRAELI: NAVAL AND MILITARY NOVELS: THE PREDECESSORS OF MR. PICKWICK 1098

CHAPTER II—CHARLES DICKENS 1110

CHAPTER III—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY 1123

CHAPTER IV—GEORGE ELIOT 1135

CHAPTER V—TENNYSON 1142

CHAPTER VI—ROBERT BROWNING . . . 1155

CHAPTER VII—THE BRONTËS 1165

CHAPTER VIII—NINETEENTH-CENTURY HISTORIANS 1172

CHAPTER IX—THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT IN VERSE AND PROSE 1182

CHAPTER X—SECONDARY VICTORIAN NOVELISTS: THE KINGSLEYS, CHARLES READE, AND ANTHONY TROLLOPE . . 1195

CHAPTER XI—MATTHEW ARNOLD, WALTER PATER, AND OTHER CRITICS: NEWMAN AND SPENCER: THE CONFLICT OF VICTORIAN THOUGHT 1205

CHAPTER XII—NINETEENTH-CENTURY-THOUGHTS 1214

CHAPTER XIII—YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN PROSE AND VERSE

R. L. Stevenson—Meredith—Hardy—Swinburne . 1238

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From the Painting by H. W. Pickersgill, R. A.

FACING PAGE

S. T. COLERIDGE 890
From the Painting by Allston
CHARLES LAMB 912
WILLIAM HAZLITT 928
SIR WALTER SCOTT 954
From the Painting by John Graham Gilbert
SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS 962
From the Painting by Thomas Faed, R. A.
LORD BYRON 972
From the Drawing by G. H. Harlow
JANE AUSTEN 988
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY 1016
From the Painting by Sir Francis Grant
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY 1024
From the Painting by G. Clint
JOHN KEATS 1044
From the Painting by William Hilton, R. A.
ISABELLA, OR THE POT OF BASIL 1050
From the Painting by Holman Hunt
THOMAS CARLYLE 1088
From the Painting by J. McNeil Whistler
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY 1124
From a Photograph made in 1856, by Alman, of New York
GEORGE ELIOT 1136
From Rajon's Engraving of the Drawing by Sir Frederick W. Burton
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING 1158
From a Drawing by Field Talfourd
CHARLOTTE BRONTË 1166
From the Painting by G. Richmond

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

BOOK VI

ROMANCE

CHAPTER I

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

"The grand truth which pervades Wordsworth's poetry is that the beautiful is not confined to the rare, the new, the distant—to scenery and modes of life open only to the few; but that it is poured forth profusely on the common earth and sky, that it gleams from the loneliest flower, that it lights up the humblest sphere, that the sweetest affections lodge in lowliest hearts, that there is sacredness, dignity, and loveliness in lives which few eyes rest on—that, even in the absence of all intellectual culture, the domestic relations can quietly nourish that disinterestedness which is the element of all greatness, and without which intellectual power is a splendid deformity. Wordsworth is the poet of humanity, he teaches reverence for our universal nature; he breaks down the factitious barriers between human hearts."—W. E. CHANNING.

"Wordsworth, the great poet, is coming to town: he is to have apartments in the Mansion House. He says he does not see much difficulty in writing like Shakespeare if he had a mind to try it. It is clear that nothing is wanting but the mind. Even Coleridge was a little checked at this hardihood of assertion."—CHARLES LAMB'S *burlesque of Wordsworth's "Self-Rapture."*

Sketch of his life—Meeting with Coleridge—The *Lyrical Ballads—The Excursion—Sonnets*—The poet of Nature—Poetic diction—His excellences and limitations.

WILLIAM, second son of John Wordsworth, an attorney, was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland on April 7th, 1770. Cockermouth itself is just outside the magic region

of Lakeland, but the blue mountains in the distance, the sublime peaks of Borrowdale and Buttermere, raise aloft a signal, as it were, of a new country, a country of romance and mystery to which the thoughts of imaginative youth twice sixty years since were constantly turning.

In 1778 Wordsworth's mother died and in the same year he was sent to the grammar school founded by Archbishop Sandys at Hawkshead close to Esthwaite Lake, where he remained boarding in the cottage of a village dame for about six years. An austere and unsociable boy he developed great sturdiness of limb, became a great walker and skater (on Esthwaite Water) and made a large tract of mountain country his playground, frequently chanting Goldsmith and Gray to himself in the course of his rambles. Under William Taylor (idealised as the "Matthew" of his poems, the old man "with hair of glittering grey" of the *Two April Mornings*) and other masters he became a good Latin scholar; he read for his amusement in Fielding, Swift, Cervantes, and Le Sage. At the same time he thoroughly imbibed the local sentiment of the rural society of independent dalesmen, the typical class of a district which, as he says,

> **Retaineth more of English homeliness**
> **Than any other nook of ancient ground.**

Scott was hardly more a product of the Border country than Wordsworth of the Lake District. But while Scott was filling his mind with picturesque historical imagery, Wordsworth was indulging in vague reveries, and was, before he was a grown man, already something of a recluse.

Before his fourteenth year was complete Wordsworth had lost his father, who left his children little save a large claim for an unpaid loan made to Lord Lonsdale. His lordship bluntly refused to pay, but two guardian uncles came to the rescue and managed to scrape together suffi-

cient money to send William and his younger brother Christopher (afterwards Master of Trinity) to Cambridge. The poet was entered at St. John's College in October, 1787.

At Cambridge he did not aim at University distinctions ("he was not for that hour or for that place"), but read classical authors for pleasure, studied Italian under an acquaintance of the poet Gray, Agostino Isola, learned some French and a little Spanish.

The periods most stimulating to his mind were the long vacations: the summer of 1788 was spent among the English Lakes; in 1789 he wandered amid the beautiful scenery of Derbyshire and Yorkshire with his sister Dorothy and her friend Mary Hutchinson (his "phantom of delight"); in 1790, his "third summer" at college, during the second year of the Revolution in France, he accomplished with his friend Robert Jones a pedestrian tour, unusual at that time, through France, Switzerland, and the Italian lakes, returning by the Rhine.[1]

After taking his degree he spent some time sight-seeing in London, and had thoughts successively of adopting the law, the ministry, and even the army as a vocation. As with so many young men who are destined to join the army of authors, his thoughts gravitated towards a travelling tutorship. For this, it was needful in the first place to acquire a mastery of French, and having a year's maintenance in his pocket, Wordsworth again set out for France in November, 1791. For a time during his residence at Blois he was distracted a little between the parties who sought eagerly to conciliate the goodwill of an Englishman—for an Englishman was then, to a continental, a passed politician.

[1] His first studies of English landscape are embodied in his early poem *An Evening Walk;* his continental travel furnished the material for *Descriptive Sketches.*

The ninth, tenth, and eleventh books of his autobiographical *Prelude* reveal how his republican dream gradually faded. Later he came to see that

> The soil of common life was at that time
> Too hot to tread on.

But for the time being the issue seemed a simple one enough. On the one hand, the liberty and rough social equality to which he in Cumberland and Cambridge had never been a stranger (for of the servitudes in favoured England he knew little); on the other, despotism with its train of idle noblesse, tax-gatherers, and "hunger-bitten" peasants. It was some time before these transitory elements of disturbance passed wholly away and Wordsworth returned to his habitual conservatism and to that normal state in which he was less responsive to the conflicts of nations than to "nature's daily face."

From the epoch of the rise of Bonaparte, liberty appeared to him to be no longer enshrined in France. The defence of European liberty against the Napoleonic tyranny now seemed to him to be the special vocation of his native land, and Pitt's response to this ideal converted him into an English patriot; and when at length Napoleon was overcome, the poet looked upon the victory not primarily as a military achievement, but as a triumph of moral forces. His republicanism had virtually evaporated by the end of the century, and the poet was qualified in the eyes of *The Edinburgh* for the insulting term of "renegade."

Wordsworth's two first poetical admirers were his sister Dorothy, the nymph of modern nature-worship, who helped to develop in him the inward eye to interpret the visible signs of nature which he had worshipped from boyhood:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
And love and thought and joy;

and secondly Raisley Calvert, the son of the steward of the Duke of Norfolk, who was in close communion with the Wordsworths during 1793-4, and who on his death in 1795 left the poet a legacy of £900. Upon this small capital the poet settled with his sister at Racedown, near Crewkerne in Dorset, in the autumn of 1795. In a small cottage at Racedown he devoted himself wholly to poetical composition and wrote the dramatic poem *The Borderers* and *The Ruined Cottage,* afterwards incorporated in the first book of *The Excursion.*

An enthusiastic young visionary and versifier named Coleridge had been attracted by Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches,* and by the end of 1795 he had made Wordsworth's personal acquaintance. In June, 1797, he walked to Racedown from Nether Stowey, *via* Bridgewater, and found in Wordsworth "the greatest man he ever knew"—he himself felt a little man beside him. The inter-communication of poems on this memorable occasion led to the most fruitful poetical friendship of modern times. In July Wordsworth and his "exquisite sister" returned the visit, and at Nether Stowey met Charles Lamb on a short holiday visit, and next month, upon the inducement of Coleridge's society, took a small house at Alfoxden, within three miles of Coleridge's home.

For thirteen months amid the coombes of the Quantocks they were "as three persons with one soul." The nature of their intimacy is revealed in Coleridge's exquisite lines in *The Nightingale;* and the "gulf stream which rose in the Quantocks warmed and is still warming distant shores."

The proximate outcome of their daily walks was the *Lyrical Ballads,* the germ of which was sown on the day when Coleridge, listening to the *Guilt and Sorrow,* was "arrested by Wordsworth's original gift of spreading the atmosphere of the ideal world over familiar forms and incidents, and making them as if they were not familiar." The scheme of a joint poem, which developed into a joint volume of poems, was started in November, 1797, with the composition of *The Ancient Mariner,* which Coleridge very soon took exclusively into his own hands. It was to represent the mystical, symbolical, and transcendental beauty of the romantic and supernatural poems of a bygone age in the ballad style, while Wordworth's poems were to illustrate the same principle, the inward spiritual meaning and supernatural beauty in familiar things of every day expressed in language of homely simplicity and truth. The work was to be rapidly executed and sold to defray the expenses of a projected tour in Germany. In rapidity of composition Coleridge was a veritable hare, but he was soon tired, and the lion's share in the volume fell to Wordsworth, whose complementary poems occupy the whole volume which began with *The Ancient Mariner* and ended with the *Lines written above Tintern Abbey,* with the exception of three short pieces. Wordsworth, who was regarded with some suspicion as a revolutionary character in a quiet neighbourhood, had notice to quit Alfoxden. The proofs were corrected during the summer of '98, however, and a sum of £30 was advanced upon them by the friendly bookseller Cottle, who brought out *Lyrical Ballads* in the middle of September, 1798, a few days after the friends had started upon their continental cruise. This volume of *Lyrical Ballads* was not only to sound the knell of the regnant poetical diction, which, excogitated originally by the profound Renaissance scholarship of Milton, had been hardened, narrowed, and polished to the

compactness of a formula by the school of Pope; it was also to express the watchword and short creed of a new cult of the emotions in relation to nature. It was not likely that the destinies of this new religion of the poetic faculties should be realised and welcomed at once by the constituted authorities in criticism. Nevertheless, the leading critical organ of those days, *The Monthly Review,* in May, 1799, gave it a fairly cordial reception. It is true that it could not make anything of *The Ancient Mariner,* which it took to be the strangest and most unintelligible tale of a cock and bull, while it dismissed *We are Seven* as "innocent and pretty infantine prattle," and complained of the perverse artificiality of importing counterfeit rust into modern poetry, when the sweet and polished models of Dryden and Pope existed to exhibit to all the world the perfection of poetic style.

On the other hand it warmly welcomed Coleridge's *Nightingale* and many of Wordsworth's poems, including *Lines on the First Mild Day of March, Simon Lee,* and *Tintern Abbey.* The *Ballads,* moreover, sold fairly well. The cultured public who had read Cowper were by no means wholly unprepared for the theories of Wordsworth. The hostile manifestations of contempt which came later from the latitude of Edinburgh expressed the trend of current opinion less than the severe, exclusive and more or less consciously reactionary views of a small and inconoclastic, but, as it happened, potent group of critical theorists.

On the eve of the publication of *Lyrical Ballads,* Wordsworth set out with his sister and Coleridge for Hamburg in the hope that their imperfect acquaintance with the language of Romance might by improved by the heroic remedy of a winter at Goslar. Coleridge soon left the Wordsworths, though he kept up a warm correspondence with them. His aim was to acquire a thorough knowledge

of German. Wordsworth's aims, as always, were primarily poetic rather than linguistic, and from this point of view his four months of frost-bound sojourn at Goslar were anything but unproductive; they were indeed in a sense "the very bloom of his poetic career." For during them he wrote *Lucy Gray,* and *Ruth,* and *Nutting,* and *The Poet's Epitaph* and other of the finest pieces in the second, or revised, volume of *Lyrical Ballads* (1800), in which the highest standard of poetic beauty that he ever reached was most fully maintained. Here it was, too, that he planned and began to write the intimate poetical autobiography which he finished as *The Prelude* in 1805, though it was not published until after his death some forty-five years later. He came back to England in 1799 and settled in a cottage at Grasmere.

His external life henceforth was not of the eventful order. Moving to Dove Cottage, as the new house was called at Townend, Grasmere, in December, 1799, after a short stay with his connections the Hutchinsons of Sockburn-on-Tees, Wordsworth, as fully resolved as ever to submit to no thraldom which would interfere with his vocation, settled down to the composition of poetry, mainly about himself, for he was now working at *The Prelude,* which was to form the portico of a vast epic treating of the unfolding mind of a poetic "recluse." His sister, meanwhile, in her journals frequently recorded little effects of scene and colour, or humble incidents of country life which afforded him the texts he required for his shorter poems. Coleridge saw them frequently, and settled at Keswick in July, 1800. The enlarged edition of *Lyrical Ballads* came out in 1800. Two years later the second Earl of Lonsdale repaid the debt which his predecessor had owed to the Wordsworth family, amounting with compound interest to not less than £8,500. Some £3,000 fell to the share of Wordsworth and his sister, and the en-

hanced income enabled the poet to wed Mary Hutchinson of the Sockburn family, a sweet and sensible woman of the same age approximately as himself, notable for native dignity rather than personal beauty, whom he had known from childhood, and whom he celebrated in the lines "She was a phantom of delight." In August, 1803, leaving his wife at Grasmere with her newborn baby, he set out for a walking tour in Scotland with Coleridge and his sister Dorothy (whose journal of the tour was published in 1874). Coleridge left them after a fortnight, and they finished up the tour—which gave impressions that developed into some of the most perfect of Wordsworth's creations, such as *The Highland Reaper*—by paying a visit at Lasswade to Scott, who returned the compliment by a visit to Grasmere in 1805. Early in this year Wordsworth mourned deeply the loss of his brother John, captain of an East Indiaman, and in May he finished *The Prelude* in upwards of 9,000 lines of blank verse. Dove Cottage was now all too small for the growing family; in 1809 it was occupied by De Quincey, and after a stay in a farmhouse belonging to Sir George Beaumont at Coleorton and a four-years' tenure of Allan Bank and the parsonage, Grasmere, the Wordsworths moved early in 1813 to the final home at Rydal Mount. In May, 1807,[1] had appeared in two volumes a collection of his finest poems, including the great *Odes, Brougham Castle, The Happy Warrior,* "I wan-

[1] The *Poems* of 1807 were described by *The Edinburgh* as belonging to a certain brotherhood of whining and hypochondriacal poets who had haunted for some years the lakes of Cumberland, pouring out in slovenly and incorrect verse their obscure ecstasies about spades and sparrow's eggs, porringers and washing-tubs, men gathering leeches or women in duffil cloaks! Such pitiful trash was nothing short of an insult to the public! Such is the reception which a new poetic, not less than a new religious, creed seems destined for all time to encounter.

dered lonely as a cloud," *The Afflictions of Margaret,* the *Highland Poems,* and *Miscellaneous Sonnets,*[1] and in 1814 came *The Excursion,* which carries on in a large but still fragmentary manner the vast themes of *The Recluse,* the projected philosophical poem to which *The Prelude* in its fourteen books served merely as a preface.

Wordsworth pursued the even tenor of his pre-ordained course without deviation, and produced in 1814, as we have seen, the most Wordsworthian of all his productions in *The Excursion,* which was to provoke in its turn from the doyen of contemporary critics the famous phrase, "This will never do" (*The Edinburgh,* November, 1814). A repetition of the offence was not, unhappily, in the poet's power. The effort marked the culmination of his poetical career; he had gradually abandoned the thought of carrying out the larger and complete design of *The Recluse.* Henceforth the vigour of his poetic sensibility was slowly but unmistakably to decline, though as the result of a classical revival in his mind induced by teaching Virgil to his son, he issued the magnificent *Laodamia* in 1815, and the wonderful sequence of sonnets known after the River

[1] Wordsworth produced over 520 sonnets. From 1791 to 1802, after the green and raw attempts of youth, he eschewed the sonnet as a boylike absurdity. In 1802 a reading aloud of Milton's sonnets changed his mind! He began experimenting and soon produced *Westminster Bridge* and "Milton, thou should'st be living." He does not strictly observe the volta (or pause and break in the meaning) at the end of the octave. He varies the octave in what would now be considered a very licentious way, though it was done by Dante and Petrarch—on the whole it must be admitted, in the interests of freedom in rhyming, so much harder to attain in English than in Italian. Unfortunately, too, he misused the sestet, often employing rhyming couplets, and often using rhymes already used in the quatrains. Upon the whole, however, as an inspired sonneteer of single sonnets and as a contriver of sonnet sequences he has had no rivals (even among the Rossetti group) since Milton.

Duddon were composed and published in 1820. Flashes of his noblest style were seen occasionally, it is true, quite as late as 1835, when he produced the great extempore lines upon the death of the Ettrick Shepherd—a worthy elegy and lament for the makers of a poetic age without parallel.

Wordsworth's life at Rydal Mount after the publication of *Peter Bell* in 1819 and *The River Duddon* in 1820 can be briefly told. He made a number of foreign tours, was occasionally feasted in a modest manner by his admirers in London, and had the inevitable quarrel with Coleridge.[1]

His own concern as a poet, as he had always felt, was with posterity, and in this respect he had an assured conviction that he would outlive all his contemporaries. Who now can say that he was wrong? Twenty years had barely elapsed since Jeffrey's "This will never do" when the tide began to turn very strongly—not at all in favour of the critic. Disciples were springing up in most unexpected quarters, among bankers and professors of the dismal science. Cultured people began to settle in Lakeland in order to breathe what was felt to be a specially refined and

[1] In regard to pecuniary matters Wordsworth always cultivated a sublime improvidence, usually imputed as an unpardonable sin to poets, but in his case justified by the event, for in 1813, when his children were beginning to grow up and needed education, he obtained a semi-sinecure post as distributor of stamps (£400 per annum) through the agency of Lord Lonsdale, and when he had to abandon this in 1842 a civil list pension of £300 was promptly obtained for him. From 1843 upon Southey's death he obtained an additional £100 as Poet Laureate, accepting the office upon the express stipulation that no birthday odes or other official verse should be required of him. His poems were by this time perhaps, bringing him in almost as much as his pensions, but he never attained fully to the position of being the popular poet—his public fame being eclipsed successively by Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson.

elevated air. The name of Wordsworth became a talisman and a spell among the younger men at the Universities, especially at Oxford, where he was granted the D. C. L. in 1839. His home life remained singularly happy, for though he had lost the society of his sister he retained the serene love and devotion of his wife:

> She seemed a thing that could not feel
> The touch of earthly years.

In 1847, however, the prospect was darkened for him by the irreparable loss of his daughter, another Dorothy, or as she was called in distinction "Dora" (Mrs. Quillinan), whom he loved with a passionate and jealous affection. The poet completed his eightieth year on April 7th, 1850, and died peacefully sixteen days later on St. George's Day, alike the birth and death day of the only poet whose supremacy he could have acknowledged. He was buried beside his children in Grasmere churchyard on April 27th. His wife survived him nearly ten years. For the last fifty years of his life the poet had been hard at work, correcting, diversifying, smoothing, lengthening, and abbreviating his poems.

Like Thomson, Wordsworth was a nature poet by instinct and by choice, and like so many youths in the century of Rousseau he was haunted by a passionate love of external nature from his earliest boyhood. As he grew up he discovered that the poetic diction of the past century had ignored the beauties of earth and stream and sky in their more intimate and individual aspects; the delicate traits of upland and lowland, of flower and plant had been completely missed owing to the outworn and generalised phraseology which the poets had too often felt themselves bound by obsolete trade laws to employ. He resolved at an early date that he would describe these

unrecorded aspects of nature, as faithfully as he could observe them, with all the metrical resources that Gray, Goldsmith, and Cowper could suggest. The result is seen in an early poem such as *An Evening Walk*. In 1797 association with the choice and kindling spirit of Coleridge developed in Wordsworth's mind, which was already fermenting with them, a number of ideas of capital importance to his poetic art. Emotions could be evoked, no doubt, by fine descriptions of those natural beauties which had alike been a source of keen delight to the poet and to many who were innocent of poetic craft. The sounding cataract, he says,

> Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite.

But how much deeper a chord of emotion would be struck could the poet go on to indicate, however faintly, those mysterious moods and currents which seem to draw men at certain moments into a communion with nature:

> In hours of weariness sensations sweet
> Felt in the blood and felt along the heart.

In the fatigue and weariness of modern life a complex humanity needs to be taken to the lap of Mother Nature and crooned over with some such lays of a common past and an indistinguishable future as he alone seems to have found the secret of. A subtle suggestion of correspondence and sympathy between the blithe spirit of flowers and the mood of man is characteristic of Wordsworth in a most typical poem ("I wandered lonely as a cloud"), where in twenty-four faultless lines of the most subtly emotionalising power, the poet seems at one stroke to

enlarge the bounds of fancy and of fine enjoyment. Another discovery Wordsworth made in Coleridge's company (though he might well enough have arrived at it through Cowper and Blake) was the pathetic and almost ultra-romantic value in poetry of the simple story, *truthfully* told, of some elementary affection,

> Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
> That has been and may be again.

The poets (before Cowper at any rate) had so long been trying to produce studied effects and complicated feelings. Wordsworth, by a much truer poetic instinct, tried to concentrate everything upon evoking primal emotion in regard to nature as also in regard to the simple annals of the poor.[1]

Plainly interpreted and disengaged of whatever is temporary or controversial, Wordsworth's poetic theory (misinterpreted even by Coleridge in the *Biographia Lit-*

[1] But great as Wordsworth is as the seer and interpreter of Wild Nature and her children (whose short creed and doxology may be read in *Tintern Abbey* and *Lines written in Early Spring*), he is greater perhaps as the emancipator of poetic expression from the stereotyped readings which Pope and Young and Akenside had manufactured from the materials amassed by Milton and Dryden and Waller. Poetry, Wordsworth maintained in his notable preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1800, should not be constructed out of words peculiar to itself (poetic diction); nor should words appear in poetry that would surprise one in the best prose dealing with kindred imaginative subjects. A reasonable enough corollary of this view was that in dealing with village topics, it would be well to use a selection of the words actually used by villagers. Defending himself from attacks on *Goody Blake* and *The Idiot Boy*, from critics who could see only the comic side of a simple story, told in unconventionally simple language without humorous intention (such as Cowper would have lent it), Wordsworth protested with some pardonable exaggeration that the essential passions of the heart find a

eraria[1]), though it contains only a portion of the truth, is incontestably true as far as it goes; it was specially applicable to the interpretation of the great vault of heaven and the affections and sorrows of a primitive folk with which the poetry of Wordsworth was specially concerned; it was a doctrine pre-eminently salutary in regard to the state of English poetry at the time it was uttered; and it represented a view indispensably complementary to the cult of beauty and antiquity and poetical study of which Wordsworth's greatest poetic contemporary was to be so principal an exponent.

better soil, are less under restraint, and speak in a plainer language among peasants than elsewhere. Attacked for his prosaicisms, he carried the war into the opposite camp and assailed their poeticisms and poetic dictions with an unwonted vivacity. Subsequently he proceeds to constructive ideas and defines poetry as the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling which receives an external impress from the poet in the form of emotion recollected in tranquillity; poetry, in other words, must be the expression in the direct language, suggestive of the original emotion, of actual and spontaneous feeling; it must *not* be the expression in conventionally appropriate language of what the poet might be supposed to feel in the presence of striking objects carefully selected for the purpose of rhetorical display in metre.

[1] In discussing Wordsworth's poetical theories Coleridge, who was rather piqued at Wordsworth's suggesting to Cottle in regard to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* that *The Ancient Mariner* should be excluded and a "few little things" of his own put in, in its place, certainly took his friend rather too much *au pied de la lettre*. But his enumeration of Wordsworth's characteristic excellences remains a *locus classicus* in English criticism. He enumerates (1) appropriateness of words and meaning; (2) weight and sanity of thought and sentiment; (3) *curiosa felicitas* of diction (it is remarkable that there are more current expressions from Wordsworth in common use than from almost any poet except Shakespeare and Pope); (4) truth to nature in images and descriptions; (5) meditative pathos (deep and subtle thought linked with sensibility); (6) imagination.

The limitations of the theory are exactly those which we should have anticipated from the limitations of Wordsworth's poetic endowment. He was strikingly deficient both in dramatic power and in humour. Such pleasantry or frolic as he occasionally feels constrained to indulge in is of a singularly frostbitten kind; his gambols are of the grotesque order that a Cato the censor might have been suspected of perpetrating. A recluse by early predilection and habit, Wordsworth's social talents were not of a high order and his critical power was very restricted outside the technical side of poetry, in which he was a complete master. The first essential of the poetic art, simplicity, he attained in the highest degree known, but in the second and even more essential quality of energy he was not so conspicuous, and he very rarely strikes the intense note of passion, exaltation, or stern indignation. There are, however, occasional exceptions to all these limitations. Uninspiring, again, and repetitive as much of his later verse is (for to him all his thoughts were valuable and could not be repeated in too many different forms), it is always intensely interesting from a technical point of view, and it is a complete mistake to suppose that when all the dross has been removed by the most exacting process of washing, sifting, and dredging, the pure ore that remains is scanty in amount. The amount of his work that the world will not willingly let die is surpassed certainly among English poets by Shakespeare alone, doubtfully approached only by Milton and Tennyson.

Wordsworth's ideas on poetics are often of very high value; yet at times he talked prosaically enough about poetry, and there is something unpardonably prosaic to the outward view about his life and habit of meditative self-absorption, and almost superstitious egotism. This was the price that he paid for his visions. Wordsworth has only two rivals who poetised to anything like an equivalent

extent over a long life—Milton and Tennyson; and Wordsworth at his best was certainly not the least of the three. He best of all understood that material of life is also material for poetry, and that, given the power of conversion, the poetic imagination can poeticise everything.

> The charities that soothe and heal and bless
> Are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers.

But he never seemed able to test and ascertain whether the process of transmutation was actually taking place; with the result that much of his poetry is half- or quarter-baked, and is poetry only in form—not in substance. Felicity with vowels and consonants goes far to the making of a poet, as Wordsworth well knew; but he kept this knowledge well under control, in the background. The best art, he maintained, was generated by the kindling flush of moral conceptions "felt in the blood and felt along the heart." This was the cardinal and formative influence of his life. We may express it thus: that unless he had written the second half of *Tintern Abbey,* he would never have had the inspiration to write the first.

CHAPTER II

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

"One day on my way to the City I met Coleridge brimful of some new ideas, and in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the door of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and closing his eyes commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently, as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced, but the striking of a church-clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away, so taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, I, with my penknife, quietly severed the button from my coat and decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden, on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice, and on looking in, there he was, with closed eyes—the button in his fingers—and his right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me! The story is, of course untrue, but as a commentary on Coleridge's later conversational manner it could hardly be better."—LAMB'S *Tale of Coleridge.*

Pantisocracy—Life with Wordsworth—Influence on contemporaries—Endless procrastination—*Christabel*—*Letters* and *Table Talk.*

THE youngest son of an absent-minded pedagogue, vicar of Ottery St. Mary, and his practical wife, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at the Vicarage, Ottery, on October 21st, 1772. His intellectual precocity was almost without parallel. Before he was eight he was already a "character," a despiser of boys' games and a dreamer of dreams. At the grammar school of Ottery in 1778-80 he was already regarded as a prodigy. But he was soon desupernaturalised at Christ's Hospital, where he went on his father's

death in 1781, and was promptly submitted to the Draconic regimen of Bowyer, "grim idol whose altars reeked with children's blood." In 1788 he became a Grecian, and in 1789 the appearance of Bowles's *Sonnets* stirred his poetical ambition to its depths. His ability won him prizes and scholarships ere he went up to Jesus College, Cambridge, where his room rapidly became a centre of talk and declamation of extraordinary quality from this plump-cheeked, full-lipped boy of nineteen. Unprosperous in love and troubled by debts in his second year at college, Coleridge went to London and enlisted in a dragoon regiment. His docility and amiability were approved by his superiors, and his book-learning astonished the troopers even more than that of Steele had done before him; but he proved unequal to the task of rubbing down his horse. On April 10th, 1794, after four months' dragooning, he was received back with a reprimand at Cambridge. In the following June he went to Oxford, and made the acquaintance of that enthusiastic revolutionary, Robert Southey, then in residence at Balliol. From his intimacy with Southey there sprang important influences affecting his later life: first, his engagement to Sara Fricker, the daughter of a decayed Bristol merchant, whose sisters, Edith and Mary, were subsequently married to Southey and Robert Lovell. No other means of subsistence offering itself in the immediate future, the brothers-in-law to be formed the conception of a communistic settlement on the banks of the Susquehanna. Funds were lacking to the enterprise, and even if they had been forthcoming it is doubtful if Coleridge's ardour for emigration would have outlived the enthusiasms of earlier days, when he had fancied himself first a surgeon, then a shoemaker, and quite recently a trooper. On quitting Cambridge without a degree in 1794, he found his way to London, renewed his friendship with Lamb, and exhibited that wonderful

faculty for talking at large which spellbound so many hearers and remained a master passion to the very end of his life. To the obligations which he had incurred in the sublunary world, especially with regard to his engagement with Sara Fricker, he had to be dragged back by Southey. At Bristol, where the Pantisocratians now foregathered, Coleridge met bookseller Cottle, who offered to pay, upon what must be regarded as a generous scale, for any poetry he would write. On the strength of this he married, and thought out a careful scheme to support himself and his wife without any servant in a cottage upon the joint proceeds of gardening and poetry.

Attacks on Pitt in the advanced opposition Press, and occasional appearances as a lecturer or as a preacher in some Unitarian pulpit from which advanced views were acceptable, might help to furnish forth a few guineas. But before the end of 1795 he matured some more ambitious journalistic plans. In January, 1796, he started on a tour to the north (described with great humour in the *Biographia Literaria*) to engage subscribers for a new venture. He visited Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, and other towns, and came back with a list of nearly a thousand names. A prospectus was issued of *The Watchman*, price fourpence, which was to appear on March 1st, and on every eighth day (in order to avoid the tax payable on weekly newspapers), and to contain original matter, reviews, and full reports of parliamentary speeches. Cottle procured many subscribers at Bristol, and provided for part of the expenditure. The first number, as Coleridge tells us, was behind its time; the second (on "fast days") lost five hundred subscribers by "a censurable application of a text from Isaiah for its motto" (the motto was, "My bowels shall sound like a harp," Isa. xvi. 11); the two next disgusted the Jacobins and republicans, and the work dropped at the tenth number, with a frank statement of

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALLSTON

S. T. COLERIDGE

the "short and satisfactory reason" that it did "not pay its expenses." The failure of *The Watchman* in May, 1796, found Coleridge practically penniless. In the same year appeared the early poems called *Religious Musings.* No great results followed, but the poems must have served as credentials when Coleridge presented himself to the author of *Descriptive Sketches* and his "exquisite sister" at Racedown in Dorset in June, 1797. Dorothy Wordsworth's fascinated appreciation of Coleridge's inspired talk cemented a friendship of the most uncommon order between the two poets. Both were at a critical period of development, and both were to receive the dip in Castalie from this timely association, brought about at a moment when Coleridge, his face glowing, his mind tingling in the first raptures of the ultra-human vitality induced by reaction after his first copious draughts of laudanum, poured out his spirit in monologue of an almost ecstatic order. Extraordinary as Coleridge was in the domain of spoken rhapsody, there was nothing whatever in his *Poems* of 1796 that could afford the least hint that his hand was already on the latch of the "magic casements."

The stars in their courses smiled upon English poetry when in August, 1797, rather than lose the inspiration of frequent communion with Coleridge, the Wordsworths moved to Alfoxden, two coombes and but three miles distant from Coleridge's agricultural cottage at Nether Stowey. For thirteen ever-to-be-remembered months three persons with one soul dwelt together in that beautiful corner of Somerset. Coleridge's spontaneous reflection in verse had proved humdrum enough. The newborn desire to achieve some tribute worthy to lay before a friend whose poetic stature he rightly estimated as gigantic, to express his new perception of the beauty and mystery of the world which Dorothy Wordsworth had helped so much to stimulate, and to irradiate with his imagination some of those

grotesque subtleties of a strong fancy which had come to him from the perusal of rare and half-forgotten books [1]—these desires were intensified at this conjuncture to the exceptional point with him of being translated into effective action.

In November, 1797, was projected the joint volume of *Lyrical Ballads* in which Coleridge and Wordsworth were to supplement each other, one illustrating the home truths of the supernatural, the other the supernatural beauty of incidents the most homely and familiar.

In this year, it is no exaggeration to say, was written practically everything that remains as a measure of Coleridge's finer poetic gifts. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,* in which the archaic tone, the energetic phrasing, the repetitions and interrogations of the ancient ballad form are applied with such subtle artistry to a legend of the supernatural, which, having once stealthily taken hold of the imagination, refuses ever to quit it; *Christabel,* a fragment of an even more unapproachable mystery and indefinable artistic and metrical perfection and beauty; *Kubla Khan,* the supreme example of a kissing melody of the never-never land that borders between waking and sleeping moments, the avowed product as the others are unavowed of a state more or less immediately induced by subjection to opium before the subjection has gone too far and become a degrading slavery—these and a few frag-

[1] "He had sounded without guiding-charts the secret deeps of Proclus and Plotinus; he had laid down buoys on the twilight or moonlight ocean of Jacob Boehmen; he had cruised over the broad Atlantic of Kant and Schelling, of Fichte and Oken." A circumnavigator on the pathless waters of scholasticism and metaphysics, ancient balladry, neo-Platonism, and, seventeenth-century travel, we know that in quaint old quartos he disinterred some of the weird superstitions and musical collocations (Shelvocke, Purchas, Burger, etc.), which he transmuted into the purest poetic ore.

mentary offshoots, such as *The Dark Ladye* and *Where is the Grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?* are all that can be claimed for what is indubitably of the highest quality in poetry. The unrepeated effort was due to an irrecoverable combination—the moral influence contributing to which was doubtless supplied by Wordsworth. The presence of the steady resolute will of the dalesman, as De Quincey remarks, seems for the time to have constrained his imagination from aimless wandering, and the lofty unwavering self-confidence of his friend inspired him with a similar energy. Away from Wordsworth after that year he lost himself in visions of work to be done that always remained to be done. Coleridge had every poetic gift but one—the will for sustained and concentrated effort. But the debt, it is needless perhaps to say, was by no means wholly on one side. To the extraordinary facility of Coleridge's dialectical apparatus both Lamb and Wordsworth owed the impregnation of ideas which, but for his impetuosity, would have remained dormant and unproductive. Not a few of Lamb's Shakespearean comments bear the impress of this distinguished origin, which is traced with minuteness and precision by De Quincey in the case of Wordsworth, both in the outline and detail of the famous Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*:

"Wordsworth was not a reader of philosophy, and he professed to detest mental analysis; yet the analysis of the creative faculty in the Preface is at once profound and clear. Coleridge, on the other hand, had a passion for philosophy; his quick and subtle intellect revelled in its intricacies; it was his delight before poetry even when he was a schoolboy, and when he was an old man he could hardly be brought to converse on any other subject. Only the year before he sought the acquaintance of Wordsworth, the first son born to him—the ill-starred Hartley Coleridge—had been named after the English philosopher whose

technical language is used throughout Wordsworth's Preface, not without the awkwardness and crabbedness that comes from want of familiarity. Coleridge was saturated with Hartley's psychology when he and Wordsworth first met; and when he was full of a subject his eloquence about it was unmatchedly rich and full. A new Plato would find admirable subjects for imaginary dialogues in these conversations between Coleridge and Wordsworth when they met almost daily for a whole year. Only Plato himself could hardly have done justice to the abundance and eloquence, the wide discursiveness of Coleridge's talk."

With Coleridge now at the very summit of his early promise and potentiality, a youth of twenty-five, making little money, but attracting friends of power and influence, and with an apparently illimitable future before him, it is interesting to pause a moment—the reality to come is so squalid and unmeaning in comparison with this superb endowment of promise—for a piece of self-portraiture which in its negation of reticence is evidently Coleridge himself and all over. "My face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth, and great—indeed, almost idiotic—good nature. 'Tis a mere carcase of a face—fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. . . . As to my shape, 'tis a good shape enough if measured, but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates indolence capable of energies. I am and ever have been a great reader, and have read almost everything—a library cormorant. I am *deep* in all out-of-the-way books, whether of the monkish times or of the puritanical era. I compose very little, and I absolutely hate composition, and such is my dislike that even a sense of duty is sometimes too weak to overpower it. I cannot breathe through my nose, so my mouth, with sensual, thick lips, is almost always open."

With this we have to compare the impression produced

upon Hazlitt, not yet soured and savage, when Coleridge appeared before his amazed view at Shrewsbury in January, 1798. He still clung to an idea that he might occupy a great pulpit among the Unitarians (whose views he subsequently denounced so insistently to Emerson); and the Unitarians, for their part, were more than ready to open their pulpits to a preacher whose eloquence promised to rival even the most splendid traditions of the refined age of Leighton and Jeremy Taylor. "His complexion," says Hazlitt in a passage which has few equals in the whole course of his prose, "was at that time clear and bright. His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. 'A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread'—a purple tinge as we see it in the pale, thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing:—like what he has done. . . ." "When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and, when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, 'And He went up into the mountain to pray, *Himself, alone.*' As he gave out this text, his voice 'rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,' and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind."

The Unitarian firmament, it seems superfluous to point out, was too cramped for this brilliant Meteor, and a new means of mollifying the twin giants Bread and Cheese was

opened out by the oracle's eloquence in January, 1798, when the brothers Thomas and Josiah Wedgwood expressed themselves honoured by Coleridge's acceptance of an annuity of £150 for life, "no condition whatsoever being annexed to it." Coleridge determined to accept, we learn from Hazlitt, in the act of tying a bootlace. Rumour had reached him of a great light shining in Germany, and it became imperative, both from the intellectual and moral point of view, as he convinced Poole (to whose charge wife and child were entrusted) and all his friends, that he should light his torch from the Kantian philosophy wherewith to regenerate his erring countrymen. This was to be the *magnum opus* which his friends were never tired of imploring him to undertake. After the too brief period of brotherhood with Wordsworth and his sister at Nether Stowey, Coleridge's wander-years in Germany were probably among the happiest of his life. His curiosity roved with eager absorbing flight from subject to subject. He acquired a good command of the language, though his pronunciation remained puzzling, and an insight into German life, without which his finely executed translation of *Wallenstein* (now, it must be avowed, scarcely ever read) would have been impossible. He suffered much from home-sickness and longing to see his wife and child; but this was preferable perhaps to the symptoms of indifference which were soon to follow their reunion. This took place in the autumn of 1799.[1]

In June, 1800, he moved with his family to the Lakes

[1] After visits to Stowey and Keswick, Coleridge now made his one determined start in journalism under Daniel Stuart on *The Morning Post* in the spring of 1800. To this paper, which was anti-ministerial, yet at the same time anti-Jacobin, and so coincided for the moment with his own particular doxy, he contributed some vigorous articles and the notorious lines called *Devil's Thoughts*; but advance payments and accumulating arrears soon made his position untenable.

and settled at Greta Hall, hoping to renew in the enchantment of new scenery and a renewal of his Stowey intimacy with the Wordsworths that wonderful poetical estro and exhilaration of 1798. But practically nothing was done either in the way of poetic or remunerative composition. From month to month the completion of *Christabel* was regularly promised, and visionary books literally by scores, "completed save for transcription," appear in his letters and disappear into the limbo of self-delusion. He did nothing except ramble about in the neighbourhood of Dove Cottage, drifting farther and farther from his wife, whose faith in his ability to afford her any kind of support, moral or fiscal, was gradually ebbing. His lamentations about his health, promises, protestations, and explanations are increasingly pitiful. In 1804, after some painful breakdowns, he managed by the aid of loans from friends to leave the Wedgwood annuity to his wife and to ramble off to Malta, where the governor was sufficiently impressed by his powers to offer him a secretarial appointment, which he held for about a year. He returned home in August, 1806, with a melancholy sense of promises broken, and will paralysed. "An archangel somewhat damaged" was Lamb's succinct report on his appearance. He still drinks goblet after goblet (of laudanum!), afraid to ask after old friends, "ill, penniless, and worse than homeless." His poetic inspiration seemed to have breathed its last in his *Ode to Dejection*. His letters meanwhile get more and more Micawberish: it is always "I am on the eve of sending to press in two octavo volumes," those visionary tomes which never were to see the light. The Wedgwoods were now so disgusted at the use made of their annuity and the gradual relegation of parental duties to his brother-in-law, the over-burdened Southey, that half of the "unconditional" annuity is withdrawn. A fortunate asset at this conjuncture was the wonderful eloquence, the equivalent of

Mr. Micawber's epistolary genius, which was "never to desert" him. It threw as complete a spell over De Quincey as it had formerly done over Hazlitt, and De Quincey was now in a position to make the poet an indefinite loan of £300, which disappeared as if by magic under the pressure of immediate claims.

A fresh attempt at an independent paper, *The Friend,* failed even more grotesquely than *The Watchman* had done, for its arrangements were, if possible, more laughably absurd. Coleridge now drifts back to London, and makes efforts, pathetic in their inconsecutiveness and impotence, to keep his head above water. The same shambling habits of procrastination and irregularity mar all his best efforts, even those fine essays on Shakespeare and Milton, which he repeated several times in London and Bristol, though seldom in the exact order or at the exact times indicated in his programmes and prospectuses. His audiences were small, but included some of the best intellects of the day. He has just a gleam of success from the production of his old tragedy, *Remorse,* written in more vigorous days.

But some undertow seems dragging him back, so that he can never get his feet safely planted on dry land. He has almost passed out of the knowledge of the early stratum of friends when in 1817, a last despairing effort to escape from the thraldom of the laudanum (which he drank at the rate of a pint, or even more upon occasion, during the twenty-four hours) threw him up in a haven of comparative security at the Gillmans' house in Highgate. *The Ancient Mariner,* which the press had genially welcomed as "the most ludicrous story of cock and bull it has yet been our destiny to encounter," a few newspaper articles and courses of lectures constituted at this time the whole achievement of the man regarded by Lamb, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, and De Quincey as the nonpareil of that prolific epoch. The recipient for so many years of irregular loans

and of help to perform his most sacred domestic duties, it was in the fitness of things that this parasitic plant should find shelter at last under the eaves of some suburban gable. Stung by the accusation that it was he who had depraved Coleridge by his example, De Quincey retorted in later years by asserting that Gillman's patient, far from discarding opium for ever, had inveigled his adviser and host into his own pernicious habits. This was evidently not the case. A complete recovery was out of the question; but the poet was sufficiently emancipated from his enslavement for some literary salvage at least to be assured from the wreck of ancient hopes. When he first took up his abode with the Gillmans the proof-sheets of *Christabel* formed part of his luggage. With the addition of a second part, far inferior to the original, it was published in 1816, and, although denounced (like all Coleridge's work) by the "heavy" critical organs, it was welcomed by multitudes of those who had seen it or heard of its existence in manuscript, and had hailed it as the day-star of modern poetry. Its pre-natal influence had, in fact, been far from inconsiderable.[1] His talk, it seems almost unnecessary to interpolate, was as fluent and as transcendental as ever. His sloth can be paralleled in Thomson, his inconsecutiveness by Ruskin. It is in the copiousness of many-coloured utterance that he is perhaps unique. Rogers tells of visiting him in company with Wordsworth, when he spoke unin-

[1] During the peaceful yet comparatively busy years that followed also appeared the *Biographia Literaria*, a marvellous patchwork of apologetic autobiography, German metaphysics, critical disquisition (mainly upon the Poetics of Wordsworth), and warmed-up journalism; and eight years later the *Aids to Reflection*, a serious but by no means very original, coherent, or perspicuous attempt to find a basis in philosophy for the transition stage of liberalism in religion which was passing over the English Church. Coleridge's eloquence always followed the line of least resistance, and here he found the means

terruptedly for two hours, Wordsworth listening with profound attention, and every now and then nodding his head as if in assent. "On quitting his rooms I said to Wordsworth, 'Well, for my part, I could not make head or tail of Coleridge's oration; pray, did you understand it?' 'Not one syllable of it,' was Wordsworth's reply." Most of Coleridge's friends were destined to be reconciled to him at one period or another. Among the staunchest of them was Tom Poole, who visited him a few months before his death. He had been at Highgate for now fully seventeen years, and had been practically an "old man" all the time. He died there in the tranquillity of spirit to which he had so gradually and painfully attained, on July 25th, 1834.

Coleridge always retained the sensitiveness of his self-respect; there was nothing sordid or mean in the baser sense about his abandonment of responsibility, and so he was able to the last to retain the devotion of some of the best men of his time. That of the Lambs was unfaltering, that of the Wordsworths strong and clear. De Quincey and Tom Poole and many more bespeak friendship never wholly wrecked, and a sense of shame which, although it may at times have been attenuated, was never wholly atrophied. After the small string of pearls of price written in 1797-8, the careless rapture of which period he never recovered, we are inclined to value Coleridge's *Letters* and *Table Talk* more even than his critical work—that to a large extent reflects the gradually evolved Shake-

for its exercise least obnoxious to the dominant influences of his later life. His last course of lectures was given during his sojourn at Highgate in 1818. Here, too, was formed that Thursday evening circle and those morning classes which exercised so much influence upon a rising group of orthodox thinkers. Here, too, were garnered the materials for the *Table Talk* and the printed *Essays* on Shakespeare, the Dramatists, and Milton, which have contributed so greatly to Coleridge's critical fame.

spearean and æsthetic theories of Lessing and Kant and Schlegel and Schelling, with some at least of their characteristic faults and extravagances—but the *Letters* and journalistic fragments represent more nearly to us the man himself engaged in the congenial labour of monologising "from mount to mount in Cloudland." They represent, moreover, the wonderful richness of almost miraculous promise which threw such a spell over all the associates of Coleridge's marvellous youth. The fulfilment was marred, it is true; but the larger and more Boswellian the scale on which we can survey a life so strongly compounded of marvellous genius and pitiful irresolution, the more it is certain we shall find to forgive, the more inclined shall we be to regard that life less with indignation and censure than with wonder and compassion.

Brilliant, irresponsible, and culpably weak as Coleridge was, he was the darling of the best minds of his age, such as those of Charles Lamb and Robert Southey. Southey was, in a sense, his complement; his function, among others, was to provide a home for Coleridge's wife and children. His life was a prosaic appendix, as it were, to the brilliant and dithyrambic career of his brother-in-law. Born in Bristol (fellow native with the "wondrous boy" whose works one day he piously edited), the son of a poor linen-draper, Southey's early education at Westminster and afterwards at Balliol was provided by a parson uncle and a very worldly, inordinately genteel aunt. He proved one of those coy unattached students and poets for whom academic embraces have no charm. Precocious he was, however, and set himself down at nineteen to write an epic, in ten books, on *Joan of Arc*, one of the firstlings of the *insurgent* romantic spirit, published in 1796, just two years before the joint *Poems and Ballads*. Unfortunately for Robert Southey, who felt that his genius lay in such matters, an age was imminent, that of prose fiction, which regarded it as almost a first duty to *conspuer* the tale in verse. There was much froth and transient blue flame about the handsome young insurgent. From school he was expelled for touching upon one of the three sacred, and to that generation forbidden, things,

republicanism, religion, and the rod. Now Southey denounced the rod, repudiated the Church as a profession, and wanted to start a communistic republic in America. To people the wilderness each young "pantisocrat" must take a wife, and consequently Southey and Coleridge, representing the united wisdom of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduatehood, and Robert Lovell, married three sisters (1795). In Southey's case, at any rate, all this was but the generous effervescence of youth. Marriage, a short apprenticeship to Portuguese travel, secretaryship and lawyering, and the enforced study of contemporary events sobered him rapidly. A few years more spent in preparing exotic epics—*Thalaba*, *Madoc*, *Kehama*—for posterity (an address which it is to be feared they will scarcely reach, despite the appreciation of Charles Fox, Scott, Stanley, and Newman), and then in 1803 Southey settled down at Greta Hall, Keswick, in order to be near Coleridge and Wordsworth, and began to write for more immediate requirements. Southey wrote that his poetic side was to be fed and fostered at Greta Hall, yet he turned almost at once by sheer force of circumstance to the production of "Paternoster Row goods." He settled down to his harness by degrees, living well though from hand to mouth, and drudging incessantly at history (*Brazil* and *Peninsular War*, preliminary to the great History of Portugal which was to be his masterpiece), translations (*Amadis* and *The Cid*), travels (*Letters of Espriella*), hundred-pound reviews for *The Quarterly*, editions (Bunyan, Watts), Utopias (colloquies with Sir Thomas More and a vision of an ideal Anglican Church), compilations, everyday books, and table books (notably *The Doctor*, in the 127th chapter of which is embedded the delightful nursery classic of *The Three Bears*), stacks of Letters, and, above all, the three lasting biographies of poet, prophet, and fighting-man ("the finest-tempered fighting man England has ever produced"), the Lives of Cowper, Wesley, and Nelson. Southey's epics are admittedly superior to Glover's *Leonidas* or Wilkie's *Epigoniad*, yet our deprivation is not an unendurable one. The poems of romance in irregular verse are clean forgotten; the blank-verse *Roderick*, showing the loss of Spain to the Moors and the hero atoning by a life of self-sacrificing patriotism for the crimes of his youth, and so illustrating a purification by penitence and good deeds, is one degree better, and compares favourably with Scott's poem on a similar theme. Perhaps the best thing he

got from his foreign and out-of-the-way reading was material for his ballads, most of them written between 1798 and 1803; *The Cross Roads* (1798), *The Battle of Blenheim* (1798), *The Old Woman of Berkeley* (1798), "You are old, Father William" (1799), *The Inchcape Rock* (1802), "My days among the dead are past" (1818), and *Lodore* (1820). But better even than his plainsong or ballad is Southey's straight plain prose. We are apt to underrate the student and the metrical tale-teller in England. But we must recognise in Southey a pioneer prose narrator of the very first quality. Squeezed into intervals between poetising, mere literary carpentry, such as his Naval Biographies and *Quarterly Review* articles, Southey's *Letters* lack the brilliant entertainment of Byron and Lamb, or the deliberate finish of Cowper and FitzGerald. Yet as *mémoires pour servir* Southey's *Letters* are, perhaps, the most valuable of all, and they combine the *utile* and the *dulce* in what is, perhaps, the acme of flexibility, or, in other words, serviceability of style. In history again Southey undoubtedly lacks the highest qualities whether of archivism or picturesque emphasis. Nevertheless, the application of his ethical and stoical theories (derived from his favourite Epictetus) give to his historical pages a certain classical dignity of their own, which gains enormously by the steady and rhythmical fluency of his style. His *Peninsular War*, for instance, is the perfection of marching English, fluid, bright, and clear as crystal. Observe his account of the death of Sir John Moore, how evidently it inspired those immortal stanzas which found their way anonymously into the papers of 1817, and after being ascribed to Campbell and Byron, were eventually traced to the curate of Ballyclog (Charles Wolfe, 1791—1823). A life so blameless, so pure, so hardworking, and so bookish as Southey led at Greta was not, it must seem, to be led with impunity. Money troubles were succeeded, after 1813, when he became poet laureate and began to accumulate pensions, by more grievous afflictions. He lost his son and he lost his first wife, whilst his second marriage was followed almost immediately by a progressive softening of the brain. His surpassing love of books was almost the last faculty to leave him; and Southey, the good, the exemplary Southey, after a "not unhappy" life of almost superhuman toil, passed away, a pathetic husk, at Keswick on March 21st, 1843, and was buried in the churchyard of beautiful Crosthwaite.

In spite of his confidence in immortality for his work, Southey seems destined by Time to become little more than a footnote to the fame of Wordsworth and Coleridge. We could say as much with certainty but for the chance apparition of one unstudied essay which was destined to develop into something closely resembling a *chef-d'œuvre*. It sprang out of an article upon contemporary biographies of Nelson in the pages of *The Quarterly Review*. At John Murray's request Southey went on to do a Life as it should be done, partly out of the material he had criticised, receiving for his avoirdupois the recognised wages of shame—one hundred guineas. He had to do it rapidly, without multifarious reading, and without multiplied draughts, and, although the author had to "move among sea terms like a cat among crockery," his performance still has something of the sea; free from rhetoric, it is still essentially heroic; free from brag, it is still a noble expression of patriotic pride in England's national hero.

What a contrast between the provident, manly, hardworking, contented, and devoted Southey and the uneasy, hypochondriacal, flighty, irresolute, and superficial Campbell! Yet they commenced poets precociously young, almost in the same year, the not ill-looking varlet (as Byron called Southey) and the spruce, curly, blue-coated handsome Tom Campbell, dressed, as Byron put it, in a birthday suit from Apollo. They both wrote hard against time for money, and both are best remembered as poets by a few vagrant ballads or songs, partaking somewhat of the nature of accidents. It is true, of course, that Southey has his prose frame, while Campbell attempted little beyond prose carpentry. Unless he has been grossly belied by his biographers, the life of Campbell is vapid beyond that of almost all our poets. The son of a reduced Virginia merchant of Glasgow, he was born in that city on July 27th, 1777. At school and college he was a prize boy; yet he could settle to no profession, and was not a little disgusted with himself for the instability which would condense into no form more solid than that of a cataract of boyish verse. Few can have developed so early a more complete mastery of the Popean couplet. Written mainly in 1798 in avowed emulation of Akenside and Rogers, Campbell's youthful *Pleasures of Hope* was published and publicly famous before the poet was twenty-two. If to have no more serious rivals in popularity than Hayley and

Rogers be a fortunate circumstance for a poet, Campbell was *felix opportunitate*. With the poem as his sole prop Campbell now started off for Germany, and his wander-years are responsible for his best verse—contained in a compass smaller even than Gray's.

His *Wounded Huzzar*, a ballad of tawdry sentiment in a swinging rhythm which at once caught the popular ear, was followed by very much better things, by four shining poems of battle and torrent, worthy to rank with any martial verse in the stirring language consecrated by Shakespeare, Drayton, Scott, Cowper, Macaulay, Wolfe, Byron and Tennyson, Kipling or Newbolt. Abroad during the first years of the last century he caught the fever of militarism. The *Mariners of England* (1801), *Hohenlinden* (1803), "Of Nelson and the North"—these and *Lord Ullin's Daughter* were the prizes of this "Salvator Rosa of the ballad." In these he has felt and expressed the sublimity of battle with an almost Hebraic sternness of imagination, in which the rhetorician that was in him seemed almost dismayed by the wonderful power his words engendered, as in the parallel instance of Edgar Allan Poe. Apart from these glorious stanzas, our "Tyrtæus" wrote nothing beyond the limit of Tom Moore at his best (in "How delicious is the winning" and "Our bugles sang truce" he beats Moore on his own ground), and just two or three lines that all the world knows, such as "Coming events cast their shadows before" or "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." His later poems, his good work as a founder of London University, his extravagant popularity as Lord Rector of Glasgow, and his dilettante editorship of *The New Monthly Magazine*, upon which he trained Cyrus Redding and S. C. Hall, and in the chair of which he was succeeded by Hook and Ainsworth, concern us but little. All we need of "procrastinating Tom" Campbell is contained in the anthologies. The fortunate possessors of libraries do not even know whether they possess a Campbell—and care less. His long poems dwell with those of Samuel Rogers. The once famous *Pleasures* of both please no longer, unless it is as a kind of refracted sunset from the bright, sunken orb of Pope.

Samuel Rogers (1763—1855), born at Stoke Newington in the heyday of the eighteenth century in the year of Johnson's transfiguration and the foundation of his glorious Club, was brought up under influences decidedly antagonistic to militant

Toryism. Dr. Price, nay Priestley and Horne Tooke—these were the oracles of his youth, and advanced Liberal views were instilled into him from his earliest years. He became that anomaly in nature, a rich poet, a Parnassian banker, a Liberal in spirit, and a Tory in form. His poems, the Akensidean *Pleasures of Memory* (1793), and the metrical tale of *Jacqueline*, or the dilettante poem on *Italy*, which a romantic footboy of Byron's might have written, and which would inevitably have been dished but for the plates by Turner and Stothard, are almost negligible, if we omit one or two little pastels—the mantle of Shenstone—such as "Mine be a cot beside the hill," which is truly delightful and deserves its place in *The Golden Treasury*. "Charming," Sydney Smith found the lines, but obvious deviations from truth, and written in St. James's Place. His home there, where he exercised in turn the functions of Horace and Mæcenas, was Rogers's real glory, and the chronicles of his breakfasts and his jokes—are they not written for all the world to read in the three delightful volumes of *Sam Rogers and his Contemporaries*, by P. W. Clayden.

Here the wits who dated back either in time or taste to the age of Johnson met, the sparks of the Regency, meteors from Holland House such as Henry Luttrell, with his soup and patty look and a fresh witticism ever quivering on his lips, or lacustrine poets—Coleridge, Lamb, their receiver-general, Crabbe Robinson, or it might be even "Wordy" himself. The idolised poet of *The Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, Rogers lived until he looked a death's-head, and it was believed that the record of his birth had been consumed in the Great Fire of London. His tongue could be cruel, but you had only to say Tom Campbell to borrow £500 of him, and he would never say a word against you until you repaid it. In 1850 he was offered the laureateship, next year he abandoned his immortal breakfast parties; in 1855 he passed peacefully away at the age of ninety-two. His *Table-Talk* survives his poems, and promises to become a classic of its kind. (An attempt to combine the two versions given to the world respectively by Alex. Dyce and Wm. Sharpe in 1856 and 1859 was made by G. H. Powell in 1903.)

From the stale rhythm of such clever versifiers as Rogers and Campbell, English literature was saved by the original genius of Wordsworth and Coleridge, with whom in one sense

or another Robert Southey will ever be associated. Even their enthusiasm might not have been able to conquer the *vis inertiæ* of the eighteenth century but for the impression already made by the Transition Poets such as Gray, Collins, Beattie, and the school of the Wartons (Blake and Burns were too meteoric to have much immediate influence), and, secondly, for the great tidal current created by Rousseau and the French Revolution, which first carried them clear of the great obstruction of oligarchical exclusiveness and decorum, and then hurled them by a process of repulsion upon the sunlit pathway of Romance.

CHAPTER III

GREAT CRITICS

"Damn the Age! I'll write for antiquity."

"With him the natural passions had room to play; and his wit, flashing out of his melancholy, was as the summer lightning playing innocuously round the very cloud which gave it birth. And thus it is the overburdened spirit relieves itself; a pun may discharge a whole load of sorrow; the sharp point of a quibble or a joke may let out the long-gathered waters of bitterness. We want no Hamlets to teach us this. We need no Sternes to tell us how thoughts and imaginings, pensive and jocose, alternate and play across each other and intermingle in the mind. This was Lamb's wit—it kept apart by itself. It did not sharpen the arrows of satire, it did not grin with a provoking malice, it did not thirst for reward, it did not cater to vanity, it did not live on adulation. It was his own quiet possession and delight. It had no fellowship with the Footes, the Sheridans, the Colmans of the day. It rose higher, as it sprang from a greater depth than theirs; but it held acquaintance with—it paid a becoming deference to—the wits and wise men of old. It shook Master Shallow by the hand; it pulled off its cap in the presence of Sir Thomas Browne; helped old Fuller to his great armchair; eat a pippin and carraways with Mr. Justice Shallow in his garden; walked arm in arm between Bunyan and Bishop Patrick; loved the old playwrights dearly and the name of Bankside; would converse with Jewell and Fox and the primitive Quakers; read Homer in Chapman and not in Pope; would be seen bending gracefully on knee to the Duchess of Newcastle like a page in one of Vandyck's pictures; and everywhere it smacked rarely of antiquity; and had an equal

command over smiles and tears. Being thus, it will endure." —Le Grice, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1838.

Charles Lamb—Hazlitt and *The London* Group—Thomas De Quincey.

I

Throughout the eighteenth century there had been a fairly strong undercurrent of romantic feeling, but the strength of it was not perceived until in 1798 Wordsworth and Coleridge demonstrated that the old anchorage to the shoal of Pope and Dryden was no longer holding, and that new bearings would have to be made out and new sights taken in the firmament of poetry. A parallel revolution was in the course of progress in regard to literary taste generally. A continuity of growth in English poetry was detected and traced by such scholars as Gray and Warton. But it was left for a new school of critics, who were wits and sentimentalists as well as virtuosi, to demonstrate to all men that there was good English prose before Addison, and that the forgotten poetic drama and quaint tapestried prose of the seventeenth century were living possessions, which no good Englishman who professed to a tincture of letters could possibly afford to neglect. The fragrance of the fine literature of the past was first exhaled from the parlour of a poor Cockney book-lover—too poor to possess a regular library—but unrivalled perhaps among all literary antiquarians in his power of communicating to others by some subtle telepathy of his own his beatific vision of old forgotten authors. The laboratory of the critical alchemists of the dawn of the nineteenth century has been described to us in detail and vividly portrayed by a large number of careful observers and narrators. If only we had similar material for reconstructing an evening at the Mermaid that we have for picturing a Wednesday evening

with Lamb or an ambrosial night with Coleridge at the Salutation and Cat, how much more interesting would this (and all other literary histories) become!

In the closing years of the eighteenth century, a small English family, in very humble circumstances, was occupying rooms at No. 7, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The circle was composed of an old man and his wife, their two children (a brother and a sister), and these children's aunt on the mother's side—a maiden lady already advanced in years. There was another son, who held some responsible position in the South Sea House; but he, though a bachelor, lived apart. He was a person of rather peculiar disposition. The intercourse between him and his relatives was comparatively limited. The old man himself had formerly been clerk to one of the benchers of the Inner Temple, and had retired on a slender annuity. The son whom he had living with him under the same roof was, like his elder brother John, on the South Sea establishment. John, it appears, had had it in his power to place him there, and this was nearly (if not quite) the only obligation under which the family ever lay to John. The insignificant salary which the younger son derived from his labours at the South Sea House, reinforced by his father's trifling allowance, was for some years the sole support of the entire household. There was about £100 a year altogether; yet they lived, these five, in some fashion, and bore their lot patiently.

"It was a mere youth who formed their main-stay. He had been educated at Christ's Hospital, which he entered when he was seven, and quitted when he was between fourteen and fifteen. He had the happiness to form, during his continuance upon that noble foundation, a few life-friendships; but it was his special good fortune to form one which was indescribably precious. About two years subsequently to their removal from a previous residence in the Temple to Little Queen Street, the youth, to whom

the family looked for their maintenance, managed to get sufficient influence exerted in his behalf to procure his transfer from the South Sea House to the service of the East India Company in Leadenhall Street. Personally, he lost whatever moral support and companionship his brother's presence under the same roof might have been to him, but the prospect became brighter for them all. Very slight benefit accrued at first, perhaps; but a few pounds a year formed a rather important consideration, in these days, in the eyes of the members of the small, obscure home in the neighbourhood of Holborn. They lived much to themselves, content if the means were at hand of supplying their day-to-day wants. The old people were gradually sinking into dotage. The daughter worked at her needle, and had an apprentice bound to her; but her earnings probably added little to their resources. They saw no society, and friends were few. It must have been with no common sense of loneliness that the young clerk passed to and from the dreary building in Leadenhall Street, through the bustling thoroughfares—observing, but not observed. At one end of his daily journey there was a home, which was only home in name; at the other, there was drudgery only made sufferable by the feeling of how much depended on his labour—only sweetened by the load which rested on his individual shoulders, too young yet to be so over-weighted."

Such is Hazlitt's description of the humble little household, which did not even pretend to *gentility* (which the soul of Borrow so loathed), from which one of the most subtle and pervasive influences in the history of modern letters was to proceed—humbler in its origin, if possible, than the upper room almost destitute of chairs in which the Merovingian youth of 1830 rallied to form the cenacle which bore to victory Victor Hugo—the charioteer of French Romanticism. It was nevertheless amid such unpromising surroundings as these that were spent the early

years of Charles Lamb, a man who explored the dark continent of English literature and described and classified the "specimens" which he rediscovered with a clearness and a delicacy and refinement of *taste* and *ripe literary culture* which a hundred years of further criticism and inquiry has only learned to emphasise.

He was born in Crown Office Row, Temple, on February 10th, 1775, his father being a confidential servant, a kind of liveried clerk, of Samuel Salt (one of Elia's "Old Benchers"). This same John Lamb (son of a shepherd on the wolds of Lincolnshire), a handy man of an incorrigible honesty, who made punch better than any man of his degree in England, never forgot that he was a servant —and his famous son seems to have cherished the memory with a positive affection. Like Dodsley, he combined a livery with a love of letters, composed some *Poetical Pieces on Various Occasions,* and declined into rather a querulous old age, to which his son Charles had to contribute a quota of compulsory cribbage. By his wife, Elizabeth Field, housekeeper at Gilston in Hertfordshire (seat of the Plumer-Wards, commemorated in the *Blakesmoor* and *My Relations,* in *Elia*), he had three children who survived infancy—John, Mary Anne (1764—1847, "Bridget Elia"), and Charles. The facts of Charles's early career are scattered up and down his essays, the best of which (*Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago, My Relations, Mackery End, Blakesmoor, The Old and the New Schoolmaster, The Old Benchers,* and *The South Sea House*) are autobiographical; while the two which we consider the very best, if it be permissible to discriminate between such delicacies, the *Praise of Chimney Sweepers* and *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig,* both contain autobiographical notes. Obtaining a presentation through Salt, Lamb remained at the Bluecoat School from 1782 to 1789, and might have become a Grecian and followed his school-

CHARLES LAMB

friend Coleridge to Cambridge, but to do this he would have had to prepare for Orders in the Church. After a temporary occupancy of a stool in a countinghouse, Salt in 1791 got him a writership in the South Sea House, where his elder brother was already provided, and in April, 1792, Charles, now seventeen, got a move to the East India House.

The friendly Old Bencher (a link between Sterne, at whose funeral he had assisted, and Charles Lamb) died in this same year, and the Lambs moved from the Temple, and we hear no more of them till, in 1796, they are in Little Queen Street, Holborn (now merged in the new thoroughfare of Kingsway). Here, in September, while the family were preparing for dinner, Mary Lamb (who had been strange in manner for some days) seized a case-knife lying on the table, and in a menacing manner pursued a little girl, her sewing apprentice (she herself being at this time a "mantua-maker"), round the room. The mother, who was infirm, called to her loudly to desist, whereupon with loud shrieks she turned on her mother and stabbed her to death with the knife. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of lunacy. Rather than that she should be relegated for life to a public asylum, Charles undertook to be responsible for her safeguarding in future. But meanwhile the poor India House clerk himself was terribly alarmed lest the shock should lead to a deprivation of his own reason, which had already suffered a temporary eclipse in the winter of 1795-6, when he had to submit (as he writes to Coleridge) to be shut up in Hoxton Asylum for six weeks. He may have had one or two relapses into this terrible inherited insanity; but, if so, they were very slight and transient ones. With his sister it was far otherwise; the relapses were increasingly frequent as time went on. Fortunately she had ample premonition as to when the fit was coming upon her, and when this happened her

brother would take her under his arm to Hoxton Asylum. "It was very affecting to encounter the brother and sister walking together (weeping) on this painful errand. Mary herself, although sad, very conscious of the necessity of a temporary separation from her only friend. They used to carry a strait waistcoat with them."

Charles, Daddy, and an old maid-servant now made up their minds to live on £130 a year in order to save £50 for the independent support of Mary. They soon moved to Pentonville, with the further encumbrance of old "Aunt Hetty" (the old dame who brought him a bi-weekly basin of food to supplement the rude school fare), who died a few months later. For some time henceforward the richest store of biographical information is to be found in Lamb's letters to Coleridge, the inspired youth of Lamb's schooldays, whose acquaintance he had renewed in those memorable *noctes cænæque* at the Salutation and Cat Tavern in Newgate Street during Coleridge's jaunt from Cambridge. A shy and moody youth, with an external appearance not exactly prepossessing, a stutter, and an unconventionality of phrasing that proved no allurement to casual acquaintances, Lamb was the slave of his desk from ten to four,[1] and the "healing influence of studious pursuits" was frequently an insufficient change and recreation from the day's routine. The result was a group of drinking companions who were, on the whole, unworthy of him. But the renewal of his old fellowship with and formation of a new affection for Coleridge proved a starting-point in a new life. Coleridge served as a bridge over a barrier which had seemed insurmountable between the

[1] "The dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood (confusion to the firs of the forest that die into desks!)" enters his soul, he complains; prisoned from the sun six hours a day, he is surprised to find how pretty it shines Sundays. ["Called off to do the deposits on cotton-wool—Genius of British India, I come! I come!"]

literary ambitions he had secretly cherished and the humility of a poor, humbly born, and instinctively homely city clerk. Link by link, with the aid of Coleridge, whom he visited at Nether Stowey in that great seminal year 1797 (Wordsworth, Thelwall, Lloyd, Southey, Hazlitt, and Manning, another schoolfellow, C. V. Le Grice, and "Jem" White, of the essay *On Chimney Sweepers,* whom he had aided with counsel and contributions to *The Falstaff Letters*), a literary circle, few links of which were ever damaged, was gradually built up. In men such as Coleridge and Wordsworth, Lamb could find sympathy both for his ignorance—"in science a whole encyclopædia behind the rest of the world"—and for his rare knowledge of seventeenth-century classics, Browne, Burton, Walton, Fuller, Cowley, or Jeremy Taylor, out of the rich soil of which reading a new flower—or rather, perhaps, a choice variety of a very old one—was soon to spring. A master of the purer and more poetic element in prose was in this way evolved from a generation of orators and moralists (it was the imaginative, not the reasoning, part of the mind that he sought to cultivate)—a master destined to communicate an impulse as profound in its way as that given by the lyrical balladists themselves. For many years to come Lamb's progress in an individual style of his own is to be traced only in his *Letters.* The quaint wit of these, as inveterate as the indelicate quips of Sterne (as where, for instance, he interpolates in a postscript, "By the way, may not the Ogles of Somersetshire be remote descendants of *King Lear?*" or writes to Manning in China, "How do you like the Mandarinesses? Are you on some little footing with any of them?"), is only less inimitable than the beauty of the expression.

Apart from these and a few poems of a restrainedly sentimental and quiet beauty, including *The Old Familiar Faces* and *When Maidens such as Hester Die,* inspired, or at least prompted, most of them, by one or two thwarted

love affairs which cannot be supposed to have scathed their victim very severely (they appeared mainly in 1796 or 1797), he seems in these years to have regarded literature mainly as a milch-cow from which guineas in aid of housekeeping might be laboriously extracted. "I must do something in the literary way," he repeats, "or we shall get very poor." Too often those resolves came to no more than "an idle brag or two of an evening." In this spirit, though he had no gift or taste for narrative whatever—narrative, he said, teased him—and still less faculty for dramatic construction, he wrote a novel, and compiled a tragedy and a farce. The novel of prose romance, *The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret* (1798), though it fascinated Shelley, must be pronounced a sentimental nullity. *John Woodvil,* though one of the best of those imitations of Jacobean drama which came in with Ireland and Tobin, and were prolonged by Knowles, Beddoes, Taylor, Darley, and Talfourd, is of no account in itself, but interesting as showing the extent to which Lamb had steeped himself in seventeenth-century diction. *Mr. H.,* given at Drury Lane in December, 1806, was damned irrevocably by the gods, and the author himself joined hysterically in the hissing, but it is a pretty good farce for all that. Mary Lamb had now been living for some years (the father had died in 1799) with her brother in the Temple. Her reputation as a lunatic caused some embarrassment to the mutually devoted pair, and they were still poor enough to miss severely the guineas anticipated from the benefit night of *Mr. H.* Charles had done a good deal of hack work (laboured jocosities) for the *Post,* but this had come to an end in 1803. "I grew sick, and Stuart unsatisfied. 'Ludisti satis, tempus abire est.' I must cut closer, that's all." At least he "regained health and spirits" by the transaction. Now, however, came some more fruitful commissions: *Tales from Shakespeare*

(1807) and several children's books, written in conjunction with Mary; and a prose epitome of Chapman's *Odyssey,* called *The Adventures of Ulysses.* Mary did most of the *Tales* (the first commercial success of the family), and Charles groaned heavily over his share of six tragedies. To toothache and its relieving gumboil, he compared himself and his ally during the throes of composition. The *Ulysses* was done in a blither mood, and prepared the way for the *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakespeare.* Specimens, he says apologetically, are becoming fashionable. They used to be called Beauties. Such a commission might help him to forget the rebuff of *Mr. H.* "So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury Lane Theatre into the pit, something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me upon that occasion. Damn 'em, how they hissed! It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of frantic yell like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes that hissed me into madness."

To return to the *Tales,* though his exact knowledge of the plots may sometimes appear defective, Lamb could not do this kind of thing badly; his Jacobean English combined its cadences admirably with the Shakespearean English he was able to interweave. But it was task work all the same. It was different with the *Specimens* selected from his own "midnight darlings," the dramatists from Marlowe to Shirley. The notes to these almost infallible selections bespeak an appreciation which is almost equivalent to a new sense in our literary criticism. Something in the way of original suggestion is due to Coleridge, and some of the credit must be portioned out to Hazlitt; but, in the main, it was Lamb who was the true pioneer of this poetical renascence. Two things may be noted: First,

that Lamb judges the Fords, Websters, and Fletchers and Heywoods not as efficient playwrights, but as dramatic poets; secondly, that like most literary benefits of this order, his work has been qualified by some injudicious exaggeration, greatly emphasised and accentuated by the manner in which subsequent critics have stereotyped Lamb's top notes of praise without the necessary interpretative apparatus.

Three little stories or sketches were contributed by Charles Lamb to his sister's volume for children called *Mrs. Leicester's School* in 1807, the interest of which is mainly confined to the fact that they foreshadow, however faintly, *The Essays of Elia.* For the next twelve years or more, with the exception of private letters, and a few essays to Leigh Hunt's *Reflector,* Lamb wrote practically nothing. It was the happiest period of his life; the wind was tempered to the "shorn lambs"; they had the torture of transplantation from the Inner Temple to Bow Street, but by way of compensation were "morally sure of the earliest peas and 'sparagus," and were in sure possession of "indefensible indolence," while all the time Charles was automatically growing richer. And all the time his critical judgment was ripening against the timely fruitage of *Elia.* The marvellous, the unparalleled essays that go by this name were now to appear and to exhibit Lamb as the first critic of the age, as paramount indeed in criticism as Wordsworth or Byron in poetry. The opportunity for the emission of these *deliciæ litterarum* came about thus.

In January, 1820, Baldwin, Craddock & Joy, publishers, brought out a new monthly journal under an old name as *The London Magazine,* under the direction of a born journalist and editor, John Scott. Scott enlisted at once Allan Cunningham, B. W. Procter, C. A. Elton, (Dante) Cary, William Hazlitt, Horace Smith, De Quincey, T. G.

Wainewright, and an old contributor of at least seven years' standing, Charles Lamb. Lamb already knew many members of the staff, and Hazlitt may have been the intermediary in arranging for Lamb's first essay to appear in August, 1820. The paper was *Recollections of the South Sea House,* where he had been a writer as a boy, and remembered an old Italian clerk of the name of Elia, dead some months previously, whose name he adopted as a pseudonym. Lamb was allowed a perfectly free hand in these essays, in which he was thus to display not only the literary fragrance of the forgotten literature of the seventeenth century, but all those qualities best calculated to adorn the English Essay, which he had been gradually assimilating for at least twenty years. The essays went on intermittently in the *Magazine* until 1825. In the meantime, Lamb had collected twenty-eight of them, and issued them in 1823 as *The Essays of Elia*; and it was not until 1833 that this volume, the circle of whose admirers was select, was followed by the supplementary *Last Essays of Elia.* Whether we consider the exquisite style, with its combination of sentimental allusiveness, self-pleasing quaintness, and ironic wit, the catholic and infallible literary sympathy with everything of really first-rate quality among English writers of the past, or the stimulating power which is so bracing that a single page of Charles Lamb inevitably has the effect of sharpening every faculty of literary appreciation, we cannot fail to recognise the apparition of *Elia* as an incident of no little magnitude in the evolution of English literature. In taking him as a literary guide, we have, of course, to allow for the personal equation—his jealous love of the literature of the past, which inclined him to take a mocking and depreciatory view of the literature of his own day. There was also a tendency in him to over-praise undeservedly forgotten authors—"oddities of authorship please me most"—but

he was never purblind, as so many literary antiquaries are apt to be. Shakespeare and Milton always maintained their position as the great luminaries in his literary firmament, sailing serenely among planets and asteroids, many of these rediscovered by Lamb himself. Homely in many of his domestic tastes, he liked his literature of the very best, and he said so without affectation or interested taint of any kind. When Coleridge once asked, "Charles, have you never heard me preach?" he replied, "My dear fellow, I have never heard you do anything else." Now, Lamb himself never preached; he is never even instructive;[1] he is just one of those laughing philosophers who illustrate the truth that wit and wisdom at their best are combined in the person of one from whose casual jests we learn more than from all the schoolmasters in the world. To read Lamb attentively is to bring into operation a set of faculties which are apt with many of us to get into a very lethargic state for want of employment; and when the reader closes that famous *Dissertation* of Lamb's which concludes with the words, so exquisite in that context—"but consider, he is a weakling—a flower"—his facial and more particularly his risory muscles are drawn up about the curves of the mouth into the most complicated of smiles, while the lips silently and automatically shape themselves in the formation of a word which the labial expert would have no difficulty in discerning to be—"perfect!" So it has come about that, like Cowper and Jane Austen, Elia is a household word among hundreds to whom literature is a luxury—a cistern of exquisitely strained and filtered thoughts and reflections about life

[1] It is an amusing coincidence as illustrating the two extremes of essay writing, the imaginative and the instructive, that Macaulay's first notable essay, that on Milton for *The Edinburgh*, should have appeared in the same year that Lamb ceased to write for *The London*.

and letters to which the thirsty can have recourse again and again for refreshment.

Lamb's character has to some extent been curiously distorted and obscured by the class of critics who are so fond of dwelling upon the gentleness of Shakespeare, the sanctity of Milton, and the holiness of Wordsworth.[1] It has been the custom to represent him as a man of some small foibles redeemed by his sacrifice of self upon the altar of fraternal duty. Lamb, it is true, was as devoted to his sister as a man could well be; but the motive was less altruistic than the martyrologists would have us believe. Mary Lamb was far from being the Mrs. Brownrigg or the Sally Brass that her exploit with the carving-knife and the apprentice might lead the uninitiated reader to imagine. She was in reality during her lucid intervals one of the kindest-hearted, most sensible, and resourceful

[1] When the verses describing Lamb as "gentle-hearted" were printed in the *Annual Anthology* in 1800, Lamb wrote to Coleridge: "For God's sake (I never was more serious), don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print, or do it in better verses. It did well enough five [three] years ago when I came to see you, and was moral coxcomb enough at the time you wrote the lines to feed upon such epithets; but, besides that, the meaning of gentle is equivocal at best, and almost always means poor-spirited: the very quality of gentleness is abhorrent to such vile trumpetings. My *sentiment* is long since vanished. I hope my *virtues* have done *sucking*. I can scarce think but you meant it in joke. I hope you did, for I should be ashamed to think that you could think to gratify me by such praise, fit only to be a cordial to some green-sick sonneteer." He adds, in a letter a few days later: "In the next edition of the *Anthology* (which Phœbus avert and those nine other wandering maids also!) please to blot out gentle-hearted, and substitute drunken dog, ragged-head, seld-shaven, odd-eyed, stuttering, or any other epithet which truly and properly belongs to the gentleman in question. And for Charles read Tom, or Bob, or Richard for more delicacy."

women that could well be found. She humoured and, under the surveillance of a certain ancient domestic, "Beckey," kept house for Charles, to the expenses of which she was able to contribute by means of her children's stories. Her external appearance and simple, old-fashioned manners were eccentric; but she was absolutely indispensable to the good-humour or well-being of her brother. She alone could supply his spirits with the intellectual complement that they needed; she alone could give him a good "setting to rights" when he was relapsing too seriously into melancholy, drink, or other of those "cursed ways of going on." There were occasional bickerings, no doubt, "as it should be between near relations"; but there was no exaggeration in Lamb's stating to Dorothy Wordsworth: "While she is dead to me [in the asylum on her periodical visit] I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool bereft of her co-operation. I dare not think lest I should think wrong; so used am I to look up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity. . . . I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older and wiser and better than I. . . . She lives but for me."

The obligations as between brother and sister were thus by no means wholly upon one side. In other respects it is quite true that, as far the major morals are concerned, Lamb presents a noble figure—second only perhaps in the ranks of modern English writers to Dr. Johnson. He was a true friend, a sincere sympathiser with the poor and lonely, he was generous to an extreme, pious and dutiful in domestic matters, incapable, it would seem, of a mean action. "Hazlitt," says Mr. Birrell, in his Life of that worthy, "was not in want at the end. No friend of Charles Lamb's ever was." This is a splendid compliment; but is, it would appear, fully deserved.

When we come to the *virtutes minores* (about which

Chesterfield was so insistent), we cannot be so certain. It is the property of a writer such as Lamb, who embodies the concentrated charm of centuries of skilled essay-writing—it may be seen, too, notably in the case of those who have nearly approached him as letter-writers and essayists, Cowper, FitzGerald, and Robert Stevenson—to engender in his readers a strong personal liking, a feeling that we would have given anything to *know* him. But would we? It is rather dubious whether the best Lamb-lovers of to-day would experience ten minutes' ease in his company. A difficult man to know was Charles Lamb. He and Mary seldom went out among comparative strangers, and when they did were never at home until they got back again. By his own fireside he was hospitable to excess to all those whom common friends had franked into his company. But his manner upon such occasions was restless, and he was seldom himself, hardly ever self-revealing. He was, indeed often captious and moody when away from the streets that he loved and his old London routine. Groaning heavily over his work, punning at funerals, guffawing at weddings, joking in perverse ways, sullen or commonplace with strangers, incommunicable, mentally absorbed, frequently making himself ill with gin or porter, tobacco or snuff, his little irregularities fenced him round as with a stockade which but very few trusted friends and chosen spirits were permitted to surmount. It is better to try to picture the author of the *Confessions of a Drunkard* as he really was than to conjure up a tea-party, babyfied figure of fond imagining. Of what he could be at his best we can get a glimpse, at any rate, from Hazlitt's *Conversation of Authors*—the most delightful and the most provoking, the most witty and the most sensible of men. "He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. . . . No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent

things in half a dozen half-sentences as he does. His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen, laughing, harebrained vein of home-felt truth! What choice venom! How often did we cut into the haunch of letters while we discussed the haunch of mutton on his table! How we skimmed the cream of criticism! How we got into the heart of controversy! How we picked out the marrow of authors! . . . With what a gusto would he describe his favourite authors, Donne or Sir Philip Sidney, and call their most crabbed passages *delicious!* He tried them on his palate, as epicures taste olives, and his observations had a smack in them, like a roughness on the tongue. There was no fuss or cant about him, nor were his sweets or his sours ever diluted with one particle of affectation."

When we read of these symposia we have little room to be surprised at Patmore's remark, that brilliant as Lamb's *Essays* and other writings appear, they were but as the mere spillings or forced overflowings of his mind and heart. On the other hand, he admits that he was frequently tongue-tied, especially in those later years of eagerly expected emancipation. Lamb's release from the desk (at which so many of his brightest letters were penned—during office hours),[1] and his retirement in 1825 from the India House, on the substantial pension of £450, instead of liberating, would seem to have had the very contrary effect upon his literary genius. He wrote but little after his fiftieth year; inconsolable for the loss of his old habitudes, he became a more "occasional

[1] "I can write letters only at the Office." *Olim clericus*, C. L. "came home for ever" on March 29th, 1825. The office seemed to engender a peculiar whimsicality, shown especially in pretended libels on his friends. "I shall certainly go to the Naughty Man some day for my fibbings."

writer" than ever before. He regretted London streets perhaps even more than his office, for he moved a year or two previously to Colebrook Cottage, Islington, exchanged in September, 1827, for a house on Chase Side, Enfield. He maintained a lively enough tone in his letters, but a kind of moody apathy seemed to be settling upon him as he got farther from London, that pole to which the needle of all his sympathies and affections vibrated. Weary of "all day long" days, "I hate the country!" became a not infrequent exclamation. He endured it, unselfish as usual, in the interest of his sister's declining health. "He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him." He had already laid aside his snuff-coloured habiliments for a suit of rusty black; we can see him in this garb with his wisp-like body and his shred-like legs, surmounted by that large Rabbinical head, a melancholy figure, patrolling the London road, or the less frequented lanes about Enfield. On one of these walks he fell down and injured his face. Erysipelas set in, and Charles Lamb breathed his last (in the small cottage by Edmonton Church, to which he had recently removed from the neighbouring Enfield) on Saturday, December 27th, 1834, at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine. He was buried in Edmonton churchyard. His sister was deranged at the time, and was unable to assist. Lamb was thus a solitary figure at the last. We cannot by any stretch imagine him saying, as his friend Hazlitt had done upon his death-bed, "Well, I have had a happy life." This man, into whose spirit the essence of so much pure literature had entered, who had been the cause of so much pure and exquisite delight in others, was destined himself to suffer from many of the symptoms of a melancholy which even his old friend Burton had no power to exorcise.

II

In Lamb we have an essayist of a rare distinction and choiceness of style superimposed upon a prose poet whose appreciation of the imaginative beauty inhumed in our old literature amounted to positive genius. In the widest sense, therefore, he was a critic, and a critic with no formidable rival. But as a professional working critic in the more restricted sense he yields the palm (he would certainly never have contested it) to William Hazlitt, whose community of tastes on some important literary topics paved the way for a friendship between two strangely dissimilar characters which endured several severe strains. Hazlitt was, as a critic, no spirit of innate literary genius like Lamb, but rather the natural product of a manly antagonism to the critical dogmatising of the great periodicals in their first enthusiasm of influential expansion. The two critics together might be compared grotesquely to earthworms passing the whole of English literature several times through their system, just as Darwin tells us those creatures pass the upper soil through their intestines, and so insensibly transforming the entire aspect of the literary landscape. In Lamb we are especially grateful for the sympathetic precision of taste and (rarely overdone) finish of phrase; in Hazlitt for the intellectual energy of appreciation which impelled him to elicit the life and spirit and truth from one author after another—an old author for preference, for contemporary writers, he admits, ranged themselves but too often in his mind in two ranks, as friends and foes. In respect of his contemporaries, however, his judgments were in general less biassed than those of Charles Lamb. And even when his portraits are distorted likenesses, they are splendid caricatures.

A hardworking professional, writing against time for money, and never but on strict compulsion, his method was

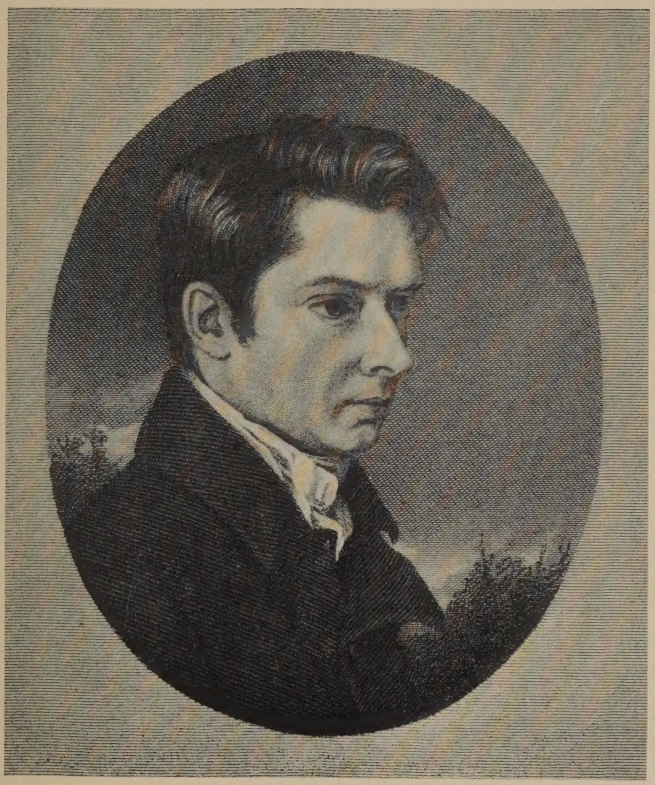
in almost every respect the exact antithesis of Lamb's. His early life was spent in systematic book storage. Facility of expression was painfully and arduously won. Until 1798, when he met his "first poet," he was dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the wayside, endeavouring with anguish to put on paper the thoughts which oppressed him, shedding tears at his inability, and feeling happy if in eight years he could write as many pages. But when once he began to lift the books off his brain, and so to lighten the incubus of accumulation by utterance, then the floodgates were unchained and the pure current gushed out. "From a dumbness and diffidence extreme he developed into the readiest of writers; his sudden pages, year after year, transcribed in his slant large hand, went to the printers rapidly and at first draft." He soared easily and acquired a momentum in his prose which more nearly approaches that of impassioned utterance than any other writer with the solitary exception of Burke. Like him, he acquired the art of pouring out his mind on paper. We get a vivid presentment of Hazlitt's system of writing from Patmore. Stimulated by the discovery that his purse was empty, the great critic began with the breakfast-things about him, and after an intense and anxious spasm of thought as to the framing of his first sentence wrote away steadily and with few pauses on a folio quire of paper, making scarcely any corrections, and completing his two or three thousand words by four in the afternoon, when he began to think about dinner. He never had any book or paper of any kind by him when he wrote, and the numerous quotations (nearly always inexact) with which his essays are studded were invariably the product of his memory. Well may it be said that his pen had become a sort of inspiration to him. He wrote things he had long pondered, and the pertinacity of his judgment was such that he practically never altered an opinion at which he

had once deliberately arrived. Outspoken, unbending and austere, insurgent as he was in his political views, and remorseless in his denunciation of renegades, from the primitive radical faith of Horne Tooke, Thelwall, Price and the rest of the early English Jacobins, Hazlitt was really more of an artist and a sentimentalist than a politician, and as for his mode of life, it was æsthetic, Bohemian, and irregular in the extreme.

The restraints of domestic life were intolerable to him; he wanted to be alone (in a solitary tavern on Salisbury Plain by preference) to write; rough accommodation and coarse fare appeased him best;[1] "tinkerdom" was the ordinary state of his interior environment; save for two pictures (which served as a link with past aspiration and were treasured accordingly), he had no "property"; a fugitive amour seemed to furnish the emotional side of him with the stimulus it most required; he was a night rambler and a reveller in Rousseau, over whose *Héloïse* and *Confessions* he expended literally pints of tears. A nonjuror in religion, a shunner of churches and conventicles, a hater of constituted authorities of every kind, Hazlitt was in brief the exact type of man that police and paterfamilias hold in the most shuddering abhorrence.

Of the antecedents of such a man we must say something, though not a word more than is strictly necessary. William Hazlitt was born in Mitre Lane, Maidstone, on April 10th, 1778, three years after Charles Lamb. His father was an old-fashioned Presbyterian turned Unitarian, a National dissenter full of theology and old-fashioned seventeenth-century pride and resentment against a tyrannical Establishment; a good man who transmitted to his offspring an insuperable objection to swerve one hairbreadth from a settled conviction, however unpopular it might be: he

[1] His one luxury was Souchong tea, of which he consumed four ounces (at 12*s.* a pound) per diem.



WILLIAM HAZLITT

"set up an image in his own mind—it was truth; he worshipped an idol there—it was justice." The young William Hazlitt spent his early years in Kent and Massachusetts, whither his father had moved in order to participate in the golden age to follow the American Rebellion. They returned home baffled and disappointed in 1787 and settled at Wem, ten miles from Shrewsbury, a place round which his early memories and affections clustered. His early education was gained mainly from his father, who wished him to be a minister, and packed him off at fifteen to the Hackney Unitarian College. But he did not like the idea, preferred theology, metaphysics, and politics, and specially lonely contemplation. He soon left the college and gave up the idea of being a minister.

In 1798 Coleridge came from Shrewsbury to visit Hazlitt *père,* and preached at Wem his farewell sermon, when Hazlitt saw him, and recorded his impressions in *My First Acquaintance with Poets.* Coleridge encouraged Hazlitt to write, and a new notion in metaphysics, which he thought he had excogitated, was worked up into *An Essay on the Principle of Human Action,* but it was not published till 1805. From 1798 to 1802 nothing is known of him. In 1802, at the suggestion of his brother John, a painter of some promise, who had some pieces in the Academy in 1788, he began to learn painting, and in October went out to study in the Louvre. After a stay of four months he came back to England, and soon made a fairly successful portrait tour in the north of England, painting amongst others Hartley Coleridge and Wordsworth. (But he tore up the latter's portrait, as it did not suit his ideals.) Indeed he could not satisfy his ambition, and after painting Lamb as a Venetian senator he gave up graphic art and took to literature.

In 1807 came his *Abridgment of the Light of Nature Pursued, by Abraham Tucker, Esq.,* a skilful condensation

of seven volumes in one; and also amongst other things, *The Eloquence of the British Senate; or, Select Specimens from the Speeches of the most distinguished Parliamentary Speakers, from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the present time.* This same year he married Sarah Stoddart, a friend of Mary Lamb, sister of Dr. Stoddart, a violent Liberal, whom he met at the house of John Lamb. She was thirty-two, and he twenty-nine. Her property, about £120 yearly, was settled, to Hazlitt's vexation, on herself. They went to live in a cottage at Winterslow, in Wilts, where the bride's property was situated, and where in later times, at the "Hut," or Pheasant Inn, Hazlitt was fond of retiring for solitary work. Here was prepared his *Improved Grammar of the English Tongue* in 1810.

Children came and funds were scanty, and so in 1811 the family moved up to Westminster, that Hazlitt might get "into touch." He began by lecturing at his own instance before the Royal Institution on English philosophers and metaphysics, and by doing Parliamentary reporting (by long-hand notes, helped by his memory) for *The Morning Chronicle.* Soon he left this, and worked for *The Examiner, Champion,* and in 1814, on Jeffrey's invitation, for *The Edinburgh Review.*

In 1817 came the important *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays,* really "a discourse on the philosophy of life and human nature in general." In 1818 all his dramatic criticisms were collected, under the title of *A View of the Stage,* exhibiting his love for the theatre, especially Mrs. Siddons and Edmund Kean. In 1819 he wrote his *Letter to William Gifford,* a spirited attack on the virulent malignity of *The Quarterly Review.* In 1821 came *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.* His criticism of the dramatists, based on six weeks' strenuous reading, is a remarkable testimony to his acumen,

though it lacks the intimacy and familiarity of Lamb's celebrated notelets in his *Specimens.* This year, too, appeared *Table Talk,* containing some of his contributions to *The London,* and much of it composed at Winterslow Hut.

His domestic troubles had begun. In 1820 his father had died. His wife was a person of good taste, intellect and education, and of a genial temper; but she had no sympathies or affections, was slovenly in her dress, and had no aptitude for domestic governance. Hazlitt, always of a peculiarly capricious and self-centred temperament, could not agree with her, and the only bond was their common love of their son William. Hazlitt often went down to Winterslow Hut to get out of her way. In 1820 he became violently enamoured of Sarah Walker, the wan-complexioned, "snake-like" daughter of his landlord, a tailor, in Southampton Buildings. She gave him a kiss each time she brought up his tray, but made no concealment of a previous attachment! She had no very obvious charms; but exhibited a reserved coquettishness which smote Hazlitt, and made him the victim of an infatuated passion, in the course of which he spouted out his woes to any mortal person who evinced the slightest kindness towards him, and finally to all the world in the *Liber Amoris, or the New Pygmalion,* an eloquent exposition of his feelings. In 1822 Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt found their way to Edinburgh, where after a residence of forty days, they secured a divorce after the Scottish custom, the various stages of which are drily noted in the wife's diary.

He soon recovered from his passion, and in 1824 married a Mrs. Bridgwater, widow of a captain of that name, with about £200 a year. In August of this year they took a long trip over the Continent, he describing the places he visited in letters to *The Morning Chronicle.* He returned to London without his wife. After a fortnight

he wrote to her asking her when he should come and fetch her home. She replied that she had gone to Switzerland with her sister, and did not contemplate coming back.

In 1824 he had turned his attention to fine art criticism, producing the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on that subject and the *Sketches of the Principal Picture-Galleries of England,* containing some of his best work. In 1825 came the "Harvest Home" of his mind, *The Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits.* More essays followed in *The Plain Speaker* (1826), his last collection of essays given to the public. Two works of importance followed—the *Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R.A.,* and the unequal *Life of Napoleon,* in four volumes. Idolatry of Napoleon had become to him not only a monomania, but a kind of touchstone which he applied to every conceivable topic, personality, or philosophical system.[1]

The stress of pecuniary difficulties and disappointments, which began with the failure of this book, had great effect on his health. In 1830 he moved from Bouverie Street to 6, Frith Street, Soho. Here he gradually sank. The events of July in France and the care of some of his friends revived him enough to write his paper on "Personal Politics," and he was glad to have seen the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty. But he was in a state of great physical weakness, existing only by an "act of volition." He was unable to see his mother, who was away in Devonshire; but his last moments were solaced by the presence of Charles Lamb, from whom he had been partially estranged. He died on September 18th, 1830, and was buried in St. Anne's, Soho, where the epitaph was written by Charles Wells, author of *Joseph and his Brethren.*

[1] Similarly "tyranny with Hazlitt is named Pitt, party spite is Gifford, apostasy is Southey, and fidelity Cobbett or Godwin."

Hazlitt's insight into his own character was acute, and a few words of his own on this head will do more to elucidate it than pages of ordinary roundabout comment. "I am not (he says), in the ordinary acceptation of the word, a good-natured man—that is, many things annoy me besides what interferes with my own ease and interest. I hate a lie. A piece of injustice wounds me to the quick, though nothing but the report of it reaches me. Therefore I have many enemies and few friends." It was this strange angularity of the most rotund of writers which led him to wound so many of his fellow-authors in a manner which seems to us so perfectly unnecessary—Campbell, for instance, whom he rebuked for plagiarising Young and spoiling him at the same time, when he wrote of "Angels' visits few and far between" (in place of "short and far between"). So it came about that a new "portrait" by Hazlitt was nearly as much dreaded as a squib of Swift's, a satire of Pope's, a caricature of Foote's, or a *mot* of Douglas Jerrold's. "I am" (he writes in his famous account of the fight between Bill Neate and the Gasman) "under favour a sentimentalist myself." It is just this overpowering sentiment in regard to literature which makes him so overwhelmingly good—when he is good.[1] The first rule of guidance for Hazlitt students should be this: always believe him when he praises; he is sure to be right. But when he denounces, be on your guard. Remember that he has no historic sense whatever, and is therefore most deficient in the due sense of historical continuity, gradation, subordination, and proportion. He had the defects of his

[1] No literary critic perhaps has ever been such a complete master of the *frisson* as Hazlitt. Like Cobbett, he makes every personal whim or even prejudice an instrument or means of engendering emotion in the minds of his readers. Unlike Lamb, he left few letters, and those not of the first order of importance.

qualities, but a grand quality indeed was his sturdy independence. "In both poetry and prose (as Mr. Birrell excellently says) Hazlitt's preferences were frankly avowed and his dislikes outspoken. He never hesitated to say as an author what he felt as a man. He belonged to no school or coterie. His knowledge and taste in poetry were increased and purified by his friendship with Lamb, and he had felt the stimulus of Coleridge in poetry as well as in metaphysics and politics. But he remained his own man—a solitary and independent figure. He liked Blair's *Grave* and Warton's *Sonnets,* and he said so. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* bored him to death, and he said so. Sir Thomas Browne's strained fancifulness and jargonised speech teased him, and he said so. On the other hand, what member of the Anglican Church had so bathed the name of Jeremy Taylor in the sunshine of eloquent appreciation as has this Jacobinical son of a Socinian preacher?" [1] On the other hand, too, it may be asked who has praised the Waverley Novels so eloquently or with such minute discrimination as has this sombre and splenetic Radical, to whom Scott's political views were as abhorrent as were his to Scott? A corollary of this extreme independence, combined with his undue æsthetic sensibility, and with his lack of historical perspective, is his excessive severity in regard to several of his greatest contemporaries—Shelley in particular, whom he described in a remarkable passage as a poor, pale, shrieking ghost, "with a fire in his eye, a fever in his blood, a maggot in his brain, a hectic flutter in his speech, which mark out the philosophic fanatic." We must describe Hazlitt's critical and other essays, in fine, as being almost as original as they are scattered—all over the periodical press of his day, from *The Edinburgh*

[1] For Drummond of Hawthornden, Suckling and Wither he exhibits an unexpected tenderness probably attributable to his spending an evening with Charles Lamb."

Review down to the most ephemeral sheet, such as *The Champion, The Liberal,* or *The Yellow Dwarf.* It is necessary to read of him primarily the *Sketches* and *Winterslow Essays,* the *Table Talk,* and *Lectures* (finer utterances than some of his on Shakespeare have never found expression in writing), to be followed by Alexander Ireland's inimitable anthology of Hazlitt's prose entitled *William Hazlitt, Essayist and Critic,* and after these should come in due course the two substantive volumes, *The Spirit of the Age* (1825) and *Notes of a Journey in France and Italy* (1826), reprinted from *The Morning Chronicle.* The reader who has perused these will join in acclaiming William Hazlitt *criticus criticorum*—the critic's critic.

Bryan Walter Procter (1787—1874), who adopted a crude anagram of his own name, "Barry Cornwall," as a pseudonym, now chiefly known through his friendship with Lamb and others of *The London* circle, was admired in his own day as a singing-bird worthy to rank with Hood and Mrs. Browning, if not with Keats and Tennyson. He was poet enough to share the testamentary generosity of John Kenyon and the large-hearted hospitality of Stedman in his book on the *Victorian Poets.* No one reads his songs or poems now, but few who are conversant with the literary asteroids of the period, and are interested in the literary history and biography of late Georgian and early Victorian days, would willingly miss his *Autobiography* (edited in 1877), in which he has much to say of Wainewright and other satellites of Lamb and his circle, or his finely sympathetic and discriminating memoir of Charles Lamb (1866).

Thomas Griffiths Wainewright (1794—1852), who wrote for *The London* and tried to conceal his barrenness under the pseudonyms of Janus and Egomet Bonmot, distinguished himself eventually as a forger and poisoner, and died in Van Diemen's Land at the age of fifty-eight in 1852. He owed his precocious position on the staff of contributors to the friendship of editor Scott for his grandfather Dr. Griffiths, the veteran pillar of *The Monthly Review,* and his status as a fellow-contributor once asserted, he was in a position to

play the part of the "wise youth" to an amiable group of elders. A coxcombical young prig, over-dressed both mentally and bodily, glittering, false, he dished up the most insufferable art cant of the day about painting, painters and literary bric-a-brac. It seems strange that such a man should have enlisted the good word and even the kindly thought of Lamb and Hazlitt; still stranger is the indulgent eye with which so acute a critic as Hazlitt regarded Wainewright's prose, especially when we remember the acrimony with which he attacked the florid euphemisms of *Vivian Grey* in his essay on *The Dandy School.* The real apostle of this school was Wainewright. Janus dabbled in drawing and painting himself, and made some clever sketches in monochrome. His essays have been collected by W. C. Hazlitt. His literary talent, however, has been overrated.[1] He has no claim whatever to rank with erratic men of genius such as Villon or Cellini, B. V. Thomson, Oscar Wilde, Gorky, Casanova, or Verlaine. Criminologically he is more interesting as representing a perfect example of the intuitive criminal in his most highly developed and artistic state. He urged in extenuation of the cruel murder of his sister-in-law for her insurance money that she had such uncommonly thick ankles—fortunately a very rare phenomenon!

Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795—1854) retains a position as one of the figure-heads in nineteenth-century literature, if only as a link between Lamb and Hazlitt and Dickens and Bulwer. His copious memory on the subject of Lamb may have well been responsible for the introduction of *Elia* to the notice of Dickens, in whose characteristic humour a dew-drop of the incomparable essayist may occasionally be traced. The elo-

[1] His life has inspired some well-known fiction. In Bulwer Lytton's *Lucretia* he appears as Varney, and Lucretia Clavering is supposed to be Mrs. Wainewright. The sight of him in Newgate and what he subsequently learned of his history from Barry Cornwall and Forster suggested to Charles Dickens the melodramatic novelette, *Hunted Down.* For his Life we would refer to the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* with authorities there given, and for a very extreme estimate of his powers see B. Dobell's *Sidelights on Charles Lamb* (1903).

quent speech in behalf of the Copyright Bill (which Mahon and Macaulay eventually in 1848 succeeded in converting into law) was the ostensible cause of his being made the dedicatee of *Pickwick* in 1838. Son of a Reading brewer, Talfourd became known in literary circles as poet, dramatist, and as Lamb's perfervid "one admirer" (1815). A successful advocate, he was elevated to the bench in 1849. In English letters he is memorable less for his temporarily successful but utterly frigid plays, *Ion* (1836), *The Athenian Captive* (1838), and *The Massacre of Glencoe* (1840), than as the devoted friend, literary executor, and biographer of Lamb. His *Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life* (1837) and *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb* (1848), incorporated in 1868 as *Memoirs of Charles Lamb*, are appreciative, interesting, and even eloquent, but only *too skilfully* generalised and "arranged." He also prefixed an able and discerning essay to the volume of Hazlitt's *Remains* in 1836. Florid, symmetrical, and unimpeachably correct, Talfourd is too comely a writer ever to be very profound. He brought a judicial sagacity to bear upon a quantity of literary material, rich almost beyond the dreams of avarice. Talfourd died of an apoplectic stroke in the middle of a speech at Stafford on March 13th, 1854.

Peter George Patmore (1786—1855) deserves a short oar in this galley, less as the editor of *The New Monthly Magazine* during the interregnum between Theodore Hook and Harrison Ainsworth and as a contributor to *The London*, than as the recipient of Hazlitt's effusions about the exquisite charms of his fair enslaver Sarah Walker, and as the gossiping biographer both of Hazlitt and Lamb (with others) in *My Friends and Acquaintances* (3 vols., 1854)—"a damned good book to steal from." His *Rejected Articles* (1826), parodying Elia, Cobbett, Hazlitt, Byron, Hunt, etc., gained him introductions to a good many of the writers he ridiculed, "as gently as any sucking-dove," in distant imitation of the Smiths, James and Horace. His gossip is most savoury when Hazlitt is the theme. He was born on Ludgate Hill and died at Hampstead, leaving among other children the poet Coventry Patmore, erst friend of Tennyson and author of *The Angel in the House.*

George Darley (1795—1846), another friend of *The London*

group, who was praised by Lamb, a Dublin and a Trinity College man, came to London in 1822,[1] and wrote for *The London Magazine* as John Lacey, but suffered, poor man, from the suffocating "mask" of a terrible stammer, which debarred him almost wholly from the society that he loved. He wrote fanciful poetry, *inter alia* a lyrical drama called *Sylvia* (1827), of a pretty imitative kind not unworthy here and there to rank with Hood's *Midsummer Fairies*. A long Alastor-like poem called *Nepenthe* was privately issued in 1839. A few lyrics by Darley have charm but sadly lack originality. So intimate was his commerce with Wither, Suckling, and Carew, that Palgrave might almost be justified in ascribing one of his pieces to the natural school of Suckling:

"It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

"Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
Nor sleeps from kissing of his bed. . . .

"These are but gauds; nay what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips
Full oft he perisheth on them. . . ."
(*Golden Treasury*, 1st ed.)

Another lyric is said to have given Mr. George Meredith a hint for his finest poem, *Love in the Valley*. A third is the popular *I've been roaming*. Disappointed as a poet, Darley in 1829 became one of the Aspers of the infant *Athenæum*, flagellated friends and foes impartially, and contributed to the success of Talfourd's *Ion* by the sheer ferocity of his attack. However, he praised the first dramatic essays of Beddoes. He is said to have been a discerning critic, but his

[1] A younger brother, Prof. Charles Darley of Cork, wrote the play *Plighted Troth* given by Macready in 1842, and pronounced superior to George's *Ethelstan*.

Introduction to the 1842 edition of Beaumont and Fletcher would hardly seem to support this pretension. He died on November 23rd, 1846.

Lamb has inspired most of his critics (Barry Cornwall, Talfourd, FitzGerald, W. C. Hazlitt, Ainger, Macdonald, E. V. Lucas), in support of which contention we may cite in illustration the last and the first of these same critics respectively. No classical writer in English has been more fully expounded than Charles Lamb by Mr. Lucas. Lamb and Hazlitt had much in common. Both loved literature, both loved portraiture and painting, both talked finely and hated cant, both, too, had sat at the feet of Coleridge. Each man was ripe for the other; and from 1804, when they met, onwards ("I stood well with him for fifteen years," said Lamb), their intimacy was close and cordial, though not uninterrupted. "Hazlitt made it very difficult for the flame of friendship to burn with any steady radiance. Indeed, he made no friends in the ultimate sense of the word. He valued too much his independence, the right to say what he thought. He was one who said what was in his mind regardless of consequences, and he would never have brooked such an impediment to this luxury as a bond of love. Lamb also spoke his mind plainly, as he himself tells us; but Lamb was more catholic—he liked man as he ought not to be; and since he too had suffered his plain speech was seldom unkind. It may often have been misunderstood, as every witty man's is certain to be, but it was never cruel. Hazlitt was critical to the uttermost fibre; he accepted nothing exactly as it was; he condemned roundly, and when he praised, praised usually by comparison. Tolerance was his bugbear. What he disliked he hated and despised. To hate may be a virtue, but to despise is a confession of failure as a philosopher and a citizen of the world; and Hazlitt's readiness to despise was his weakest point. It has kept him out of men's hearts as surely as Lamb's inability to despise has established his place there."

In "his natural and healthy state" Lamb always admitted Hazlitt to be one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. "I get no conversation in London that is absolutely worth attending to but his." Hazlitt is a great inspirer of literary thought to this day; but it may be admitted that E. V. Lucas is right in the main when he charges him with being positively

anti-social, steeped in ink—a man with no tendrils, who nursed his faculties of hate with the utmost care and fondness.

"Persons who have been in the habit of traversing Covent Garden at that time (seven-and-forty years ago)," says the most vivid of Lamb's contemporary biographers, "might by extending their walk a few yards into Russell Street have noted a small spare man, clothed in black, who went out every morning and returned every afternoon, as regularly as the hands of the clock moved towards certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in his manner and almost clerical in dress, which indicated much wear. He had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes, and he walked with a short, resolute step, citywards. He looked no one in the face for more than a moment, yet contrived to see everything as he went on.

"Small and spare in person, and with small legs ('immaterial legs,' Hood called them), he had a dark complexion, dark, curling hair, almost black, and a grave look, lightening up occasionally and capable of sudden merriment. His laugh was seldom excited by jokes merely ludicrous; it was never spiteful, and his quiet smile was sometimes inexpressibly sweet: perhaps it had a touch of sadness in it. His mouth was well shaped; his lips tremulous with expression; his brown eyes were quick, restless, and glittering, and he had a grand head full of thought.

"His speech was brief and pithy; not too often humorous; never sententious nor didactic. Although he sometimes talked whilst walking up and down the room (at which time he seldom looked at the person with whom he was talking), he very often spoke as if impelled by the necessity of speaking—suddenly, precipitately. If he could have spoken very easily, he might possibly have uttered long sentences, expositions, or orations, such as some of his friends indulged in, to the utter confusion of their hearers. But he knew the value of silence, and he knew that even truth may be damaged by too many words. When he did speak, his words had a flavour in them beyond any that I have heard elsewhere. His conversation dwelt upon persons or things within his own recollection, or it opened (with a startling doubt, or a question, or a piece of quaint humour) the great circle of thought.

"Lamb was always dressed in black. 'I take it,' he says, 'to be the proper costume of an author.' When this was once

objected to, at a wedding, he pleaded the raven's apology in the fable, that 'he had no other.' His clothes were entirely black, and he wore long black gaiters up to the knees. His head was bent a little forward, like one who had been reading; and, if not standing or walking, he generally had in his hand an old book, a pinch of snuff, or, later in the evening, a pipe. He stammered a little, pleasantly, just enough to make you listen eagerly for his words, always full of meaning, or charged with a jest, or referring (but this was rare) to some line or passage from one of the old Elizabethan writers, which was always ushered in with a smile of tender reverence.

"The room in which he lived was plainly and almost carelessly furnished. Let us enter it for a moment. Its ornaments, you see, are principally several long shelves of ancient books (those are his 'ragged veterans'). Some of Hogarth's prints, two after Leonardo da Vinci and Titian, and a portrait of Pope, enrich the walls. At the table sits an elderly lady (in spectacles) reading; whilst from an old-fashioned chair by the fire springs up a little man in black, with a countenance pregnant with expression, deep lines in his forehead, quick, luminous, restless eyes, and a smile as sweet as ever threw sunshine upon the human face. You see that you are welcome. He speaks: 'Well, boys, how are you? What's the news with you? What will you take?' You are comfortable in a moment. Reader! it is Charles Lamb who is before you.

"No one will love the old English writers again as *he* did. Others may have a leaning towards them—a respect, an admiration—a sort of *young* man's love: but the true relishing is over; the close familiar friendship is dissolved. He who went back into dim antiquity, and sought them out, and proclaimed their worth to the world—abandoning the gaudy rhetoric of popular authors for their sake—is now translated into the shadowy regions of the friends he worshipped. He who was once separated from them by a hundred lustres hath surmounted that great interval of time and space, and is now, in a manner, *their contemporary*."

By a subtle metempsychosis Charles Lamb has become one of his own "midnight darlings."

III

One of the most brilliant of the group of essayists and reviewers who gave to the periodical literature of the eighteen-twenties the momentum and excitement it had hitherto lacked, and has hardly ever since recovered, was an eloquent writer, known to all the "Lakists," yet so seldom seen in any other society that he became something of a mystery to the world at large—a mass of erudition, dreams, and drug, packed into a frail little body—the self-styled "English Opium-Eater."

Thomas de Quincey, whose father, a Manchester merchant, died of consumption in 1792, and whose mother was a rigidly pious friend of Hannah More's, was born in or near Manchester on August 15th, 1785. A minute account of his life up to the publication, in 1821, of the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater,* is to be found in those *Confessions* and the *Suspiria de Profundis,* in the *Autobiographical Sketches,* and, indeed, throughout all his writings on the most varied topics. Seldom was a writer more persistently autobiographical. As a boy, at "The Farm," and then at a country house called "Greenhay," both on the outskirts of Manchester, he was precocious, solitary, and gentle—"touched with pensiveness." Boisterous games he dreaded, and he was only driven to them for a time by William, his high-spirited elder brother. Instead, he made events out of shadows that usually pass more lightly over children. The death of his sister, Elizabeth, when he was six years old, affected him profoundly. He was introduced to life by death and sorrow, so to speak, and their mark remained on him until he, too, died. None the less, he studied. When, in 1796, he went to Bath Grammar School, he knew much Latin and some Greek; but very soon he was able to speak, as well as write, both languages, and became "show-boy" of the school. Two

years later an accident, resulting in an illness, caused his removal to a school at Winkfield, Wilts. "I was at the head of the school the whole time I was there," he wrote. In 1800 he made a tour in England and Ireland with Lord Westport, the young son of the Earl of Altamont, followed by a visit to Lady Carbery at Laxton, where he, the boy, instructed the ladies of the house in points of theology. His mind had received great stimulus; he was, in a sense, too old for school; but, towards the end of the year 1800, his guardians sent him to Manchester Grammar School, in order that, after three years there, he might gain an exhibition which, added to his patrimonial £150 a year, would during seven years give him the sum of £200 a year for his expenses at Oxford. Unhappily, the school did not suit him. The dulness of the place, the enforced lack of exercise, and, when his health broke down, the heroic doses given him by an old apothecary, reduced him to despair. At the end of nineteen months he ran away, with an English poet in one pocket and a volume of Euripides in the other. His subsequent wanderings in Wales, on an allowance of 21*s.* a week; his journey to London for the purpose of raising money on his expectations, and the delays in the process; his starving condition when he and a girl, half idiot, were alone in a large house in Greek Street, belonging to a money-lender's attorney, and he was glad to pick up a few crumbs of bread; the tender kindness of Anne, the girl "on the streets," their separation, and, after one or two days' absence, his fruitless search for her who, being less than womanly, was more than woman, and his poignant grief; all these privations and sorrows, that laid the foundation of his necessity for opium and bit so savagely into his soul, are set forth in the *Confessions,* where they lose nothing by being wedded to the phantasmagoria of his opium-dreams.

In 1803 he entered Worcester College, Oxford, on the

books of which he remained until 1810. His excursions were frequent; in a visit to London he first learnt the virtues of opium. At Oxford he led the life of a recluse, taking opium at intervals, studying, and learning German and Hebrew under a German friend, one Schwartzenburg. When he sat for his B.A. the examiner of his written paper on Greek said: "You have sent us one of the cleverest men I have ever met with." But next day he failed, for no apparent reason, to present hmself at the oral examination in Latin, and left without taking his degree. Meantime he had been studying also the literature of his own country, and had acquired a boundless admiration for the Lake poets. The *Lyrical Ballads,* he afterwards wrote, were "the greatest event in the unfolding" of his mind. He saw Coleridge at Bridgewater in 1807. Wordsworth he had long wished to know, yet had not dared approach, so great was his reverence, and, no doubt, his shyness and habit of procrastination. Now, however, while escorting Mrs. Coleridge and her children to Southey's house at Keswick, he and his charges broke the journey at Grasmere, and stayed two days at Wordsworth's cottage. Next month he anonymously presented to Coleridge £300 that he could ill afford. The year 1809 saw him established in Wordsworth's cottage—Wordsworth only a mile away, at Allan Bank—and in the district Coleridge (occupied with *The Friend*), Charles Lloyd, John Wilson ("Christopher North"), and Southey. The death of Wordsworth's child, Kate, plunged De Quincey into intense grief. Otherwise, he was given up to a study of the German transcendentalists, and increasing doses of opium. During a visit to Edinburgh with Wilson he became known as a talker on all things under—and over—the sun; though he would always escape from the less congenial subjects, "not without some strictly logical sequence." After his return to the Lakes, his first period of excess in the use of opium

made him incapable of any study; but in 1816, on the occasion of his marriage to Margaret Simpson, the daughter of a Westmoreland farmer, he suddenly reduced his daily allowance from 8,000 to 1,000 drops, was able once more to read Kant, and projected two sweeping philosophical works that never saw light—*De Emendatione Humani Intellectus,* and *Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy.* The latter did exist in manuscript, but its author, again prostrate beneath opium, could not rouse himself to write a preface and prepare it for the press! His fortune was gone; pecuniary difficulties pressed. To accept the editorship of a local Tory paper, *The Westmoreland Gazette,* was a fall indeed; and to no purpose; for, though De Quincey was a thorough-going Tory of the old sort, his learned influence went for nothing in electioneering tactics. It was well that the publication of the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater: Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar,* signed "X. Y. Z.", in *The London Magazine,* September and October, 1821, brought him at once popularity and notoriety. Thenceforward, armed with an immense store of miscellaneous learning and curious experiences, he entered into the field of periodical literature as "The English Opium-Eater."

Apart from the deaths of his sons and his wife—who had cared well for her procrastinating,[1] unpractical, opium-eating husband—in 1837, his subsequent life was uneventful. His connection with *Blackwood's* and *Tait's Magazines* took him much to Edinburgh; at Lasswade he rented a cottage for his daughters and himself in 1840. But though that was home, he had a habit of constantly disappearing into some lodging or other in Edinburgh or Glasgow. When one room became "snowed up" with books and papers, he would simply move on to another, and,

[1] "Has the little animalcule crawled over the rubric at last?" wrote Lamb, when he heard of De Quincey's marriage!

in this way, he was once paying the rents of no less than four apartments. The opium was never entirely discontinued, as he would have his readers understand from the *Confessions.* "Quand je le connus," says that acute critic, Baudelaire, writing of the supposed freedom from opium, "malgré tout son appareil de minutieuse vraisemblance, je m'en défiai instinctivement. . . . (il) me parut une invention en faveur d'un certain *cant* britannique. . . ." And Baudelaire's critical instinct was right. Excesses notwithstanding, there is little doubt that the drug *prolonged* De Quincey's life. After a last crisis in 1848, he found out the minimum dose per diem on which he could exist and kept to it. His gastric disorders required him to eat carefully chosen food—tripe, or a slice from a loin of mutton, "cut in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form," as he once told the cook of a house he was visiting. He slept by day, and worked, conversed, or walked by night. Then the old man, always a great walker, would go for long rambles around Lasswade, sometimes, like Charles Lamb, "sleeping out." In money matters he was a child. If he wanted silver, a banknote was useless to him; it did not occur to him to change it. His politeness to every one was excessive—nervously so; his explanations and excuses complex and couched in exquisite language. Those who wished for his company had not only to invite him, but to fetch him; for his growing timidity and love of solitude caused him to break all engagements. But if caught, the little man, dressed in such nondescript garments that he looked like a street-urchin, would wake up fully as the evening went on and converse, not greedily, like Coleridge, but with the most courteous attention to what others had to say. "Oh, what a voice!" said Miss Martineau; "so clear, so soft, so sweet; so delightful a contrast to the way people have of bawling at me." "A bright, ready, and melodious talker; but in the end an

inconclusive and long-winded. [De Quincey was certainly not vehement like Carlyle.] One of the smallest man-figures I ever saw: shaped like a pair of tongs; hardly five feet in all. When he sat, you would have taken him, by candle-light, for the beautifullest little child—blue-eyed, blonde-haired, sparkling face, . . . had there not been something, too, which said, '*Eccovi,* this child has been in hell!'"

Reverting to his childhood, with a cry of "Sister! sister! sister!" De Quincey died December 8th, 1859, and was buried in St. Cuthbert's churchyard, Edinburgh, twenty days before the death of Macaulay.

All of De Quincey's works, with the exception of a poor novel, *Klosterheim,* and the *Logic of Political Economy,* were published in the first place, in *Blackwood's, Tait's,* and *The London* Magazines, *Hogg's Instructor,* and other periodicals. His collected works, with considerable amplifications and corrections (the *Confessions* were increased to nearly thrice their original length), were not issued until 1853 and after. Few writers of periodical literature have had his wideness of erudition; few have written even tolerably on such varied topics. At one time it was a quasi-historical narrative, *The Revolt of the Tartars*; at another, *The Theory of Greek Tragedy, On the Political Parties of Modern England, Miracles as Subjects of Testimony, Kant in his Miscellaneous Essays, The Juggernaut of Social Life, The Casuistry of Roman Morals, Goethe, The Cæsars, China, Recollections of the Lake Poets,* and many personal and critical articles on his contemporaries, articles on *Style,* literary criticism and history, or articles and sketches avowedly autobiographical. His mind was not so much creative and synthetical, as logical and analytical; capable of assimilating an immense amount of reading and then of seizing analogies, making precise comparisons and subtle differentiations. Combine this with a faculty

of reverie and dreaming (operations only slightly, or not at all, under the control of the conscious will), intensified to a high degree by opium, enabled to express itself by means of a fine ear for words and rhythms; and we have, on the one side, his dreams, analysed and set forth with all the flavour of reality in gorgeous, "impassioned prose," and, on the other side, his often unsatisfactory disquisitions about matters philosophical, critical, and economic. For a writer with such pretensions to metaphysical knowledge, his philosophical articles are not so important as might have been expected: nor is his work on economics; his historical research has been superseded; his theology never made much mark. His article on contemporaries, *William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Wordsworth and Southey,* and others, will always be interesting; though his criticism, at times subtle enough, is too often marred by limited sympathy. He was one of the first to appreciate the greatness of Wordsworth; but passages like his discussion on the poet's legs, considered as objects of doubtful beauty and as objects of utility, or his solemn paragraph on the sole time "Wordsworth became inebriated at Cambridge" and "was not too far gone to attend chapel decorously during the very acme of his elevation," now seem nothing short of comic. Yet they caused maddening irritation when published, as also did his exposure of Coleridge's plagiarisms.

The effectiveness, as a whole, of nearly everything De Quincey wrote is greatly spoiled by his long digressions. It is quite true to say that each degression almost always winds back to the subject with a fresh freight of meaning to be incorporated in the argument, and that there is pleasure in observing the ingenuity with which it is done. The fault, indeed, arose partly from his sense of precision and his nervous desire to be perfectly understood. At the same time, the magnitude of the freight is usually incom-

mensurate with the length of the digression; and literature is not read for the ingenuity with which it has been produced. One of the worst examples of his much ado about little is the *Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected,* and this fault of De Quincey's is admirably parodied and befustigated in Lamb's funny skit, *Letters to an Old Gentleman whose Education has been Neglected.* Though his exquisite style is in everything he wrote, it is fairly safe to say that his humorous articles and his "modes of impassioned prose" are those portions of his work that have survived solely because of their own intrinsic merits.

De Quincey's humour does not bear comparison with Lamb's; for example, it is sometimes feeble, sometimes heavy, sometimes out of place; but, nevertheless, it is quite genuine. He was expert in developing, with strict logic, an absurd or wildly improbable premiss, and brought to the task an inimitable mixture of slang and classical expressions, colloquialism and rhetoric. *The Spanish Nun,* an historical narrative, is full of strokes of humour, which, in fact, are to be met with in much of De Quincey's work on more serious topics. *Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts,* with the grim, uproarious fun of the dinner given by the Connoisseurs in Murder, the toasts, and the Latin glee which was composed for the occasion is, perhaps, the best of all. Toad-in-the-Hole, a misanthropic disparager of inartistic modern assassinations, is so delighted with the Williams murders that he has proposed a dinner in honour of the event:

> At length came the toast of the day—*Thugdom in all its Branches.*
>
> The speeches *attempted* at this crisis of the dinner were past all counting. But the applause was so furious, the music so stormy, and the crushing of glasses so incessant, from the general resolution never again to drink an inferior toast from the same glass, that I am unequal to the task of reporting. Besides which, Toad-in-the-Hole now became ungovern-

able. He kept firing pistols in every direction; sent his servant for a blunderbuss, and talked of loading with ball-cartridge. We conceived that his former madness had returned at the mention of Burke and Hare; or that, being again weary of life, he had resolved to go off in a general massacre. This we could not think of allowing; it became indispensable to kick him out, which we did with universal consent, the whole company lending their toes *uno pede*, as I may say, though pitying his grey hairs and his angelic smile. During the operation the orchestra poured in their old chorus. The universal company sang, and (what surprised us most of all) Toad-in-the-Hole joined us furiously in singing—

"Et interrogatum est ab omnibus—Ubi est ille Toad-in-the-Hole?

Et responsum est ab omnibus—Non est inventus."

The *Confessions,* the *Suspiria de Profundis,* and *The English Mail-Coach,* may be cited as containing the best examples of De Quincey's "modes of impassioned prose ranging under no precedents that I am aware of in any literature." In "elaborate stateliness," rhythm, flexibility, colour, and use of *le mot propre,* he is pre-eminent. He was one of the founders of the conscious art of prose for prose's sake; prose without pretext, one might call it, if pretext is understood to mean material and argumentative utility. He did much to counteract Dr. Johnson's "plethoric and tautologic tympany of sentence," and to transpose the influence of the Lake Poets from metrical to unmetrical English. Before the third section of *The English Mail-Coach* he placed a quotation which may well be taken as descriptive of his aim and, moreover, of his achievement:

> Whence the sound
> Of instruments that made melodious chime
> Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved
> Their stops and chords was seen; his volant touch
> Instinct through all proportions low and high
> Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
>
> *Paradise Lost,* Bk. xi.

But the fugue. . . . Or is it the instruments? or the player? There is an elusive something in De Quincey's prose that too often prevents it from being completely satisfying; some note out of tune or chord out of place, some defect in *timbre.* Maybe it is the occasional obtrusion of early Victorian pseudo-emotional expressions, such as we still hear in drawing-room songs; maybe a too visible art gives an impression of insincerity. He never quite equalled Sir Thomas Browne, whose writings he knew well, but whose precedence he overlooked in speaking of impassioned prose. The styles of both are like a great river; but whereas the river suggested by the earlier writer appears living by reason of the swirl and eddy of its abundant waters, the other lives more in its ripples, which, beautiful and light-reflecting as they are, tend to obscure the profounder depths. Too often De Quincey, after marvellously developing his sublime or pathetic theme ends without the *veritable cri du cœur* (not necessarily *de son propre cœur,* of course), which only can then satisfy; but brings about the climax with a grossly mechanical artifice —less a digression than a suspension—and more words. "Oh, heavens!" cries De Quincey, in effect; "what a happening! How sublime! how pathetic!" But the reader answers back, "Ye gods! what a writer!"

This, however, is not to say that his achievement is less than very great. The passage from Milton *does* describe his prose. Witness the magnificent apostrophe to his opium:

> O just, subtle, and all-conquering opium! that, to the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs of grief that "tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm;—eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, pleadest effectually for relenting pity, and, through one night's heavenly sleep, callest back to the guilty man the visions of his infancy, and hands washed pure from blood;—O just and

righteous judges;—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, for the triumphs of despairing innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges;—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendours of Babylon and Hekatompylos; and, "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the "dishonours of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, O just, subtle, and mighty opium!

Few can forget *The Daughter of Lebanon*, most pathetic and solemn rebirth in his dreams of Anne, the Pariah; and fewer are able to say that they cannot recognise one at least of Our Ladies of Sorrow—*Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears, *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs, and *Mater Tenebrarum*, Our Lady of Darkness—even if they have never "walked in all their kingdoms"; in such wise has De Quincey created with words "sublime goddesses" that were not his alone. From the death of his sister he began to know them; and he is, perhaps, at his greatest when he touches the sorrows of pensive children—those terrible griefs that most men cannot remember; that, if denied outside solace and distraction, can never find them in the unknowing child, and must encircle him with impenetrable gloom. These De Quincey remembered, and here his note is true.

CHAPTER IV

SIR WALTER SCOTT

"Scott raised the literature of the novel into one of the greatest influences that bear on the human mind; breathing into it a new spirit, giving it a fulness and universality of life, a romantic charm, a dignity and elevation, and thereby a coherence, a power and predominance, which it never had before. In his hands it became a spring of health, a wholesome, beneficent influence, delightful, instructive, ennobling, a liberal education in itself, as well as a great comfort and solace amid the trials and troubles of life."—ANON.

"The search for the single final epithet is no part of Scott's method, for he delights in the telling, and is sorry when all is told. The asceticism of style belongs to a different race of artists, the lesser of whom are sadly anæmic. Sir Walter Scott is the first of the modern race of giants in fiction; his rapid series of great novels inaugurates a new era."
—PROF. RALEIGH.

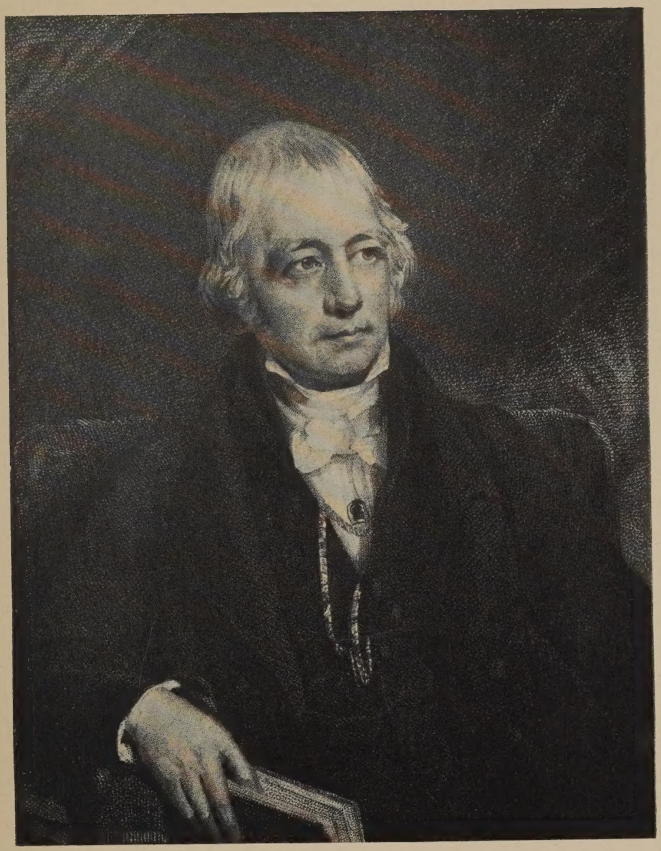
Early training—The Scott group—*Border Minstrelsy*—Abbotsford—Ruin—The *Opus Magnum*—Voyage to Italy—The End—Greatness of Scott's output—His manifold influence.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the ninth of twelve children, of whom six died young, was born in College Wynd, Edinburgh, on August 15th, 1771. His father, Walter Scott (born 1729), was an Edinburgh attorney, shrewd, old-fashioned, a staunch Calvinist and antiquary. He married in 1758 Anne Rutherford, daughter of a Professor of Medicine at Edinburgh, of good Border descent. Scott himself had a thread of the attorney in him; but he took less after his father than after his grandfather, Robert Scott of Sandyknowe, a successful farmer and sportsman, and more after his great-grandfather, Beardie Scott (so-called because he

had never cut his beard after the banishment of the Stuarts, in whose cause he lost almost all that he had). When he was a child, Walter was boarded out for his health's sake at Sandyknowe, where he lived in the open air under the charge of a shepherd, and learnt from his grandmother many songs and legends of the old moss-troopers and of his Border ancestry.[1] In October, 1778, he went to the High School at Edinburgh, where he was the meteor of his form; thence to the College of Edinburgh.

In 1786 Scott was apprenticed to his father; in the next year he saw Burns (remarking those eyes of his which glowed like live coals) at Prof. Ferguson's, and was thanked by him for giving the authorship of a quotation which no one else in the company knew. In 1792 he was called to the Bar; this was the year of his first raid into Liddesdale to look for ballads (he had begun collecting at twelve) along with Mr. Shortrede, the Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburgh, who accompanied him in all these expeditions for seven years. A year later he saw the scenery of *The*

[1] "I never acquired a just pronunciation, nor could I read with much propriety." At Bath (about 1778) he met John Home, author of *Douglas*, and at Prestonpans, where he went for sea-bathing, George Constable, an old friend of his father's, the original of Monkbarns, who told him much about Falstaff and Hotspur, and furnished him with not a little material for Dalgetty. He read as a child Bunyan, Pope's *Homer*, and Ramsay's *Evergreen*. But his first love among books as a boy was Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. "I waded into the stream of books like a blind man into a ford without the power of searching my way unless by groping for it." Small accidents and self-will prevented him from learning Greek—a circumstance which he always regretted. But after leaving school he learned Italian, and during an illness read Vertot's *Malta* and Orme's *Indostan*. He always fixed "like a tiger" on old songs and ballads.



FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN GRAHAM GILBERT

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Lady of the Lake, and heard from old men such stories of the Highlands as formed the groundwork of many of his novels. He took up German, which at that time meant romance and poetry, and in 1795 made his spirited version, called *William and Helen,* of Burger's spectre ballad, *Lenore.* Later he translated Goethe's adventurous drama of *Goetz of the Iron Hand* (1799). Foreign romance and historical fiction doubtless helped him to find his way among his own subjects, the mingled likeness and difference of the German work quickening (if that were possible) his interest in kindred themes at home, such as *True Thomas* or *Kinmont Willie,* and encouraging him to think of modern wanderings on his own account. For a time he was strongly affected by the German manner, not to his advantage, and indulged in horrors written at the request of "Monk" Lewis, and too like Mr. Lewis's own productions. A disappointment in love, referred to long afterwards in Scott's Journal, was at the time kept to himself;[1] it was not his habit to complain. After his marriage to Miss Charpentier on Christmas Eve, 1797, he had many years of prosperity before him, making himself known as "the hardest worker and the heartiest player," and steadily going on with his poetry, then all his novels—at the same time carrying on all sorts of historical and antiquarian researches, besides miscellaneous literary work by the way, not to speak of his duties as Sheriff of Selkirk, and (after 1806) as Clerk of Session. He had also a commission in the Edinburgh Light Horse (a yeomanry regiment), and did not neglect his military calling. In 1803 he began writing in *The Edinburgh Review* on such subjects as

[1] The lady was a daughter of Sir John Stewart Belches, and Scott dreamed ardently of *Le Manteau Vert,* as he called her, for three years, followed by two years of disappointment. Miss Charpentier is probably outlined in Julia Mannering.

Spenser, old ballads, Chatterton, *Amadis,* and old English poetry. He had become renowned as a raconteur, and was much sought after as an ornament of clubs and convivial parties. He took a leading part in the foundation of some of the leading publishing clubs, notably "The Bannatyne." He was surrounded from an early age by a group of friends who were staunch and sympathetic with his interests, and gave him a good deal of raw material to be worked up by the imaginative process of which he had the monopoly. Among them were William Erskine, to whom he submitted many of his proofs; John Leyden, a great ballad-hunter; James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; William Laidlaw, a Yarrow farmer; and, above all, the ingenious but somewhat indolent William Clerk, the Darsie Latimer of *Redgauntlet,* as the two Fairfords, father and son, are Walter Scott senior and junior.

In December, 1799, Scott was appointed Sheriff-Depute of Selkirkshire, which brought him in £300 per year for light work and a closer connection with his favourite district. He now set about ballad-hunting in earnest with the help of the book-learning friends he was accumulating about him, such as Heber, Ellis, and Ritson; and the three volumes of his *Border Minstrelsy* appeared in 1802-3 from the press of the brothers Ballantyne, with whom he now first formed a close connection. The old ballads which he collected served as an introduction to several fine imitations of his own, including *The Eve of St. John* in the traditional manner and the stirring *Lay of Cadyow Castle,* a ballad of the murder of the Regent Murray. This led in its turn to Scott's first long poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (published 1805), the success of which was such as to determine the future of his whole career. It is a work rather of an enthusiastic Border archæologist than of a great poet. But the combination of a music which was still unfamiliar (for *Christabel* was not yet published)

with great narrative power "in a light horseman kind of stanza" took the public by storm.[1]

The year 1808 saw Scott's poetical reputation brought to its zenith by the publication of *Marmion* (the finest, or very near it, of all battle rants, composed during gallops among Tweedside hills), for which Constable offered to pay £1,000 in advance before he had seen the poem. Jeffrey was almost alone in his disapproval of it. The poem as a whole, with its six interesting introductory epistles, forms a series of historical chapters or tableaux of Border life at the opening of the sixteenth century, representing respectively the castle, the convent, the inn, the camp, the court, the battle. It is doubtful how far Jeffrey's coldness led to Scott's estrangement from *The*

[1] "In their own days the Border riders were regarded as public nuisances by statesmen, who only attempted to educate them by the methods of the gibbet. But now they were the delight of fine ladies contending who shall be most extravagant in encomium. A blessing on such fine ladies, who know what is good when they see it."—LANG. Jeffrey himself was converted by *The Lady of the Lake* in 1810.

Scott's marriage brought him an annuity of £500. He was very well off, therefore, when in 1805 he settled at Ashestiel on the Tweed, where he maintained a considerable household (though far less than Abbotsford, where twenty lady's-maids are described as finding harbourage with their mistresses at one time.) He was, however, far from satisfied with his revenue, and began now his secret and speculative association with the Ballantynes. He began his edition of Dryden, and adopted the habits which enabled him to carry through his labours. He gave up his previous plan of sitting up late, rose at five, dressed carefully, was at his desk by six, and before the family breakfast had broken the neck of the day's work. A couple of hours afterwards he finished his writing and was his own man by noon. At Ashestiel he rode out, coursed with his greyhounds, or joined in "burning the water" as described in *Guy Mannering*. He answered every letter the same day he got it, and so got through an amazing amount of work.

Edinburgh; but in the course of 1808 he was committed to the cause of the rival *Quarterly Review*, and at loggerheads both with Jeffrey and with Constable. His annoyance with the latter and his growing fondness for commercial speculation caused him to take the false step of setting up a rival publishing house in Edinburgh as John Ballantyne & Co., the ostensible manager being a brother of the printer. Already by 1813 their affairs were in a most embarrassed state, and but for the intervention of Constable the firm must have gone into bankruptcy. All might have still gone well had not Scott been seized by an imperious passion for adding to his landed property at Abbotsford, a weakness of which his neighbours the vendors well knew how to take advantage, and his determination to adorn his estate with a feudal mansion and museum of antiquities in one. On this last hobby alone he spent nearly £80,000. The money, in many cases, could only be obtained by advances from Constable on unwritten poems or novels. A diversion was produced in 1814 by the transhipment of Scott's talents from the metrical tale, in which he had recognised a superior in Byron, to the prose romance, in which it was fairly impossible that he should have a competitor. In the summer of 1814 Scott accidentally found the manuscript of an old novel which he had begun (in light-hearted rivalry with Strutt's *Queenhoo Hall*) and laid aside in 1805. In the course of three weeks in June he added sixty-five chapters to the seven or eight which he had already written. The story so completed was entitled *Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since.** It was published anonymously on July 7th, 1814, and, when Scott returned from a short summer tour to the Orkneys and Shetlands, he found that *Waverley* was making a startling success; such a success ensured the postponement at least of all pecuniary difficulties.

For the next ten years Scott was pouring out the series

of novels, displaying an energy and fertility of mind which make the feat one of the most remarkable recorded in literary history. The main interruption was in 1815. All his patriotic feelings had been stirred to the uttermost by the concluding scenes of the war, and he went to France in August, visited Waterloo, saw the allies in Paris, met Castlereagh and "with emotions of awe" the Iron Duke himself, and was kissed by the Hetmann Platoff. Scott's impressions on this tour were described by him in *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk* (1816), and in an uninspired poem on *The Field of Waterloo,* published in October, 1815, for the benefit of soldiers' widows. His last poem of any length, *Harold the Dauntless,* was published in January, 1817, as "by the author of *Triermain,*" and had, says Lockhart "considerable success," but not such as to encourage him to further attempts in the same line. His second novel, *Guy Mannering,** rivalled *Waverley* in its success, and in the spring of 1816 came *The Antiquary,* perhaps of all his works the one in which there is the nearest reflection of the bent of his own mind. It was scarcely finished before he designed the *Tales of my Landlord,* the first series of which, *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality,** came out as by a new author in December, 1816. As before, the cloak of anonymity was virtually a transparent one, for Scott seemed to estimate all his work alike as so much scribbling, and he willingly turned aside from his best novel to write "Historical Summaries" for *The Edinburgh Annual Register,* which he struggled in vain to make a success. From this time till the close of 1825—a space of eight years—prosperity rested unclouded over the life of Scott. His novels of *Rob Roy* * (December, 1817), *The Heart of Midlothian,* The Bride of Lammermoor,* The Legend of Montrose,* Ivanhoe,* The Monastery, The Abbot, The Pirate, Kenilworth, The Fortunes of Nigel,* Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward,* St.

*Ronan's Well, Redgauntlet,** and *The Tales of the Crusaders* (*The Talisman* and *The Betrothed*), streamed from his pen with a rapidity as wonderful as their general merits were great. Europe read with delight, and Scott was happy to pipe a dance which led to such solid results for his own benefit. Such a matter of successful authorship was a surprising novelty in its day. Both writer and publisher seemed to have regarded Scott's talent as an inexhaustible gold-mine. At Christmas, 1824, Abbotsford was finished, and six weeks later Scott's eldest son was married to an heiress, Scott presenting him with a captaincy in the Hussars. All this year the new laird, who had been honoured with a baronetcy in March, 1820, was entertaining on a princely scale. The English sales of the novels had fallen off slightly since the appearance of *The Monastery,* but Scott himself was hardly aware of this, and he may be considered to have been at the height of his fortunes at the time of his son's marriage. His career had hitherto been an almost uninterrupted series of prosperous and happy events; he had risen from being a briefless barrister to a position as undisputed head of the literary world, with a title and a landed estate which he had every prospect of bequeathing to his successors.

The inevitable crash came finally in December, 1825. From a Journal which Scott began a few days before the rumours of the ultimate *débâcle* got too clamorous to be silenced, we learn how he bore from day to day the rapidly unfolded prospect of unsuspected liabilities. He put off facing the crisis as long as he could, but when there was no alternative he rallied all his forces and faced it with the utmost courage. A few weeks revealed the unpleasant truth that the failure of the London house threw upon him personal responsibility for £130,000. He received many offers of help, which he refused. He might have been adjudged a bankrupt and paid so much in the pound; but

he refused to close the account with his creditors, from whom he only asked time to pay off the whole of the debt. He went on writing without a moment's delay, and two months' work produced *Woodstock,** one of the finest of the later novels, for which he received over £8,000. In *The Fair Maid of Perth* and *Anne of Geierstein* he produced two novels almost as good, while in *Tales of a Grandfather* and the *Life of Napoleon* he finished two of his longest and most arduous prose tasks. An even more remunerative project was the reissue of his novels with new introductions and notes, in a new edition to which he gave the title of *opus magnum.* In the meantime, he was allowed to retain possession of Abbotsford and of the collections which he had formed there. His faculty for prose romance seems to have developed something like a passion for the work, and he was "conspiring" a new novel to the very last, in opposition to the wishes of his admirers, who recognised that the public taste was getting sated by work finely sustained as it still was, both by History and by Humour. To obtain more time for literary task work, he resigned his clerkship on a retiring allowance of £800 a year. His zeal was stimulated by the idea that he would still be able to pay off the debt, and is illustrated by the fact that having finished *Anne of Geierstein* one morning before breakfast, he commenced his short *History of Scotland* for Lardner's series immediately after that meal; but he received an unmistakable warning in February, 1830, when an apoplectic attack left him speechless and senseless on the floor. The ultimate discharge of the debt was now assured, yet, after declining a pension and a privy councillorship from the Government, Scott commenced boldly upon a new novel, *Count Robert of Paris,* dictating regularly to his faithful henchman Laidlaw, who fortunately regarded it as one of his best works. Another seizure took him in November, and the

need for diminishing his exertions became every day more apparent; yet it seemed almost impossible to his advisers to combat a mind acting under such powerful impulses. In July, 1831, he secretly commenced his last novel, *Castle Dangerous*; a little later, by happy inspiration, the Admiralty put a frigate at his disposal for a Mediterranean cruise, which seemed to offer a chance of prolonging his life. During November and December he visited Malta and Naples, and actually wrote a new story upon the Siege of Malta, in addition to continuing the prefaces to the novels. The interesting introduction to *Redgauntlet* is dated April 1st, 1832; a fortnight later he left Naples for Tweedside by way of Rome, Tyrol and the Rhine. He was deeply affected upon his arrival home in July, and for a time seemed to recover a little from the paralytic state into which he had fallen during the journey.

On September 17th he spoke his last words to his future biographer and son-in-law, Lockhart, "My dear, be a good man." Four days later he breathed his last in the presence of all his children. "It was a beautiful day and so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ears, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt round the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." [1]

[1] It is said that on the last morning of his life consciousness returned. He asked his nurse to help him to the window. He gave one last look on Tweed and said, "To-night I shall know all." He died in the sixty-second year of his age, and was buried in a family sepulchre within the bound of Dryburgh Abbey, where Lockhart now reposes at his feet. His appearance during the last ten years of his life, in the likeness of a respectable elderly country gentleman, is thus described by a close observer, outside his immediate circle: "Tall, robust, and rather handsome in person, he was deformed by the shortness of his right limb, the foot of which only touched the

FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS FAED, R.A.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS

Scott has no formal claims like Shakespeare or Swift to a supreme or even great mastery in prose and verse. But taken for all in all he has built up in the Waverley Novels and in his songs an edifice which we should regret the loss of as we should regret that of but one work in our literature, *The Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies of Mr. W. Shakespeare.* It is necessary for any true appreciation of their full richness to read the score or so of the best Waverleys at least six times through in the course of a lifetime, (1) for the story, (2) for the dialogue, (3) for the historical perspective, (4) for the learning, which is great, (5) for the wisdom, which is still greater, (6) for the consummate knowledge of human character, which is greatest of all. And so, in the fulness of time if we persevere, we shall duly arrive at the refutation of the absurd libel that Scott has no message, is no teacher. He teaches by the same methods as Shakespeare—namely, by the representation of human nature in action. Two qualities dominate the rest in any estimate of the magazine of Scott's mind: the marvellous creative energy of his imagination, working upon the raw material of history; and the extraordinary knowledge and sagacity with which this imagination is ballasted. For Scott brings to his work and puts at the disposal of his readers the attributes not only of a learned antiquary, folklorist and ballad-monger,

ground at the toes, while he rocked from side to side on the support of a stout walking cane, which he moved along with the foot and put down at the same time. While living in town he wore a common black suit; in the country he had grey trousers, a short green jacket, and a white hat. His face, generally ruddy with the glow of health, was rendered venerable by the thin grey hair. The countenance and quick grey eye usually had a common-world expression, but of a benevolent kind. All was changed, however, when he told anything serious, or recited a piece of ballad poetry; he then seemed to become a being of a totally different grade and sphere."

poet and historian, but also those of a sagacious statesman, ecclesiologist, soldier, sportsman, literary critic, topographer, *bon vivant,* genealogist, raconteur, and trained lawyer. He excels in the delineation of warlocks and sibyls, beggars and fishermen, orthographers and pedantic bores of every description, clowns and jesters, staghounds and Dandie Dinmonts. The excellence of the dramatic talk of what Malvolio would call "the lighter people" in Scott's novels is generally accepted. The broad and genial humour of his low comedy has perhaps only two rivals in the whole range of our literature. His other qualities, as an historical painter, *conteur,* and *improvisateur* of genius have been to a certain extent obscured by irrelevant criticisms. It has been objected, for instance, against his improvisations that Scott's construction is inartistic, his style slovenly, his digressions tedious, his pleasantries mechanical, and his deviation from historical accuracy unpardonable. The liberties which Scott takes with history and chronology, with a view of improving dramatic possibilities, are not particularly happy. Shakespeare (with better excuse) did the same kind of thing, and one can only say of one, as of the other, that no one else has ever drawn such great characters in history with so masterly a hand. Scott's portraits of James I. and Louis XI. are at least worthy to be put side by side with Henry IV., Wolsey, or Philip Augustus. The attempt to make English history alive was such a novel one that Scott no doubt felt as Percy felt in regard to his ballads, that the ingredients must be somewhat mingled and sophisticated to suit the public taste. His was a strenuous attempt to look down the wolf's throat into the dark and remote past. The conversations and speeches of kings and heroes which classic historians and artists have so often attempted, from Thucydides and Livy to Delaroche, Landor and Browning, and so rarely achieved—this most difficult of

tasks Sir Walter essayed! With what success, let the reader turn to the interviews of Mary and Lindesay, James I. and Heriot, Richard and Saladin, Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, Elizabeth and Burleigh; let him turn to these and to Scott's delineations of Cromwell, Montrose, the Young Pretender in youth and decline, Queen Caroline, Claverhouse—and then decide for himself. Many of his minor characters are drawn with a perfection of finish hardly to be found outside Shakespeare, and possibly Dickens; but let us exalt neither this feature, nor the rich humours of his serving-men, gardeners and peasants, his dominies and gaberlunzies, at the expense of the solidity and splendid reality of many of his central figures, or the unrivalled atmosphere, chiaroscuro and colouring of his large historical canvases.

As to the digressions and the ponderous playfulness in many of the introductions, these both represent the defects of admirable qualities; the first, the public interest which Scott arouses in his readers in regard to the politics in the period he is describing, and his avoidance of huddling the incidents as his plots begin to thicken. The uncouth pedantry and technical jargon which he was fond of exhibiting in more or less cumbrous jocularities, especially in the introductions and prefaces attributed to Jedediah Cleishbotham, are similarly the barren and sometimes repulsive underside of Scott's extraordinarily rich, varied, and copious vocabulary. No one perhaps ever had a finer or more effectual control at one and the same time of three distinct vocabularies—the inkhorn terms of the legal and mediæval antiquary, the orthodox English of the critical reviews, and the racy dialect of the lowland peasantry. Another final objection, which as far as it applies is a much more serious one, is brought against the insipidity of Scott's heroes and heroines. The objection is much reduced in value by the fact that none of Scott's novels were

primarily love-stories, that his heroes ordinarily are little more than a partly traditional and partly mechanical link with the object of giving a sentimental unity to the story. No one knew his own limitations better than Scott himself, and he has taken the lead in exaggerating the imbecility of his heroes. There are in fact many exceptions, the Antiquary, the Pirate, and Roland Graeme in *The Abbot,* and notably among his heroines, Di Vernon, Catherine Seyton, Rebecca, and Jeanie Deans. However much his heroes differed in nature from Scott himself, the even balance of their reasons against their sympathies is well conceived, is in itself sufficiently normal, and is an admirable expedient for effecting that which was probably its real use to Scott—"the affording an opportunity for the delineation of all the pros and cons of the case, so that the characters on both sides of the struggle should be properly understood. Scott's imagination was clearly far wider—was far more permeated with the fixed air of sound judgment than his practical impulses. He needed a machinery for displaying his insight into both sides of a public quarrel, and his colourless heroes gave him the instrument he needed."

In Scott the various lines of eighteenth-century conservatism and nineteenth-century romantic revival most wonderfully converge. His intense feeling for Long Ago made him a romantic almost from his cradle. The master faculties of History and Humour made a strong conservative of him; but his Toryism was of a very different spring from that of Coleridge or Wordsworth. It was not a reaction from disappointment in the sequel of 1789, nor was it the result of reasoned conviction. It was indwelling, rooted deeply in the fibres of the soil, to which Scott's attachment was passionate, and nourished as from a source by ancestral sentiment and "heather" tradition. This sentiment made Scott a victorious pioneer of the Romantic movement all over Europe. At the same time we must remember that with all his fondness for mediævalism, he was fundamentally a thorough eighteenth-

century Scotsman and successor of Bailie Nicol Jarvie: a worshipper of good sense, toleration, modern and expert governmental ideas, who valued the past chiefly by way of picturesque relief, and was thoroughly alive to the benefit of peaceful and orderly rule, and deeply convinced that we are much better off as we are than we could have been in the days of King Richard or good Queen Bess. Scott had the mind of an enlightened eighteenth-century administrator and statesman who had made a fierce hobby of armour and old ballads. To expect him to treat of intense passion or romantic mediævalism as Charlotte Brontë or Dante Rossetti would have treated them is as absurd as to expect to find the sentiments of a Mrs. Browning blossoming amidst the horseplay of *Tom Jones* or *Harry Lorrequer*. Scott has few niceties or secrets; he was never subtle, morbid, or fantastic. His handling is ever broad, vigorous, easy, careless, healthy and free. Yet nobly simple and straightforward as man and writer were, there is something very complex about his literary legacy which has gone into all lands and created bigoted enemies (Carlyle, Borrow) as well as unexpected friends (Hazlitt, Newman, Jowett): and we can seldom be sure whether his influence is reactionary or the reverse. There has always been something semi-feudal about it. The "shirra" has a demesne in letters as broad as a countryside, a band of mesne vassals, and a host of minor feudatories and forest retainers attached to the "Abbotsford Hunt."

In one category or another we shall probably be right in including not only Leyden, Hogg, Laidlaw, Allan Cunningham, Motherwell, and Tannahill, but such much larger personalities as Lockhart and Wilson. As staunch a Tory as Scott himself, the product of a Scottish manse and the oligarchical Oxford of his day (he was a Snell Exhibitioner at Balliol), John Gibson Lockhart was born at Cambusnethan, near Wishaw, on July 14th, 1794. A good-looking "scorpion," he was chief among the caustic wits of Auld Reekie whose genius for mystificatory satire gave *Blackwood's Magazine* its initiatory success of scandal in 1817. In all the venomous pricks and stings of *The Chaldee Manuscript* and *The Cockney School of Poetry* (Hunt, Hood, and Keats), the "scorpion," now aged twenty-three, had "an entire hand, or at least a main finger." Neither his satirical *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, in contradistinction to Scott's *Letters of Paul*,

nor his novels, such as *Adam Blair* (1822), and *Reginald Dalton* (1823), are now much read. Better in most respects are the *Ancient Spanish Ballads* (1823), which first established the convention of romantic Spain and awoke the curiosity of Ticknor, Bowring, Hookham Frere, Ormsby, Gibson, and others. Best of all, of course, are the lives of Burns (1828), and Scott (1838), which Carlyle was one of the first to praise and to condemn. In sharpness and acerbity Lockhart could show Hazlitt that advanced Liberals had no monopoly. Like Hazlitt, however, he really excels in praise. He first met Scott in 1818; two years later he married Scott's daughter, and in 1825, largely through Scott's influence, he became editor of *The Quarterly* in succession to the narrow authoritarian and uncompromising reactionary, William Gifford (1757—1826), formerly editor of *The Anti-Jacobin* and author of the mimic Juvenalian invectives of the *Baviad* and the *Mæviad*. It is not, however, a sense of favours received, but a genuine and affectionate reverence for the man and worship for the great writer which find such apt and eloquent expression in his famous *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, by common consent, after Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, the finest example of British literary biography. After Lockhart's departure for London the tone of *Maga*, as *Blackwood's* loved to call itself, became somewhat smoother. From 1822 it had found a safety-valve in the once celebrated *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The fabricator in chief of these elephantine diversions was the son of a wealthy manufacturer of Paisley. Born in 1785, John Wilson went to Oxford and became a rich disciple of the Lake School of Poetry. His own verse, as well as his fiction, was gracefully mediocre, but his money made him a seigneur among the Grasmere poets. In 1815 he lost his money and went to Edinburgh with a wife and family to provide for. Lockhart was by this time his *alter ego*, and the "Scott influence" helped him to get a professorship and a post among the "miscreants" on the staff of *Maga*. After 1825 *Blackwood's* became more and more an embodiment of Wilson's personality. His multifarious pursuits reflected themselves without reserve in the *Magazine*. "Criticism, biography, tales of Scottish life poured in only too exuberant profusion from his pen. Poetry, sport, and revelry were the three fountains of inexhaustible inspiration, and it was from an intimate blending of the most vivid joys of all three that

his more original and lasting work proceeded. Tavern meetings with good cheer and good society, long tramps among the heathery glens, glorious guffawings—such were the elements which, flung across the rich refracting medium of his imagination, evolved those unique compounds of poetry, wit, humour, drama, high spirits, and balderdash—the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*," in which Wilson appears as "Christopher North," and Hogg, by an unexpected apotheosis, as "The Shepherd." The gulf between these exuberances and ordinary temperamental journalism is felt to be far less immeasurable now than it appears to have seemed seventy years back. "Crusty Christopher," as Tennyson called Wilson, died at Edinburgh on April 3rd, 1854, *æt.* 69.

Sir Walter Scott has had no lack of biographers and critics, but it may be doubted whether he has receded sufficiently into the past to obtain a full or adequate appreciation. Modern critics, such as Bagehot, Stephen, Raleigh, and Ker, have been in the main less generous, and, as it seems to us, less just than Hazlitt or even Nassau Senior. Lockhart's mammoth *Life* * of 1838 (second edition in 10 vols., 1839) has had a considerable progeny, but most of these are dwarfs, and none of them are in any sense rivals. Among the best are those by James Hogg, R. P. Gillies, Robert Chambers, W. H. Hutton, W. H. Hudson, Prof. Saintsbury, G. Le G. Norgate, and Andrew Lang (1906). More valuable are the supplementary *Journal* from 1825—1832, published in 1890, and the *Familiar Letters* (1894): while to those interested in Scott criticism *Le Roman Historique* (1890) of L. Maigron and the anonymous *Chapters on the Waverley Novels* (1898) are both deserving of attention. After the author's own final edition in 48 vols., with its charming vignettes (reprinted in facsimile by Messrs. Constable), the Abbotsford, Centenary, Dryburgh, and Border editions are, perhaps, among the most desirable. The text of the novels as a whole and the large question of Scott's European influence still require to be worked at.

CHAPTER V

LORD BYRON

"The Grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme."—*Don Juan*, Canto xi. 55.

"When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bowed our head, and held our breath.
He taught us little, but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll."—M. ARNOLD.

Ancestry—Newstead—Harrow—Cambridge—Vocation—The Levant—*Childe Harold*—Marriage—Leman—Byron and Shelley—The Guiccioli—*Don Juan*—Ravenna—Pisa—Missolonghi Byromania—Its Justification.

BYRON'S mother, Catherine Gordon (1765—1811) of Gight, was descended from Sir William Gordon, the grandson of James I. of Scotland. She was early left an orphan with a dot of £23,500, and on May 13th, 1785, at St. Michael's, Bath, she married Captain John Byron, a handsome but profligate ex-officer in the Guards, son of a noted old salt, "the honourable John," better known as Foul-Weather Jack Byron (1723—1786), author of an engrossing narrative of shipwreck, peril and starvation off Patagonia and Chili, published in 1768.

Byron's father, as he himself tells us, was anything but Cœlebs in search of a wife. Mad or handsome "Jack Byron," as he was called, ran away with a marchioness at twenty-three, and the money that he extracted from divers heiresses and ran through would probably not fall far short of six figures. The poet took after him in appearance rather than his mother, who was fat long before she was forty, and was never very fair, though very vain. George

Gordon, afterwards sixth Lord Byron, was born to this ill-assorted couple in Holles Street, London, on January 22nd, 1788. His father left them soon afterwards (he died at Valenciennes in 1791), and the child was left to the sole charge of his mother, one of the most injudicious parents that ever was. In 1794 by the death of a cousin he became heir to his great-uncle (elder brother of Admiral Byron), known as "the wicked Lord Byron." In 1798 this fifth lord died, and the future poet succeeded to the title, the seat of Newstead Abbey, and the family estates, worth about £1,400 a year. The boy and his mother now left Aberdeen, where they had lived very thriftily, for the ruinous "Abbey" of Newstead. Byron had already shown some precocity, with a retentive memory and a strong ambition to excel more particularly in sports, from which he was largely debarred, owing to mis-shapen feet that prevented him from running, or even walking at anything better than a painful hobble. He went to a school at Dulwich, where he devoured Eastern legends, following up the Old Testament with *The Arabian Nights,* Knolles, Rycaut, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and perusing with ardour *Don Quixote* and *Roderick Random*; but no poetry, which he hated. At Harrow he eventually became a leader among the boys, and was liked, though dreaded, by the Master, Drury. He stayed away from school one whole term (Michaelmas, 1803, *æt.* 15) without explanation, in consequence of an "overpowering passion" for a distant cousin, Mary Anne Chaworth. In October, 1805, he entered Trinity, Cambridge (because there were no nobleman's rooms vacant at Christ Church), as a nobleman, and anticipated Buckland by sharing his commons with a bear, and introducing him to the dons in academical attire. The leading achievement of his Cambridge residence (apart from £10,000 worth of debts) was the formation of a quadruple alliance between Byron, John

Cam Hobhouse, Scrope Davies, and Charles Skinner Matthews.

As in the case of so many precocious and vain young nobles (as in Shelley's case too), his thoughts turned very readily to the printing of his immature love poems. Most sentimental young men with a spark of literary ambition would probably do the same if they had the necessary cash at their disposal. A revised selection of these fugitive pieces was published in June, 1807, as *Hours of Idleness.* A review in *The Edinburgh* for January, 1808 (probably by Brougham with some touches by Jeffrey), cudgelled the author for his childish vanity and snobbery in parading his youth and his title. The poems themselves were treated as beneath contempt (and many of them were). This review determined Byron's vocation; it made him resolve to excel in poetry. When Byron first read the review, he felt very unwell and went for solace to the bottle, emptying three bottles of claret without sensible relief. He turned for a remedy to rhyme, and was astonished at the rapidity of his cure. After the first twenty lines he already felt better. His retort appeared in March under the title of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* This brilliant revenge upon his reviewers makes a dramatic commencement to his poetical career.

In June, 1809, he sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon and the Levant, impelled by the same impulse which carried Southey, Lamartine, Lane, Lady Hester Stanhope, and so many of the romantics of that generation in the same direction. He posed a good deal *en route* by way of Gibraltar, Malta, Athens, Smyrna, Abydos, Constantinople, and the Morea. He returned to London after two years' absence with the materials for the first two cantos of *Childe Harold.* He had returned to encounter serious debts and bereavements. "I suppose it will end in my marrying a Golden Dolly," he wrote, "or blowing my brains out."

FROM THE DRAWING BY G. H. HARLOW

LORD BYRON

His mother, the *mater furiosa* against whom he had so many causes of complaint, died six weeks after his return. *Childe Harold* was published in March, 1812, and Byron found himself the idol of smart and sentimental society. Bright-eyed dames and all lovers of notoriety and *belles lettres* rallied round this naughty, handsome and fascinating rebel. Various avatars of *Childe Harold* (*The Giaour, The Bride of Abydos, The Corsair,* 1813-14) repeated and continued its astonishing success with the reading public—though the poet made many enemies by avowing as his some contemptuous lines on the Prince Regent, which the Tory papers of the day took to mark the very acme of bad taste.

For all this, however, Byron continued the fashion. As in the case of Napoleon, his ostentatious and over-acted contempt for women (he professed that it gave him nausea to see them eat) made him the idol of the sex. He had the reputation of being a great rake and was a great dandy, and in spite of all precautions and premonitions he was, on January 2nd, 1815, married to a Miss Milbanke, who had formed the intention of reforming his character. This character, before it acquired the habitual sardonic tinge of his later years, was by no means deficient in noble impulses, but capricious, irresolute, moody, and vain. Great wit, devotion, or cleverness might have subjugated the Turk in Byron. Miss Milbanke was merely an ordinary, rather frigid cultivated beauty, and her fortune was quite inadequate. She had some absurd *à priori* theories derived from Madame de Staël as to the management of men, and when these were turned inside out she lost her head and allowed herself to be guided by her relatives, who had no reforming instinct and viewed Byron's dissipations with a holy horror. The communication of the wild symptoms and excesses of the reprobate to these relatives was a circumstance of evil augury for the success of

his treatment and cure. Grounds of dispute were aggravated by accumulating pecuniary difficulties. A daughter, Ada, was born in December, 1815. Next month, at the instance probably of her family and lawyers, Lady Byron was suggesting evidence to prove her husband's insanity, and a few days later, after some hysterics, she decided never to see him again. In the meantime he had made many enemies. Tory politicians and Whig (Edinburgh) reviewers alike hated him, and *la haute société*, though far from nice in such matters, drew the line at the (quite erroneous) reputation of a universal seducer. Byron's former popularity was suddenly and inexplicably converted into a general shudder of indignation. He was hissed as he went to the House of Lords, insulted in the streets, advised not to go near Drury Lane (of which he was a manager), accused of every monstrous vice, and compared to Nero, Caligula, Heliogabalus, Henry VIII., Beelzebub —nay, the Father of Evil himself. Lady Byron, on the other hand, was regarded as a suffering angel.

At the end of February, 1816, Byron published *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*; and on April 26th following he set sail for Ostend with a hatred of England in his heart and a determination never to return to it again. He went up the Rhine, and settled at the Villa Diodati, near Geneva. There he wrote the superb third canto of *Childe Harold,* containing the famous description of the Waterloo Ball ("There was a sound of revelry by night"), and the invocation to Clarens, Rousseau, and Love. At Ouchy, on the lake, he was shown over Chillon by a drunken corporal, and wrote that famous piece on the château and its prisoner in octosyllabics of a fatal felicity. In this neighbourhood, too, he renewed the acquaintance of the Shelleys which he had made at Great Marlow. With the poet and Mary Godwin was also Jane Clairmont, the daughter of Mary's stepmother by her first husband. By

her Byron had a daughter, Allegra, to whom he was greatly attached. The deep feeling stirred by their separation was the occasion of two of his most imaginative poems, *The Dream* and *Darkness*. The unseemly curiosity manifested in his doings at Diodati gave Byron a permanent horror of the travelling English. The next three winters were spent at Venice, in an ostentatious defiance of the decrees of conventional morality. Here, however, he wrote the fourth and finest canto of *Childe Harold*, commencing:

> I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A palace and a prison on each hand.

Shelley (or, as "Birron" called him, Shiloh, or "the Snake") was in more senses than one the hero of Byron's life abroad. He dragged him out of the Slough of Despond at Geneva, and out of a slough of sensuality at Venice. He diverted him at Ravenna and Pisa; criticised his poems frankly for him, with the unselfishness and sincerity peculiar to Shelley in all his artistic admirations and attachments; and finally impregnated Byron's muse with Wordsworth, Hellenism, Goethe, and with his own profound feeling for nature, philosophy, and the diviner art of poetry. Moore and Murray tried to induce their nobleman to throw off that "atheist" and his set, but Byron steadfastly refused. He had enough sense to see that he was enormously the gainer in this intercourse. And more than this, Byron reverenced "the Snake," as far as it was in him to reverence anybody. He paid him the greatest compliments in his power. Shelley, he said, had more poetry in him at seventeen than Chatterton, and much more than any man living. He had an implicit belief in his understanding. He said he was the single man he had known under thirty companionable to an older man, and one of the few authors to whom (after he had

once praised their last publication) he could always find something to say. He borrowed money of him without restraint, and said repeatedly that he was the best and most benevolent of men, and "what's more, a perfect gentleman." Byron felt Shelley's death profoundly in 1822, though he did his best not to show it. In the meantime Byron had left Venice, where he wrote *Mazeppa* and began an experiment with *Beppo* (October, 1817)—a kind of satirical medley suggested by Frere's *Whistlecraft,* which proved so successful that he there and then began *Don Juan,* in the same vein and metre (*ottava rima,* as opposed to the Spenserian stanza of the *Childe.*) He had at length found a poetic medium for his gay or sardonic banter, for his amazing power of witty allusion or reminiscence. In these qualities, combined with an almost unrivalled gift of eloquence and a quickness at rhyming that verged upon improvisation, his true strength lay. Byron had not the apparatus necessary for deep and sustained thought, nor had he the power in musical and harmonious verse of "communicating intense and impassioned impressions of man and nature" (which Shelley defined as the true poet's function); but no man, perhaps, ever had a more rapid or unflagging wit for glancing reflections upon men and things. In *Don Juan* his verse most nearly approximates to the sparkling fanfarronade and ironic posing of his talk, which, if quite untrustworthy as a guide to his real character and opinions, was in the highest degree vivacious, "pittoresque," and amusing. The first four cantos of *Don Juan* were written between September, 1818, and November, 1819. At this point its further progress was arrested by the intervention of a new personal influence. During the autumn of 1819 he first met the young Countess Teresa Guiccioli, the blonde and fair-haired girl-wife of an Italian nobleman of sixty. In the following April they were formally introduced, and

their attachment developed into his forming an intimacy with her as *cavalier servante,* somewhat bewildering to English ideas, though sanctioned by Venetian usage. In May he visited her at Ravenna, writing on his way thither the *Stanzas to the Po*; and at the close of 1819 he quitted Venice and settled at Ravenna, in the Guiccioli Palace. Shelley visited him there, and testifies in the strongest manner to the regenerating influence exercised upon the poet by this new *liaison.* At Ravenna during 1820-21 he was at the height of his powers, and there, apart from his experiment in *terza rima* called *The Prophecy of Dante,* and the continuation of *Don Juan,* he wrote practically all the dramas that came in succession to the romantic *Manfred* (of 1817), conceived and moulded under the influence of the sublime impressions he had received from his first close contact with Shelley, Goethe, and the summits of the Oberland. These later dramas were *Marino Faliero* (1820), *Sardanapalus* (1821), *The Two Foscari* (1821), *Heaven and Earth* (1821), and the finest in this kind, *Cain* (1820). Scott went to the length of saying that "B" had matched Milton on his own ground—a truly preposterous judgment. At Ravenna, too, he wrote, and later determined to publish, the withering stanzas (in his now favourite *ottava rima*) of his burlesque *Vision of Judgment,* a counterblast to the "servility" of Southey's elegiac ode on George III. and to certain insults which he had received from the Laureate. Byron, like so many men of genius, not only worshipped himself with a ritual solemnity and minimised or ignored everything that did not immediately concern his *ego,* but also fretted and fumed and turned livid upon the least critical check or opposition. Murray, "the most timid of God's publishers," naturally refused to publish *The Vision,* the scurrility of which is only excelled by the stab and barb of its wit. He designed, therefore, that it should appear in *The Liberal,* a revolu-

tionary organ which he proposed to launch with the aid of Shelley as an inspirer, and Leigh Hunt (imported for the purpose) as drudge. In November, 1821, Byron's discovered complicity in the premature and ill-contrived conspiracies of the Carbonari led to his hurried migration from Ravenna to Pisa, where he found a small group of sympathetic spirits and admirers in the Shelleys, Medwin, Taafe, Edward Ellerker Williams and his wife, and E. J. Trelawny. His life there in the Palazzo Lanfranchi, on the Lung' Arno, soon settled down into the cast-iron routine which had become indispensable to his enormous rate of production in verse and prose (mainly letters and journalising).[1]

At Pisa he finished *Werner,* a mediocre play, begun in 1815 under the stimulus of one of the now forgotten *Canterbury Tales* of Harriet Lee, and went on with *Don Juan.* Here he caught the infection of boating from Shelley and Williams, and commissioned a small schooner, the *Bolivar.* He was much shaken by the death of his daughter Allegra and of Shelley (at whose cremation he was present) during this year; and in September he moved with his menagerie of retainers—dogs, monkeys, and peacocks—to Genoa. He was to achieve nothing further of any great

[1] Rising about noon he dawdled, talked and played billiards during the afternoon, subsisting on strong green tea, soda-water and biscuits, and chewing tobacco or opium to allay his hunger, which he dared not satisfy for fear of becoming fat (he was very prone to obesity and was debarred from active exercise by his lameness), he drove out about three and, outside the town, mounted on horseback. He rode then, chatting gaily, or, if alone, racking his brain for fitting matter and rhymes for his coming poem, to a small farm, where he practised pistol shooting for half an hour. He dined frugally at seven, drank sparingly of gin and water, spent two hours with La Guiccioli, and on his return home sat reading or composing by the midnight lamp to two or three in the morning.

note in literature, and at thirty-four talked of his vocation to letters being ended. His failure with the Carbonari and with *The Liberal* (the collapse of which coincided with one of Byron's recurring fits of penuriousness, though he now enjoyed a good income, and so caused the gravest inconvenience to Leigh Hunt, who had come out to edit it without much thought for the morrow, and had brought his *family* with him—to Byron's horrified amazement) had somewhat injured his self-esteem. But he still hoped to prove himself a man of action. He sought relief from a painful mental crisis by accepting an invitation to join the committee of English sympathisers with the Greek revolt of 1821. He volunteered to serve in the field, and on July 14th, 1823, sailed with Trelawny for Cephalonia. He can have had very little confidence in the success of the enterprise, and plunged into it largely, perhaps, in the spirit of a man who devotes himself to the infernal gods, covers up his head, rushes into the thick of the havoc, and leaves his life a sacrifice. He talked wildly of cowardice, but showed firmness and courage. Trelawny, who could hardly resist a sneer at Byron, said that if he had once drawn the sword he would have thrown away the scabbard. But it was not to be. Before anything definite could be done to remedy the chronic lack of unity and cash, Byron was down with malarial fever at Missolonghi, and, weakened as his constitution was by his habit of semi-starvation, he died there on April 19th, 1824. His remains (refused by Westminster) were buried at Hucknall Torkard, near Newstead.

Byron, who had dreaded the sting of death, probably welcomed the release of it. The temptation to play to the foibles of the English public had proved too strong for him, and he was always manœuvring to get into the limelight, in spite of which his external life was in reality humdrum enough. It was the internal life of the man that

was stormy, owing mainly perhaps to the conflict between a native generosity and noble impulses, and infirmities of temper, mainly a diseased egotism and vanity, aggravated by his physical deformity and the knock-down blow of his wife's repudiation of him. If he had lived, his progress might have been like that of Scott, from poetry to prose. As he himself said, he had written enough for women and children; it was time that he wrote something for grown men. Judging by his letters, and the vast superiority of his English prose to that of his contemporaries almost without exception, it is probable enough that, had he devoted himself to imaginative work in this medium, he would have accomplished greater marvels even than *Childe Harold* or *Don Juan*.[1]

Byron has not the sensitive and cultivated artistic sense

[1] The very wildness and remoteness of Byron's poetry (like the pathos of Hood's) adapted it, in a special manner, to the needs of the sedentary toilers, the slum bound, the *revoltés* of great cities. "It is all very well for the happy and well-to-do to talk scornfully of poetic sentimentality. Those to whom a natural outlet for their affection is denied know better. They instinctively turn to books which are the farthest removed from commonplace and are in a sense unreal. Not to the prosperous man or dweller in beautiful scenery, well married to an intelligent wife, is Byron precious, but to the poor wretch, say some city clerk with an aspiration beyond his desk, who before he knew what he was doing made a marriage—well—which was a mistake." Such a one will find in a poem like *The Corsair* the lofty style, the scorn of what is mean and base, the daring, the love of freedom and the illimitable, the pent-up passion, and then over all the cadence like the rhythmic beat of waves on the shore—the very needs of his inmost soul. To the imaginative and historic more than æsthetically poetic mind Byron, too, makes an especial appeal and is the most readable of poets. And for the Byromania which affords such relief to circumscribed lives, see Mark Rutherford's *Revolution in Tanner's Lane* (1887).

of a Keats, a Tennyson, or a Rossetti. Nor has he the gift for poetical form and phrasing of Shelley or Coleridge. "He manages his pen," wrote Scott (with apparently unconscious irony), "with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality. In the mere art of poetry he stands below the 'Cockneys' whom he so bitterly despised, and this defect will prevent him being placed as a poet [next] after Shakespeare and Milton." But it is easy to exaggerate Byron's defects of form and of art. The positive merits of his poetical method have never been sufficiently recognised, partly perhaps because his method is so different from that of other poets of our age. The compensating qualities of his style are simple and generally obvious, and they are not subtle. But his style generally suits his genius, and at its best gives an effect of reality and sincerity which carries everything before it. When we feel that the *estro,* to which he laid claim, is really upon him, then a current of elemental power is felt to be sweeping through his verse; we forget the "Byronism" of the man, and are occupied only with the energy of his passion and the lyrical resonance of his utterance.

In spite of his critical championship of Pope, Byron's poetic practice and methods much more nearly approximated that of the Romantic poets of his own day. As for poesy he says: "Mine is the dream of the sleeping passions; when they are awake I cannot speak their language." This is not far removed from Wordsworth's theory of poetry taking its origin in emotion recollected in tranquillity. "Poetry," says Wordsworth, "is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." "For what is poesy?" echoes Byron, "but to create from overflowing good or ill." The original emotion is the affair of an instant; the repetition may to a certain extent be arranged, cultivated, and prolonged, but it must essentially be spontaneous. That the faculty existed as strong in Byron as in Wordsworth is

hardly to be denied. The use which the two poets made of it could scarcely be more dissimilar. Wordsworth sought to represent an emotion calm and profound, Byron to create one, instinct with vivacity and passion.

Byron's style is correspondingly marked with careless energy and rapidity of passion—varying continually from a certain incoherence and vulgarity to an almost incredible richness and ease. It has the vices of impromptu work, for Byron steadily refused to polish, to file or to furbish: the damning, inevitable signs of a man born to wear a golden tassel. "I am like the tiger; if I miss the first spring I go growling back to my jungle. There is no second. I can't correct and I won't." Hence a loose and random style of workmanship very deficient in subtlety but often of incomparable ease, freshness and vigour. Hence it is too that Byron must not be read for fine phrases, honeyed cadences or curious felicities of expression, but for the directness of some cry, the sweeping magnificence of some exalted strophe; above all, for the breadth and effectiveness of its masses and ensembles.

As Lockhart to Scott, so Moore stands to Byron,—a kind of literary and biographical chauffeur. Whereas Lockhart, however, has generally risen in estimation, Moore has undoubtedly declined until he is at the present unduly depreciated. "The first lyrist since Shakespeare," whose "songs are worth all the epics ever composed," "Iernè's Minstrel Boy," the rival of Burns or Béranger, such are the terms in which Earl Russell rated him. Now, alas! he is spoken of as fifth-rate; we hear of the *fadeur* of his sentiment, the dulcification of his rhythm, the insipidity of his phrasing, and even his eulogists have much ado to claim for him one single line of veritable poetry. Even if the worst be granted, Moore is an agreeable figure, quite prominent in the literary history of his time, a brilliant example of social achievement—of a somewhat parasitic order, no doubt, as a large proportion of literary success is bound to be; but, with it all, Moore was no sycophant. A grocer on both sides by descent, he was

destined by his talents to climb the social ladder as even more brilliant wits have done before and since, but no one, probably, with more conspicuous success, unless it be Charles Dickens. Thomas Moore was born at Aungier Street, Dublin, on May 28th, 1779. A clever, petted, precocious, prize-winning, imitative boy, after "a boudoir education" Tom entered Trinity College. Being a Catholic he mixed in pretty well what society he pleased, and his presence came to be coveted at all musical or theatrical parties. Hibernian fluency, a slender skill in music, and a strong propensity from tender years to warble songs of his own composition more than compensated for his insignificant appearance, or the antecedents of the shop. When he crossed the St. George's Channel with a sheaf of his own songs, and a version of *Anacreon* (which he forthwith issued in quarto!) London could resist him no more than Dublin. It was certainly no Anacreontic property in Moore that achieved this open sesame to the houses of the great. Nothing could be less genuine or more cloying than these sweetmeat *Odes*. Now it is a bowl, and now it is a goblet. Now we drink, and now we quaff. Now it is a bud, and now it is a blossom, now a garland, now a cluster, now ringlets and now tresses. But it is always wine and flowerets and white necks, until we are positively surfeited with such decorations. Such playthings of renaissance were created with infinitely greater zest and charm by Johnson, Carew, and Herrick. But Moore knew better how to market such wares, for he dedicated them to the Regent. Henceforth, with his melodious gifts and musical manner his social fortune was made. His "fierceness" as a duellist, when his erotic *Poems* were challenged by *The Edinburgh* in 1807, won him further renown, besides the acquaintanceship of Byron. The publication of his *Irish Melodies* in successive numbers commencing in this year placed society definitely at his feet. From all this he retired a few years later upon his marriage to a pretty little actress (Bessie Dyke), and a more devoted couple thenceforth never was seen. In his seclusion at Mayfield, near Ashbourne, he wrote a few more songs, such as "Those Evening Bells"; but the great production of these years was the set poem of *Lalla Rookh* (1817). Longman commissioned him to write poetry at large just as Constable had commissioned Scott (Rokeby = £3,000), and this was the result, a succession of *menus*

plaisiris, perhaps, but a considerable feat for all that, the more so inasmuch as Byron's *Giaour* and *Corsair* had come out in the interval. Far from resenting this success Byron took Moore into his confidence, and he became Byron's chief correspondent in London. "Tommy dearly loves a lord," said Byron, who seems nevertheless to have become sincerely attached to one in whom feelings of awe for so formidable an ally must have considerably predominated over those of affection. Yet "Damn it, Tom, don't be poetical," was the only serious reproach Moore incurred until Byron's death in 1824. He then, after elaborate negotiation with Murray, consented to become Byron's official biographer. The *Life of Byron* appeared in 1830—another literary feat of a high order—which will long enjoy a foremost place in the class to which it belongs. To the other side of the account must be placed Moore's puzzling and puzzling-headed but surely unjustifiable decision to destroy the autobiographical *Memoirs* with which Byron had entrusted him. Moore's closing years were unhappily clouded by the distresses ensuing from the defalcation of a deputy in the Bermudas, and by domestic losses which not only darkened, but finally obscured "one of the most sparkling intellects that ever shone upon the world." His memory, which had sustained some of the most brilliant talk of the day, gave out completely in 1849, and three years later, on February 25th, 1852, Thomas Moore died at Bromham near Devizes. An apotheosis seemed reached when he secured a lord as a biographer; but in the sequel nothing has proved more unfortunate to his memory, for no more slovenly piece of work than Earl Russell's *Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore* disfigured the literature of the nineteenth century. The kindly and affectionate traits of Moore's character and the charm of his manner and easy, fluent talk are completely obscured in this morass. Moore's satires, *The Twopenny Post-Bag* and *The Fudge Family Abroad*, were by their nature ephemeral. An age that has fed upon Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, and Arnold cannot profess to be deeply moved by his poetry. Yet it is probably true that our literature could better spare a better man than Tom Moore. As set to music his songs are tuneful, pretty, softly sentimental in tone and expression, in rhythm and metre both fluent and extremely varied. As poetic compositions some of them are scarcely above the level of "Gaily the Troubadour" or "Oh, no, we

never mention her" of the egregious "Butterfly Bayly." Yet by many people who can supply the requisite glamour of youth and inexperience, and who remember that the songs were never intended to be separated from music and mandolins, Moore's ditties (such as "The Minstrel Boy," "The Harp that Once," "There's nothing half so sweet in life," "Oft in the stilly night," "She is far from the land," the Canadian Boat Song, "'Tis the last rose of summer"), are still adorable. The volume of his poems, though inferior decidedly to Campbell's in strict poetic work, would be far more missed, and thousands who have never heard of Campbell are ready to-day to echo the sentiment:

My boat is on the shore
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

The best books on the Wordsworth-Coleridge and Byron groups may, to a certain extent, be combined. Such works as C. H. Herford's admirable *Age of Wordsworth*, the introductory matter to the third volume of Chamber's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, Stopford Brooke's *Theology in English Poets*, A. W. Benn's *History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century*, H. Beers's *History of Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century*, and Cestre's *Revolution Française et les poètes Anglais* would form the most natural groundwork. Then there are the various editions of the *Lyrical Ballads* by Dowden, Hutchinson, and Sampson; and the anecdotal work concerning the early "Lakists" by Joseph Cottle (*Early Recollections*, 1837), De Quincey, Lamb, Barry Cornwall, the Cowden Clarkes, Leigh Hunt (*Autobiography*, ed. Ingpen), Crabb Robinson. Among the editions of Wordsworth are those of Moxon, Dowden, John Morley, William Knight (the most elaborate), 1897, and the well-known *Selections* with Matthew Arnold's Introduction. Among the endless critics and biographers are also to be found Hazlitt, Emerson, R. H. Horne, D. M. Moir, Shairp, Bagehot, F. Myers, Pater, Swinburne, Legouis (*La Jeunesse de Wordsworth*), Nowell, C. Smith (*Wordsworth's Literary Criticism*), Masson, Magnus (*Wordsworth Primer*), Tutin (*Bibliography*), Hutchinson (text of early *Poems*), Minto, Stephen, Lowell, and Prof. Raleigh (Wordsworth, 1902*). There is an authoritative *Life of Coleridge*, by J. Dyke Campbell (1893),

and valuable monographs and introductions by Stopford Brooke, Dr. Garnett, E. H. Coleridge, Hall Caine, and Traill. Brandl's *Coleridge and the English Romantic School* (1887), Cestre, Chevrillon, Dowden, and J. L. Haney's *German Influence on Coleridge* are also useful, while among the critics should be noted especially J. M. Robertson (*New Essays towards a Critical Method**), Stephen, Mill (*Dissertations*), Benn, Beers, and Swinburne's Essay on *Christabel*. Byron pointed out Scott's great debt to this, remarking, "Set a thief to catch thief." De Quincey's detective work on Coleridge's quarryings among German classics was much resented by the disciples of the Archangel. The bibliography of Byron is a subject to itself. Not since the days of Bozzies and Piozzis had there been so great a prey for the penny-a-liner. After the standard *Life* by Moore we have the delightful *Conversations* by Th. Medwin and the racy *Records* of E. J. Trelawny (1858), later Lives or recollections by J. C. Jeaffreson, John Galt, K. Elze, Rabbe (*Les Maîtresses Authentiques*), Guiccioli, Hunt, Hobhouse, Nichol, Dallas, Parry (*Last Days*), Dallois, Brandes, L. Lewes, and F. H. Pughe (1902). The standard editions of the Poetry and Prose are those edited by E. H. Coleridge and R. E. Prothero (7 vols. and 6 vols., 1898—1904), with fine portraits.

CHAPTER VI

JANE AUSTEN, SOME LADY NOVELISTS, HER CONTEMPORARIES, AND OTHERS

"Satire is the element in which Jane Austen lives. It would be difficult to name an English author, except perhaps Swift, whose works are more intimately pervaded with the spirit of satire. Their methods and scope are of course utterly different; there is not a trace of the savage indignation of Swift to be found in all her writing. And yet her power, wielded by a less gentle and submissive temper, would have furnished a very efficient light-armed auxiliary to the war engaged in by Gulliver. She has the true fighter's instinct for the weak point in the adversary's armour although she exhibits it only in the tourney of a summer's day. It is amusement, not victory, that she seeks, and her feats are like that feat of Saladin in *The Talisman*, who although he could not cleave an iron mace asunder with a broadsword, could cut a veil of gossamer as it floated in the air."—PROF. RALEIGH.

Jane Austen—Life—Atmosphere—Comparisons and Corrections—Maria Edgeworth—Susan Ferrier—Galt and the *Blackwood* group.

JANE AUSTEN was born on December 16th, 1775, at the pretty little country parsonage of Steventon, Hants, where she passed the first twenty-six years of her life and wrote her first three books.[1] Her father, George Austen, was a typical Oxford divine of that period, of good-looking exterior and address, an admirable diner out, with a respectable fund of Latin, and a double portion of worldly prudence. Her mother, great-niece of a former Master of Balliol, was distinguished by lively common sense.

[1] *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, and *Northanger Abbey* (written 1796-9).

There were five brothers and two sisters, Cassandra and Jane. There was an aroma of sound literature about the rectory, and a good deal of Richardson, Johnson, Cowper, and Fanny Burney was read aloud. The sisters were sent to a "real, honest, old-fashioned boarding-school, where a reasonable quantity of accomplishments were sold at a reasonable price." In 1801 the rector gave up his light parochial duties at Steventon to his son, and the family were settled at Bath (where the fragment of *The Watsons* was sketched) until his death in February, 1805. The widow and her daughters then remained for a time at Southampton, but in 1809 settled into a "second home" at Chawton, near Winchester. There between 1811 and 1816 Jane's last three books were written.[1] In May, 1817, ill-health rendered it desirable that she should be nearer the surgeon in whom the family had faith; she was moved accordingly to a quiet lane in the city of Winchester, between the close and the college. There she died on July 18th, 1817, her forty-two years of placid existence having, save for a love disappointment, about which she said little, been darkened by no sore trials and undisturbed by any save the gentler emotions. During the last stages of her consumption she told her nurses that she wanted nothing but death. She was buried in Winchester Cathedral, where a stained window commemorates her fame.

We know enough to get a very fair picture of the social and mental atmosphere in which Jane Austen lived, moved, wrote, and had her being—the thoroughly unspiritual atmosphere of a comfortable country rectory, where the nearest approach to religion was a discussion as to whether it was wicked to travel on Sundays, or to take part in private theatricals, and where the text "Whatever is, is right," was sedulously preached to slumbrous ears by a

[1] *Emma*, *Mansfield Park*, *Persuasion* (written between February, 1811, and August, 1816).

JANE AUSTEN

curate. A firm line was drawn between the outer world and the family, the sentiment of which was healthy, and the affections of the strongest; indigence and luxury alike unknown, imprudent marriage the one unpardonable sin, "elegance" a cardinal virtue, vulgarity sternly ostracised (witness Mrs. Elton and the Thorpes), dissent and every kind of stupidity and squalor successfully ignored.

Her field of observation was small, a network of a few parishes, eight or nine family circles perhaps, all told, a range only temporarily enlarged before 1801 by an occasional visit to Bath. But within that narrow circle how marvellously competent she is! Of her impeccability as an observer we can get some idea from her face—extremely kind and intelligent, yes, but just a little feline, with decidedly dancing and mischievous if not positively saucy eyes. She certainly did not travel very far for the types of her first three novels, in two of which (*Northanger Abbey* and *Pride and Prejudice*) it is probable that the heroine is a more or less idealised Jane. Her lady friends were mercifully unsuspicious of the fact that she was taking them in with those naughty eyes of hers; but her talents were never recognised locally at all—she was "the lively Miss Jane, from the rectory, you know," to all her acquaintance: her first book, we must remember, was not published until 1811.[1]

Moreover, she carefully mixed the colours on her palette. That she used a very fine brush is obvious, but of her studio secrets we know practially nothing. We can imagine her, however, writing with Cowper, "To touch and retouch is the secret of almost all good writing." As

[1] *Sense and Sensibility* was rewritten from an early draft called *Eleanor and Marianne* in 1797, sold for £150, and published 1811. *Pride and Prejudice* (after refusals) issued 1813; *Mansfield Park*, 1814; *Emma*, 1816; *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* posthumously in 1818.

with little poetry, so with little prose: it should be, like little men, nervous, masculine, and compact.

In her own department (which we must recognise to be a small one of still, but real, life, not, however, perfectly actual, because the normal activity of human beings is virtually excluded, and all the characters are parasitical beings subsisting upon the labour of others in a kind of cloistered and subdued lotus-land free from the gusts of hunger and passion), she is as an artist, so far as we know, unrivalled, for she recognised her own limits to perfection —except to some extent, perhaps, in *Mansfield Park,* which is unquestionably her dullest performance—and practically never went a hair's breadth beyond them.[1] She was, too, an admirable critic, neither diffident nor complacent, wrote to please herself and tore up what she considered to be below her best. She never inflates herself or anything she has to say; nor was she ever in the least danger of over-writing herself. She creates for us just as many neighbourhoods (pre-eminently three, in *Pride and Prejudice, Emma,* and *Persuasion*) as we can conveniently master without confusion; her picture-gallery of heroes and heroines is delightfully varied without being in the

[1] "The world of pathos and passion is present in her work by implication; her delicious, quiet mirth, so quiet as to be inaudible to gross ears, is stirred by the incongruity between the realities of the world as she conceives them, and these realities as they are conceived by her puppets. . . . Sympathy with her characters she frequently has, but identity, never. . . . She stands for ever aloof. . . . But the folly of some of her characters implies the existence of wisdom; the selfishness and pettiness of others involve the ideas of disinterestedness and magnanimity, just as a picture painted in cold tint would lose its meaning if there were no blue and red in the scheme of the universe. To ask for all colours, always, within the limits of the frame, is absurd" (Raleigh, *English Novel*). Lady Bertram, Mrs. Norris, and Mrs. Price in *Mansfield Park* are excellent, notwithstanding.

least overcrowded. The content of her work is adequate without being excessive. We are interested in every part of it and preserve an amused interest in every one of her chief characters as a welcome addition to our burden of literary consciousness. No writer has been more fortunate in the *extent* of his or her output. After the extravagance of Mrs. Radcliffe,[1] and the mystery and terror school, the braggadocio of Fielding and Smollett, the mawkishness of the Inchbalds and Opies, nay even the "Big Bow-wow" of Sir Walter himself, the ivory miniature work of Jane Austen with its lambent satire and formal yet felicitous phrasing—the gay, lucid and lady-bird style of *Emma* and *Persuasion*—brings instant relief. Miss Austen represents femininity in fiction as no other English authoress does.

Charlotte Brontë remarked that Jane Austen had not so much even as a speaking acquaintance with the stormy sisterhood of the passions: it is true. Charlotte Brontë is our other great representative of femininity in fiction, but she represents exactly opposite qualities of it—intensity, self-suppression and self-immolation, under the influence of the melancholy or the ardour of passionate love. Our two great women novelists were in the nature of their hearts and intellects essentially antagonistic one to the other.

Macaulay, as is well known, spoke of Jane Austen as one of those who approached nearest to Shakespeare in the delineation of character. Critic after critic has taken up Macaulay's expression and tried to justify and explain it —though it is clearly an oxymoron. The greatness of Jane Austen consists in the nice precision with which she adjusts a magnifying-glass to five or six well-to-do families in two or three small villages of a southern English county; and the sort of accidents and emotions she deals with are a bad cold, a broken collar-bone, a new arrival at a country house, the departure of a militia regiment, a visit to Bath,

[1] So delightfully satirised in *Northanger Abbey*.

the backwardness of a gentleman at a county ball. One writer carves profiles on a cherry stone, the other rough hews a Colossus upon the eternal rock. The region of Jane Austen is that of a cultivated valley enclosed with hedgerows and bounded by a park wall. Shakespeare's is a mountainous country, of sounding waters and mighty precipices. In order to get an idea of Jane Austen's outstanding excellence, we must compare her not with the giants of literature; we must not measure her satire with that of Swift or Fielding or Thackeray; to compare her with George Eliot is as absurd as to compare Cowper with Wordsworth. We must endeavour to appraise her vivacity and her exquisite literary malice by comparing her work with that of the writers to whom her line of relationship is clear: Richardson, Burney, Edgeworth, Mitford, the Trollopes, and the Oliphants and their successors.

It was a great thing to be a lady author in those days. Jane Austen was compared with Shakespeare. To Maria Edgeworth both Scott and Turgenev have avowed discipleship; and more recently her *Essay on Irish Bulls* has been nobly exemplified by the inclusion of this Irish woman in the "English Men of Letters." Born at Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, on New Year's Day, 1767, the most notable circumstance in Maria's uneventful career was the fact that she had a father—Robert Lovell Edgeworth, no ordinary father, but a man escaped direct from "Crotchet Castle," and a friend of the even more eccentric Thomas Day, author of *Sandford and Merton.* Her father introduced passages of a *triste utilité* into her books, and from the obsession of this well-meaning autocrat, and the long succession of stepmothers he placed over her, Maria never succeeded wholly in effecting her escape. In 1782 the family returned to Edgeworthstown in Ireland, and Maria began to acquire her remarkable familiarity with the manners and customs of Hibernia. She learnt the use of

the pen in composing short moral tales for family use, and to this practice, as in the cognate case of Jane and Ann Taylor, we owe some of the best stories ever written for the nursery—*Waste Not Want Not, Forgive and Forget, The Purple Jar, the Prussian Vase, Lazy Lawrence, The Little Dog Trusty, Simple Susan.* The compactitude and clearness of these tales have been rivalled in this sphere only by the stories of Harriet Martineau. It is doubtful whether Maria herself ever did anything entirely better, for within their modest limits these stories are as trim and as perfect as anything of Jane Austen's. Four years older than Scott, Maria Edgeworth had fourteen years' start as a novelist. Her first and best (because unfathered) tale for adults, *Castle Rackrent,* appeared in the last year of the century (1800), fourteen years before *Waverley. Castle Rackrent* is a story of an Irish landed family, put into the mouth of an old steward, who in his time had served several landlords of the stock in succession —Sir Patrick, Sir Murtagh, Sir Kit, and Sir Condy, men of different character, but all agreeing in doing their best, whether by lavish expenditure, gambling, or avaricious litigation, to help on the ruin consummated by the last of the series. The faithful old retainer admires them all with all their faults, and seen through his indulgent eyes their crimes and follies, their freaks of wild expenditure and their matter-of-course extortions from their tenantry, their love-making, their hospitality, their family quarrels, and the dealings all the time of the too-faithful steward with the artful tenants, excite in the reader an extraordinary mixture of laughter and pity. It broke ground in a new field, afterwards worked to excess by craftsmen and craftswomen of all degrees of merit: it was a story of Irish life, a revelation to the English novel-readers of a new condition of society, a new range of character and emotion. Scott afterwards said of Miss Edgeworth's Irish tales that

they had done more to bind Irishmen and Englishmen together than the Union. She certainly elevated the character of the Irish peasantry in the interests of the world, showing the good and amiable qualities that underlay the too obvious indolence and thriftlessness and squalor—the gaiety of heart, the readiness of wit, the tenacious steadfastness of attachment, the helpful generosity in distress. A born realist, she did not fail to put the unfavourable traits into her picture; but she treated the feelings of the Irish tenderly, in Waltonian fashion, as if she loved them. The Paddy of fiction and the stage is really her creation; she is the author of his existence in literature, of the sly, ready-witted, fluent, faithful, and generous Paddy. She had been brought very closely in contact with the poor people of Ireland as well as with the landed families of various ranks; for her father—choked with eighteenth-century philanthropic and educational theories and ever ready to make ingenious experiments of his own—having resolved to reside on his Irish estates, determined also to get rid of middlemen as the curse of the land system, and employed his daughter practically as his steward and factor. For years of her life she had every day to grant interviews to her father's tenants, hear excuses and grievances, settle disputes, answer petitions; and on rent-days, more particularly, her hands were full. Maria's knowledge of Irish life was thus intimate, and she had a keen eye for the humorous side of it.

Miss Edgeworth never surpassed this "Hibernian Tale" of the "Country Squires" of the seventeen-seventies. Her next best story was *The Absentee,* and then *Belinda* or *Helen.* In 1823 she went to Abbotsford and was much petted by Scott, who found her full of fun and spirit; a little slight figure, very active, very good-humoured, and full of enthusiasm. She in return adored Sir Walter. Little and good, she remained busy, useful, indomitably

youthful and universally beloved, right down to her death in May, 1849, at the respectable age of eighty-two.

Sydney Owenson, Lady Morgan (1778[?]—1859), was the daughter of an Irishman, Robert MacOwen, an actor, who to indulge the English prejudice called himself Robert Owenson. Having been protected by a distant kinsman, no other than Noll Goldsmith, at a critical period of his career, Owenson became a pillar of the famous Crow Street Theatre in Dublin, where he was noted for his Major O'Flaherty in Cumberland's comedy of *The West Indian.* Sydney was in the habit of seeing the wildest wits and best musicians in Dublin at her father's house. Her early training must have resembled that of Fanny Burney, in more respects than one. Among her playfellows was the boy bard, who was regarded almost as an Irish Chatterton in his day, Thomas Dermody. After a short spell at an excellent seminary, circumstances of the nomadic life indispensable to such a man as her father made Sydney his indefatigable correspondent. From the facility she found in scribbling came the natural transition to fiction. When she was seventeen she was already writing to her father that she had two novels (one imitated from *Werther*) in her desk. One of these was actually published in 1801, but her first book to attract attention was *The Wild Irish Girl* of 1806. In this and such of its successors as *O'Donnel* (1814), *Florence Macarthy* (1818) and *The O'Briens and O'Flahertys* (1827), she gives us a distinct foretaste of the rollicking Irish baronets and distressfully droll rapparees of Lever and Lover. She describes low life well, but it was her foible to pretend that she pined for the sight of a commoner, the lines of her life having been cast so exclusively among lords. The only book of hers that is glanced at to-day in all probability is her amusingly untruthful *Memoirs,* in which she denounces "Cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates." She married a Dr.

(afterwards Sir Thomas) Morgan in 1812, travelled on the Continent and scribbled pretentious travel sketches, fulminated about the rights of women as an immediate pioneer of Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer, and died in 1859. Of her style and sentiment Croker wrote savagely in *The Quarterly:* "Her language is an inflated jargon, composed of terms picked up in all countries, and wholly irreducible to any ordinary rules of grammar and sense. The sentiments are mischievous in tendency, profligate in principle, licentious and irreverent in the highest degree." Of her lady contemporaries it is necessary to do little more than mention Lady Charlotte Bury (1775—1861), author of such speaking novels as *Flirtation, Separation, Divorce,* and *Love;* Mary Brunton (1778—1818), authoress of novels of Richardsonian psychology, *Self-Control* and *Discipline,* the former the popular novel of 1811; Christian Isobel Johnstone (1781—1857), whose Jacobite romance of *Clan Albin* came out in 1815, and was followed by *Elizabeth de Bruce* in 1827; Lady Caroline Lamb (1785—1828), whose once notorious novel of *Glenarvon* (1816) owed its success to its caricature portrait of Byron, about whom the accomplished lady, afterwards Lady Melbourne, was to become, not in fiction merely, but in stern reality, demented;[1] and finally Jane Porter (1776—1850), author of *The Scottish Chiefs* (1810), an historical romance of the days of Wallace and Bruce, which spurns historical veracity. For this very reason perhaps it became immensely popular in Scotland and was, quite indirectly no doubt, a begetter of the Waverley Novels.

Of all Jane Austen's lady contemporaries the most conspicuous figure is probably that of Hannah More. As a personal link between Johnson and Macaulay she merits a position in this history rather as a literary landmark

[1] Another high-life novelist was the Marquis of Normanby, author of *Matilda* and *Yes and No* (1825-7).

than on account of the quality or permanence of any of her writings. Born near Bristol on February 2nd, 1745, an extraordinarily precocious and bookish child, Hannah began scribbling when she was about ten, helped to teach in her sister's school, and about 1774 made her first appearance in London society; she was soon introduced to Garrick, Reynolds, and Johnson, who laughed with her and petted her as "his child," "dearest love" and "little fool," with a fondness almost equal to that lavished upon the little Burney. She repaid these endearments by her outrageous flattery; nor was Johnson himself backward in this commodity, for he said that any poet might be glad to own her conversation-poem called the *Bas Bleu* (1784), describing the blue-stocking society of the period, of which grim sisterhood Hannah herself was to become one of the most formidable sibyls. She had been introduced by Garrick, on their first acquaintance, to Mrs. Montagu, "the wisest where all are wise." She knew the venerable Mrs. Delany, and the respectable Mrs. Carter, and the admirable Mrs. Chapone, and the excellent Mrs. Boscawen, and all the good ladies who read *The Spectator, The Rambler,* and admired Mrs. Montagu's triumph over Voltaire. In her early days she was secular enough to write plays and to correspond with Horace Walpole, who professed a playful preference for his "holy Hannah"; but later her disposition became more strictly edifying, until literature was gradually abandoned, for a thing most antipathetic to it, and it was in the capacity not of a playwright but of a practical philanthropist that she first became known to the little Tom Macaulay. Even in her most frolicsome days she can scarcely be numbered among the corporation of lady novelists, yet her most successful tracts, such as *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, Village Politics by Will Chip,* both written as antidotes to the French Revolution, in the downright pamphleteering style afterwards per-

fected by Cobbett, and still more *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,* published in 1809, bear a specious resemblance to prose fiction, which assisted no doubt to further their enormous circulation. The once famous *Cœlebs* was justly characterised by Sydney Smith in *The Edinburgh Review* as being less a novel than a dramatic sermon. It was natural that moralists, in a generation distinguished for its philanthropic endeavour, all the more conspicuous that philanthropy was a new passion among the upper classes—it was natural that in a generation which produced Wilberforce and Clarkson, the agitation for the abolition of the slave trade, and the impeachment of Warren Hastings for the oppression of the Hindus, moralists should try to press into their service the revived art of storytelling, for the production of which the reading public were so clamorous. And the consequence was natural that Hannah More's tales, intended to counteract the influence of the French Revolution, and teach the common people to rely upon the virtues of content, sobriety, humility, industry, reverence for the British Constitution, trust in God and in the kindness of the gentry, were circulated in thousands and hundreds of thousands.

Intellectually Hannah More was one of the brightest and most vivacious of the middle-class sect known at the beginning of the nineteenth century as evangelicals, whose particular phase of belief and sentiments has with the lapse of time, been, perhaps, unduly discredited. Like so many of a similar way of thinking, Hannah More accumulated considerable property, and became an object of widespread veneration during her last years at Clifton. She died there at the age of eighty-eight, on September 7th, 1833, retaining her memories of Johnson, Burke and Garrick almost to the last. She and her four sisters were all buried at Wrington.

More feminine and more lasting, too, than the work of

the excellent Hannah are the *Recollections,* village stories, and *Letters* of Mary Russell Mitford, who was born at Alresford [Cranley] in December, 1787, was reduced from opulence to penury by a father of the type of Daudet's immortal Delobelle, and died at Swallowfield, near Reading, poor for all her untiring labour, but cheerful and bright to the last, in January, 1855. Writing in a large armchair in the corner of her tiny garden, this quaint little lady-bird, who might have come out of *Cranford,* had in her day been an enormous reader, the winner of a £20,000 prize in a lottery, the authoress of a play, *Rienzi,* that ran for one hundred nights under Macready, and the correspondent of all the literary lions of the day. Outwardly demure, inwardly effusive and sentimental in the highest degree, her delicate little historiettes, afterwards collected as *Our Village,* made the fortune of *The Lady's Magazine* of 1819-20 and started a new graphic *genre.* Like a silvery chime of village bells it made the hamlet of Three Mile Cross famous, coachmen pointed out the cottage with their whips, and the writing world was enraptured by the spontaneity and charm of such work.

More interesting to-day are Miss Mitford's *Recollections* and *Letters,* through which runs the same dainty precision of touch that marked her essays and tales. Like her contemporaries and friends, the Howitts, Mrs. Hemans, "L. E. L.," Mrs. Clarke, Miss Martineau, Miss Barrett, the Halls, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Trollope, and the rest, she lived and moved in an atmosphere of books; and when she was not writing books she was writing about them, usually with an intensity of feeling and expression and, more rarely, a small thread-like vein of pleasantry.

II

Miss Ferrier—John Galt—Michael Scott—Thomas Hamilton—D. M. Moir.

THE novels of Susan Edmonstone Ferrier are such as might naturally be expected to come after—they could hardly have come before—those of Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth. She really, in fact, fulfilled the task which Scott in his deprecatory fashion spoke of achieving—that, namely, of doing for Scotland what Miss Edgeworth had done for Ireland. Of Miss Ferrier herself there is little to know, save that she was the amiable and clever daughter of James Ferrier, an Edinburgh advocate, who was also a factor of the Duke of Argyle, and had numerous influential friends, both in Highlands and Lowlands, among them Sir Walter Scott. Her novels may be said to bear something the same relation in point of merit to those of Jane Austen, as those of Galt do to those of Scott. Yet Miss Ferrier's three progressively popular novels, *Marriage* (1818), *The Inheritance* (1824), and *Destiny* (1831), have many positive merits, and have been unduly neglected. Miss Ferrier's powers of observation were acute, and her delineations, dramatic, humorous, full of vivacity, attained to a pitch of excellence which, had it been combined with a higher constructive skill and a greater power of sustaining the story, would have raised her to a very high position among character novelists. She depended greatly upon close personal observation, the colours of which are seen, perhaps, most vividly in her first novel, called *Marriage,* which Scott specially admired. Her portraits of old Scotchwomen of the *ancien régime,* of which there are several in this novel alone, have never been surpassed, and could have hardly been bettered even by Scott himself. Inferior as the story is, Miss Ferrier attained to real high

comedy in the passage between Miss Pratt and Lord Rossville in *The Inheritance*. *Destiny,* though it fetched the highest price (£1,700), is the least vital of the three.

John Galt can hardly be termed an imitator of Scott, since his first successful novel, *The Annals of the Parish,* was planned and partly written as early as 1813, and both it and a series of sketches of Scottish character, to which he gave the title *The Ayrshire Legatees,* are derived avowedly from Goldsmith and Smollett rather than from any later sources of inspiration. As a matter of fact, however, these sketches of Scottish country life, though far less didactic and more humorous, attempt precisely the same portraiture of character which Crabbe had exhibited in his tales. Something of the same kind, as Henry Mackenzie pointed out, had moreover been attempted for Scotland in 1808 by Elizabeth Hamilton, in her *Cottagers of Glenburnie,* in which the conservative slovenliness and lack of foresight of the Scotch peasantry is exhibited with a fidelity admitted by Scott to be extreme. With the help of an extraordinary memory for recollecting and combining the materials of everyday life, Galt certainly succeeded in depicting the good and bad points of the society in the south-western corner of Scotland with a Wilkie-like fidelity, nay more, in the character of Micah Balwhidder, the parish annalist, he created a character of a naïveté and simplicity not wholly unworthy to rank with that of Parson Adams and Dr. Primrose.

When we turn from this creation to its author we are surprised at the total inability of his biographer, himself the author of *Mansie Wauch,* to invest the adventurous career of John Galt with the least glimmer of interest. Born in May, 1779, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, John Galt was the son of a sea-captain. As a child he loved stories and ballads and the society of the poor and garrulous old women of his native place. Fifteen years were spent at

Greenock, where he was schooled, and became a custom-house clerk. In 1803 he went to London, failed in a partnership, was entered at Lincoln's Inn, and commenced writing as a profession. In 1809 to 1811 he travelled in the Near East, in search of some plan for evading Napoleon's Berlin Decrees, and saw a good deal of Byron. In 1813 he had a scheme for smuggling English goods from Gibraltar into Spain, but Wellington's success rendered the plan abortive. He returned to England, married and commenced novelist. This was the period of his great successes, *The Annals, The Provost,* with its inimitable character of Provost Pawkie—the incarnation of Scottish municipal life—and *The Entail.* It was fresh from the elation of these successes that he embarked upon the direction of a pioneering company in Canada for which neither his character nor his powers adequately fitted him.

Galt hardly deserves the style of novelist upon the strength of *The Ayrshire Legatees* (1820) and *Annals of the Parish* (1821). The first is a series of letters in Smollettian style enclosing a story, the second a string of village tales such as in *Our Village, Thrums* and *Johnny Ludlow* have again and again proved popular to successive generations. *The Provost* was devised as a grouping of local impressions complementary to *The Annals, Sir Andrew Wylie* (1822) was his first novel in the modern English sense, and in 1823 came what is perhaps the best of his larger canvases, *The Entail.* In this figure what are perhaps his best characters, Claud Walkinshaw the pawky pedlar, Watty the natural, and the striking portrait of Leddy Grippy. Imagining fondly enough that he was qualified to compete with Scott in historical romance, Galt now put forth three completely forgotten novels, *Ringhan Gilhaize, The Spaewife,* and *Rothelan* (1823-4). One excellent story of rough childhood and emigrant effort still remained for him to write when fresh from his Canadian

experiences. This was *Lawrie Todd,* which was published by Bentley in three volumes in 1830; it contains a close and graphic account of the infancy of a small community in the backwoods of America.

The theory that Galt was treading hard upon the heels of the "Great Unknown" (Scott) was at any time an absurd one. He approached Sir Walter only in the resistless energy of his pen and his determination to try his skill upon every species of composition. Thus, in addition to his novels, which alone at the present day maintain any kind of claim to a place in the second class of literature, Galt produced *Travels,* and *Letters from the Levant,* containing some much controverted details about Byron, Lives of Wolsey, of Benjamin West, and of Byron, *Lives of the Players* (1831), literary miscellanies, short stories, political stories, poems, plays. His voluble energy and plausible versatility filled up almost every literary mould, and showed how most kinds of literary work could be executed from the best, or nearly the best, style to one within measurable distance of the worst. On his return to England, he retained a few good friends, such as Lockhart and Moir; and he was entrusted, for a short period in 1831, with the editorship of an important Tory organ, *The Courier.* In this same year he left London in very poor circumstances, the recipient of a small pension from the Literary Fund. Like Scott, he had to look to literature to compensate for ill-success in commercial ventures, and he also paid the penalty of over-taxed powers before attaining the age of sixty. He died of premature decay in the house of a sister at Greenock in April, 1839.

Among the minor novelists who followed Galt in contributing to the gaiety of the earlier pages of *Blackwood* may fitly be mentioned here Michael Scott, Thomas Hamilton, and D. M. Moir.

Michael Scott was born and taught at Glasgow, whither

he returned after sixteen years' successful trading in Jamaica, in 1822. Seven years later he worked up some of his experiences into a series of highly coloured chapters, issued in book form as *Tom Cringle's Log* and *The Cruise of the "Midge,"* and loudly acclaimed, not only in England, but also in France, Germany, and America. They were attributed to Christopher North and Captain Marryat, whose *Frank Mildmay* had appeared in 1829, and they elicited the epithet of "excellent" from no less a critic than S. T. Coleridge. *Tom Cringle* was spoken of as a giant even as late as 1862, when a finely illustrated edition of his books was issued; but he is certainly a giant no longer and it is by no means easy to discover the grounds of his former popularity. One is driven to the conclusion that the less sophisticated taste of the day was gratified by the well-written descriptions of exotic scenery, amused by the vagaries of negro dialect and thrilled by the nonchalance (often ridiculed later in the case of Marryat and Lever) with which the author deals out death and destruction to all the non-essential characters. Scott died at Glasgow on November 7th, 1835, at the early age of forty-six.

A college companion of Michael Scott and a younger brother of Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician, was Thomas Hamilton, a half-pay officer, who had fought bravely at Albuera, and who in 1818 joined the *Blackwood* militia. He was subsequently a popular neighbour, first of Scott and Lockhart and then of Wordsworth. He died at Pisa in December, 1842, aged only fifty-three. Hamilton was a good raconteur, and his novel, *The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton*, in 1827, made a very decided hit. It is in many respects a prototype of the Lever novel. The family details of the dénouement are, as is usual in this kind of novel, extremely unconvincing. Like Thackeray (at the end of *Vanity Fair*), Hamilton concludes his romance by over-deliberately putting away his puppets.

David Macbeth Moir (Δ), a Musselburgh physician, of the most copious and determined energy as a writer, both in prose and verse, was another *Blackwood* celebrity. His essays and introductions, with their slovenly vocabulary and plentiful lack of originality, do but ill support the shadowy fame which once attached to the signature "Δ." But he is remembered to this day, at any rate locally, by "*The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith*, written by Himself," which was

given to *Maga* in 1824, and reissued in 1828. Moir owed his inspiration for this rambling and plotless style of narrative directly to Galt's *Annals;* the result, at any rate, was to confirm in a measure of popularity the cots, the kailyards, and the thrumes. The merit of the species is to be estimated by the amount of relief which it manages to get out of the most common and trivial domestic incidents, and judged by this standard *Mansie Wauch* occupies a very high place. Moir died on July 6th, 1851, at the early age of fifty-two. Among other early supports of *Blackwood*, it is enough to name "Roly-poly," George Croly (1780—1860), author of *Salathiel*, a story of the past, the present, and the future, embroidered upon the supposed challenge of the words, "Tarry thou till I come," which was deemed strong sensation in 1829; and the soldier-priest, Chaplain-general G. R. Gleig (1796—1888,), whose story of *The Subaltern* (1825), with just one thrilling scene of an inspection by Wellington, paved the way for a dedication to the Iron Duke, which led eventually to Gleig's becoming official biographer and editor of the truly wonderful volumes of Wellington's *Despatches.*

The authorised biography of Jane Austen is that by her nephew, J. E. Austen Leigh, 1870 and 1871. There are further biographical studies by Goldwin Smith, Oscar Fay Adams, W. H. Pollock, Sarah Tytler,* Miss Malden, Constance Hill (1902), and G. E. Mitton (1905).

Of Maria Edgeworth, apart from the authorised *Life and Letters*, ed. A. J. C. Hare, there are biographical studies by Julia Cavanagh, Helen Zimmern, Grace Oliver, Mrs. Ritchie (in the *Book of Sibyls*, and her Introduction to *Popular Tales*, 1903), and Emily Lawless,* the author of that most beautiful of all modern Irish stories, *Grania.* Charming *Morceaux* from *Our Village* have been issued, with Introductions, by Mrs. Ritchie; in the Camelot Series; and in the Temple Classics.

CHAPTER VII

NINETEENTH-CENTURY HISTORIANS: FROM MITFORD TO MACAULAY

"With all his faults, Macaulay's great qualities may well make rivals despair. The pictures which he has drawn have, rightly or wrongly, stamped themselves ineffaceably upon the popular mind. If his long hesitation between two careers prevented the completion of his *History* while limiting his political success, it also gave to his writings the rare value of wide literary accomplishment combined with keen insight of practical experience."—SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.

"I wish," said Lord Melbourne, "that I was as sure of any one thing as Tom Macaulay is sure of everything."

"He is too exultant. . . . An author who transfers to literature the vigour and splendour of oratory inevitably transfers to it also a trait which, in literature, is less pleasing—viz., the orator's triumphant manner of clinching an argument."—*Macaulay*, by SIR R. C. JEBB.

Early Victorian historians—Mitford, Thirlwall, and Grote—Arnold, Long, and Merivale—Milman's *Latin Christianity*—Finlay's *History of Greece*—Roscoe's *Leo X.*—James Mill—Histories of India—Alison—Napier's *Peninsular War*—Lingard and Hallam—Lord Macaulay.

WILLIAM MITFORD (1744—1827), who came of a family of writers, was educated at Cheam and Queen's College, Oxford, and the Middle Temple. As a young man he came into contact with Bentham and with Gibbon, who was a fellow officer in the South Hampshire Militia. Gibbon advised him to make a hobby of history, and to supply the great need in English literature of a readable history of Greece. This Mitford proceeded with great deliberation to do, and in twenty-six years, 1784-1810, produced

a creditable and thoroughly readable *History of Greece.* Unfortunately he regarded his history as a hobby-horse to tilt against the Jacobins with, and with this *parti-pris* he found little to praise and much to blame in the Athenian democracy. His partiality for Sparta (old England), and hatred for Athens (revolutionary France), degrade much of his work to the level of a party pamphlet, and produced an unfortunate series of reactions. Mitford died in the Tory faith at his seat of Exbury in February, 1827.

Mitford's undisguised partiality provoked a resentment in George Grote, which led him to plan his great standard *History of Greece,* but meanwhile, between 1835 and 1844, Connop Thirlwall (1797—1875), a Liberal Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, whose precocity was such that he could read Greek at four, in the retirement of a Yorkshire vicarage wrote a dignified *History of Greece* in eight small volumes for Lardner's *Cyclopædia.* Thirlwall had previously worked upon a translation of Niebuhr's Roman History, and had become deeply imbued with that great scholar's high ideals of thoroughness and impartiality. In the latter portions of his work especially he rises to a high standard of excellence both in style and method of presentment, and the fortune of his book, to be almost wholly superseded by that of his early friend Grote, is a good example of the blight which evil luck may cast over the destinies of works which deserve a much better fate than total eclipse. Thirlwall's noble qualities, both intellectual and moral, were subsequently exercised for thirty-four years as Bishop of St. David's.

George Grote (1794—1871), born at Clay Hill, near Beckenham, was the grandson of an evangelical divine, and son of a partner in Prescott's bank, which he entered from Charterhouse at sixteen. His innate love of historical and political philosophy was greatly stimulated by his admission into the circle of Bentham's disciples, one

of whom, James Mill, in 1822 first directed his ambition to the production of a philosophical history of Greece. Subsequently he became an active member of the discussion society presided over by John Stuart Mill, to debate problems of economics and logic. His immediate objects, apart from his business, were for a time almost wholly political, and centred round the introduction of the ballot and the promotion of higher education, especially in connection with the new University of London, of which he eventually became Vice-Chancellor. He also entered Parliament for the City of London as an advanced reformer in 1832. But he never ceased to employ much of his leisure in reading for his *magnum opus,* though his reading found an outlet for the time in little beyond a few special memoirs and articles destructive of Mitford in *The Westminster Review.* In 1843, however, he retired from active business and politics, and concentrated his attention upon the composition of his *History,* which appeared in twelve volumes between 1846 and 1856.

Grote's political fervour was intense, and his *History of Greece* was regarded by him, hardly less than by Mitford, as a polemical engine—for the defence of democratic views, through the agency of the Athenian democracy so unfairly trauduced by the Tory historian. Nevertheless, Grote was scrupulous in his use of authorities, and genuinely desirous of arriving at the Greek point of view. His zeal and energy, combined with his skill as a narrator, and as an investigator of evidence, give his history a supremacy among books of its own class, and a high position not only in England but in Europe. His arrangement is generally good. The deficiencies are those of style and of imaginative power. Nevertheless, his book was an immense advance on anything yet written in England upon the subject, and it is in a conspicuous degree careful,

accurate, thorough, and generous both in conception and growth.

Mitford, Thirlwall, and Grote, though none of them could aspire to distinctive historical genius, had carried synthetic views of Greek history by successive stages a good way beyond Goldsmith. During much the same period a similar service was performed for the history of Rome by Arnold, Long, and Merivale.

Thomas Arnold (1795—1842), son of a Customs officer at Cowes, had a distinguished career at Winchester, Corpus, and Oriel, and became as a former of character and leader of men, whether as coach, head master of Rugby, liberal Churchman, or Regius Professor at Oxford, more famous even than as the historian of Rome. He was always an enthusiastic admirer of the Greek historians, whom he much preferred to the Latin, but after the appearance of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* (1812, first English version 1827) he fell entirely under the sway of that great master's erudition and revolutionary combinations and hypotheses. Unfortunately he only began publishing in 1838, and his three volumes end abruptly with the close of the second Punic War.

From the era of Pyrrhus to that point his history exhibits great qualities. His implicit faith in Niebuhr's theories as to the reconstruction of regal Rome upon a legendary basis render his earlier chapters unacceptable by modern scholars. These theories were first compromised by the keen and sceptical intelligence of Sir George Cornewall Lewis (1806—1863), in his very able *Inquiry into the Credulity of Early Roman History* (1855).

Like most of the Early Victorian historians, Arnold is preternaturally didactic, and very fond of propagating his political views through the medium of ancient history. His idea of history for history's sake was subservient occa-

sionally, it may be thought, to a slightly provincial view of historic justice, but he was the pioneer of the study of history in our public schools and universities, and to him is credited the noble saying that "the writing of history is in some sort a religious act." An historian of a much drier light was George Long (1800—1879), who was bracketed as prizeman with Macaulay at Trinity and beat him in the Fellowship. Long did a great deal of compiling for dictionaries and cyclopædias, was himself editor of *The Penny Cyclopædia,* and is widely known for an excellent version of Marcus Aurelius. He made himself a master of Roman law and ancient geography. In 1860 he began publishing his *Decline of the Roman Republic* in five volumes, commencing with the Punic Wars, and thus forming a link between Arnold and Merivale. He is a cold, precise, and logical writer, without emotion or colour, but he shows a thorough command of his subject, especially from the constitutional point of view. In popularity the impassive and impartial Long has naturally fallen an easy prey to Mommsen, with whose period his own coincides. The story of Rome is taken up by Charles Merivale (1808—1893), another Cambridge man and "apostle" (after Tennyson), whose dramatically written *Fall of the Roman Republic* (1853) was followed by the elaborate, but too diffusive, *History of the Romans under the Empire* (1850-64). Long and Merivale were as opposite in their styles as were Arnold and Gibbon in their tone. Long wrote in short sentences from which every trace of sentiment was carefully eliminated. Merivale indited polished periods with a flowing pen, but without more of real feeling. Arnold, Long, and Merivale between them carried Roman history from its origins to Diocletian, where Gibbon takes up the tale: and it is continued in a sense by Henry Hart Milman (1791—1868), Dean of St. Paul's (1849). He cast lustre upon

the decanal chair of that august foundation by his great *History of Latin Christianity* (1854-6). He had previously written a history of Christianity to the fall of paganism; he now carefully distinguished "Latin" from Greek and Teutonic Christianity, and carried the story on down to Nicholas V. A more scientific Church history of Christendom from the Apostolic Age to the Reformation, though a far less readable one, was brought out by Canon James Craigie Robertson (1813—1882) between 1850 and 1873.

As the history of the Western Empire was continued by Milman, so that of the Eastern Empire was carried on by George Finlay (1799—1875) in an admirable history of the Greek nation from the death of Alexander the Great down to his own day. *Greece under the Romans* (1843) was followed by *The Byzantine Empire from 716 to 1057* (preface dated Athens, September 1st, 1852). In these two volumes he traversed ground already covered, and much more completely explored since. His next volume, dealing with *Greece under the Crusaders,* was more original. Then came *Greece under Ottoman and Venetian Dominion* (1856), and finally *The Greek Revolution* (1861), a detailed history of events of which he had to a large extent been an eye-witness, down to the accession of King Otho in 1844. Incidentally he gives an interesting picture of Byron's intervention in Greek affairs. Finlay is no stylist, but he gives a thoughtful and, in the main, trustworthy history of events hitherto shrouded in great obscurity.

Of the few English historians of high merit who have gone beyond the narrow circle of antiquity and Western Europe, two must receive something beyond passing mention—William Roscoe and James Mill. Son of mine host of the Bowling Green Tavern on Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, William Roscoe was brought up to gardening, but

turned at an early age irredeemably to books. His quickness and good handwriting procured his entrance into a solicitor's office, in the work of which he made rapid progress and obtained advancement. With the aid of a valetudinarian friend, who had to go to Fiesole for his health, Roscoe now gradually accumulated material for an elaborate biographical picture of Lorenzo de' Medici, a subject which had attracted him from boyhood. Proofs were in 1794 submitted to Horace Walpole, the great art patron of the day, and in February, 1796, the book appeared, a somewhat ill-knit biographical and historical medley, but full of miscellaneous interest. It was appreciated abroad, and Tuscan scholars are said to have been loud in its praise. Amidst business cares, with much aid from Italian correspondents, Roscoe found time to continue the subject in his life of Lorenzo's famous son, *Pope Leo X.*, written between 1798 and 1805. As is so often the case when an author tries to be exceptionally fair, *Leo X.* pleased neither Catholics nor Protestants. The Protestants called it papistical, while the Pope put it on the Index Librorum Prohibitorum. Roscoe misses the subtleties and ironies of the subject and period, but abounds in digressions (Aretino, Raffaele, etc.) which have some interest. It has been superseded to a large extent by the studies of Creighton, Symonds, Van Reumont, and Gregorovius. Both of Roscoe's books have become articles of *virtu* with an acknowledged right to a cabinet in the literary museum, but one which is now seldom opened. The historian met money troubles in later years with great fortitude, and died aged seventy-eight, on June 30th, 1831, at Liverpool, of which city he had been for a short time a prominent anti-slavery M. P. Besides his histories he wrote the dainty little nursery classic called *The Butterfly's Ball* in 1807, and executed a mediocre edition of Pope, 1821. His

works did much to arouse an interest in Italian history and literature.

James Mill (1773—1836), the son of a Forfarshire shoemaker, was well trained for the ministry at Montrose and Aberdeen, and in 1798 began to preach, but proved a stickit minister. He was already a man in mental purpose, with a vigorous though rigid intellect, when he came up to London to write in 1802. To distinguish himself from the herd of journalists and compilers he planned out an elaborate *History of British India* as early as 1806. He worked heroically at the *History,* which was to win him fame and independence, and it finally appeared in 1817, a work of strenuous originality, but dry and stern as its author, most of whose political prejudices it very faithfully reproduced. It is not based on first-hand observation, for Mill was never in India, and had to depend upon blue-books and gazetteers, but it is a work of conscience, clear in exposition and uncompromising in its championship of unpopular views. The mantle of Bentham fell upon Mill, and he was for many years the intellectual leader of the Radical utilitarian ("greatest good of the greatest number") party, steering cautiously between the Whigs of *The Edinburgh* and Holland House on the one hand and the revolutionaries (Hunt, Cartwright, Cobbett, and Hone) on the other. His main following consisted of Ricardo, Matthews, McCulloch, Grote, and the *Westminster* Reviewers, led by his son John Stuart. He remained an unbending Benthamite to the end—a doctrinaire who accepted Benthamism as unreservedly as a mathematician might accept Newton's *Principia!* Among our historians of India since Orme and Mill the two most meritorious have been John Clark Marshman (1794—1877), a missionary worker in India, whose final *History* was completed in three volumes, 1863-7, and James Talboys Wheeler

(1824—1897), an Indian official, whose great *History* in five volumes, 1867-81, contains the best account of the early and Mahommedan periods, besides embodying invaluable *résumés* of the Great Hindu epics, the *Maha Bharata* and *Ramayana.*

We must now turn to a somewhat utilitarian, but not to be despised, historian, who took modern Europe at its most eventful period as his province, and found that almost too small for him—the worthy Scots Tory, criminal lawyer, judge, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and eventually baronet, Sir Archibald Alison (1792—1867), son of the essayist on *Taste.*

Alison's *History,* much laughed at for its prolixity and bigoted partisanship, more justly censured for its commonplaceness of style, is a remarkable book—a huge chronicle map of a period of twenty years, into which were condensed the dramatic vicissitudes of a century. Deficient in critical taste, and ridiculously formal and conventional as Alison often is, he was generous in many of his judgments (of Danton and Napoleon, for instance), and he had a very good idea of describing a battle in detail, and of varying his narrative. Alison drew much of his military materials from the principals themselves, Napoleon, the Archduke Charles, and the Wellington *Despatches,* much also from Matthieu Dumas's great history of the European War from 1799 to 1814, but for the greater part of the Peninsular portion of his narrative he had the benefit of Sir William Napier's already famous *History.* A brother of Sir Charles, the conqueror of Scinde, and cousin of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, William entered the army as his natural element, and served under Sir John Moore in the campaign which terminated at Coruna. He served with gallantry on the Coa, at Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Salamanca, and Orthez. He commenced his *History of the Peninsular War* at the same time that Grote

began his *Greece,* consulted both with Wellington and Soult, and brought out his first volume in 1828. The sixth and last appeared in 1840. By the scrupulous care and attention which he paid to details of fact, and also of style, Napier gained a well-deserved reputation; but he was a very opinionative writer, and a most pugnacious hero-worshipper. Some of Napier's battle pieces, though slightly over-complicated, and perhaps over-coloured, are generally considered supreme in their own line. The gallant writer, in whom partisanship developed with years, died in February, 1860, aged seventy-five, and was buried in St. Paul's. A more judicial chronicler of the Peninsular War has appeared in Prof. C. W. Oman, who writes also as a politician and a partisan (on the other side), but certainly not as a hero-worshipper either of Wellington or Napoleon. He follows Napier too closely in some respects, but deviates into error in depreciating Napoleon's foresight, and goes beyond his predecessor in isolating the affairs of Spain from those of Europe.

The two most notable historians of England during the interregnum between Gibbon and Macaulay were Lingard and Hallam. John Lingard (1771—1851), a born student of humble parentage, led a rough and austere life of labour at Douay, and after the migration of the College to England, occasioned by the French Revolution, at several old houses in the neighbourhood of Durham and subsequently at Ushaw. Between 1819 and 1830 he brought out the successive volumes of his *History of England* from the Roman invasion to 1688. In spite of the fact that his book was totally deficient in the literary graces, it remains the best general survey of our history we have on a large scale, and is of some independent value as regards the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. As a Catholic Lingard is somewhat unduly severe on Cranmer.

Had not the exclusive right of the epithet judicious already been "bespoke," it would have been reserved for Henry Hallam (1777—1859), the son of a dean, an Eton and Christ Church and Inner Temple man, as dignified in his life and appearance as in his works—the product, as in the case of Gibbon, Grote, Milman, and Merivale, of a fine library and a life freed from sordid cares by a substantial post, well paid, and but lightly encumbered with duties. As first in England to supplement the highly condensed and somewhat crude sketch of Robertson, his *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages* (1818, revised, 1848) is a wonderful monument of synthetic architecture, though its foundations have necessarily yielded in various directions under the application of subsequent research. *The Constitutional History of England* (1827), from Henry VII. to 1760, has proved of more durable quality and remains unrivalled as an authority for the legislative development and growth of institutions during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The *Introduction to the Literature of Europe* in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (1837-8), executed under the burden of declining years and the loss of the sons that he idolised, illustrates in a remarkable degree Hallam's marvellous powers of concentration, proportion, and perspective. The task, however, was beyond one man's power, and especially, perhaps, that of a man like Hallam, whose critical instinct, though wide and various, was shrewd rather than sensitive, and had rigid limits in the direction of passion and romantic feeling.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, son of Zachary Macaulay (1768—1838), noted as a philanthropist, strong opponent of slavery, and pious evangelical of what was known as the Clapham Sect, by Selina (Mills), the daughter of a Quaker bookseller of Bristol, who had been a favourite pupil of Hannah More, and remained her friend, was

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, on St. Crispin's Day (October 25th), 1800. As in the case of Dr. Johnson, his tenacious memory was stored direct from a bookseller's shop. When he went up to Trinity, Cambridge, in 1818, his acquirements were already extraordinary; there he continued accumulating and correlating rather than analysing or philosophising. The highest distinctions of the place fell naturally to his share, and he became a Fellow of Trinity in 1824. He was called to the Bar from Lincoln's Inn in 1826, but was already committed to a literary rather than a legal ambition by articles here and there, culminating in the essay in *The Edinburgh* on Milton which made him famous. Here was evidently a rhetorician of the very first order whose views were clear-cut Whig. A seat was provided for him at Calne in the Parliament in 1830, and Macaulay was hailed after his first speech as the coming orator of his party. In May, 1831, he took his seat at the dining table of Holland House, where his wonderful monologues amazed the guests, and were frequently guillotined by the imperious hostess.[1]

In 1832 he was appointed Secretary of the Indian Board of Control, and in December, 1833, he accepted a lucrative post on the Supreme Council of the Governor-General in India. Exile was most distasteful to him, but he was poor. By useful and durable work (the Indian Penal Code was mainly his) in India, from 1834 to 1838, he purchased the coveted independence, and came back to settle in the Albany as a bachelor and to write his *History*. As Merivale once said of him with some justice, he seemed to have come into the world quite devoid of sexual

[1] Sidney Smith once said of himself and Macaulay: "Oh, yes, we both talk a great deal; but I don't think Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes when I have told a good story I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay, he'll be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that.'"

and also of spiritual feelings. He was not exactly a specialist in the modern or scientific sense, but if ever a man was specialised, or specially created for the purpose of writing a great history, or making a great king "live for ever," that man was Macaulay.

Early in 1839 he was elected for Edinburgh, and almost immediately entered the Cabinet as Secretary for War, a post which he held until 1841. In the same year a Philadelphia publisher started a collection of his *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays,* which had a great circulation in America. In 1842 appeared that most stirring *tour de force* of a prose writer in the guise of a poet, *The Lays of Ancient Rome,* and in 1843 a London publisher was emboldened to issue the *Critical and Historical Essays,* which took the English public by storm, and found their way to the remotest cabins and log-huts of the colonies. No longer immersed in politics, ejected from his seat at Edinburgh ("manumitted by a slap on the face"), and excluded by his own stern decree from the pages of *The Edinburgh Review,* Macaulay was at length able to concentrate his undivided attention upon the *History,* which he hoped to bring from the death of Charles II. down to the end of the reign of George III.—"a time which is within the memory of men still living."

As Mr. Paul justly says, his *History* could not have been finished by any one of less vitality than Methuselah, if the original design had been pursued on a uniform scale. His tableau of England in chapter iii. is a thing absolutely unique alike in compression, range, and picturesqueness. He is apt to disparage the past in comparison with the present. Yet, as a whole, Macaulay improves as he progresses towards the reign of Anne, which was his own period *par excellence,* and his sense of proportion upon a large scale, but above all his skill in grouping and arrangement, become more and more manifest. The first two

volumes appeared in December, 1848, the third and fourth in 1855. They created an increasing furore in the reading world. No historical work has ever done the like. No historian has approached him as a master of *mise-en-scène* or creator of such a gallery of portraits as that contained, for instance, in his twentieth chapter. Macaulay achieved for the period from the death of Charles II. to the Peace of Ryswick what Thucydides had done for the Peloponnesian War. When his book appeared an honest man said, "I suppose something happened between 1689 and 1697; but what happened I do not know." "Every one knows now." [1]

Among such a host of readers it was not likely that any mistakes would escape censure by escaping observation. Professional critics of varying degrees of animus and information, from Croker and Paget to Forster and Churchill Babington, impugned the historian's accuracy and good faith. Yet, when we sum up the delinquencies which this combined host brought to light, what do they amount to? Macaulay wrote with a rather strong but diminishing Whig bias. He confused two William Penns and three Sir John Knights. In his birdseye view of English life he omitted all reference to music, at a time when English music was represented by Purcell. He exaggerated the social discredit of the clergy. Macaulay courts conviction of error in a way by his habitual precision of statement, his avoidance of vague and guarded utterance, his passion for corroborative detail in the obscurest corners of his subject. Yet what great historian upon a great scale has ever committed so few positive blunders? His chief faults are rather a lack of subtlety as regards characterisation and motive, a disposition to envisage history too exclusively as a politician and the sequence of events as a kind of ordered progress towards the somewhat material ideas of Whig optimism in 1851, and a seemingly irresistible determina-

[1] Bagehot, writing in 1856.

tion to verbal and structural repetition, antithesis, and over-emphasis in respect of style. All these, it seems to us, are the more or less inevitable defects of the very qualities which render his pages so perennially entertaining.

The great qualities and defects of the essayist vary considerably from those of the historian. The *Essays* were written in the first instance more or less hastily for periodical consumption, with none of the elaborate care in verification and revision which was lavished upon the *History;* and they represent the flow of suggestive talk and the prodigious memory and illustrative faculty of the man rather than his carefully considered opinions. They are the meteorites of his memory rather than the systematic products of the historian's mind. But they abound in picturesque passages, and at times surpass even the *History* in eloquent outbursts. Their wealth of allusion, by which one part of history or literature is constantly brought to bear upon another, makes them the most stimulating of diets for a young student. The short biographies of Johnson, Goldsmith, Pitt, Atterbury, and Bunyan which he wrote for the *Encyclocædia Britannica* are perfect models of artistic condensation and dignified rotundity of style.

The lustre which the *History* had shed upon Macaulay rendered the Modern Athens a little ashamed of its exclusion of the greatest contemporary luminary of letters. He was re-elected in 1852 upon the express stipulation that he was not to be worried by his constituents. Every kind of honorific distinction, culminating with a peerage in 1857, was bestowed upon him. The first signs of a physical break-up were apparent in 1852, when in a single week he grew "twenty years older." No human being could stand for very long such a strain as he imposed upon himself with the *History.* His extraordinarily busy intellectual life, full of active friendships and sociability, came to a sudden and pathetic end on Christmas Day, 1859, when a

numbness took possession of his brain and a drowsiness of his body. He died in his literary chair three days later. He was buried on January 9th, 1860, in one of his favourite haunts—the Poets' Corner of the Abbey. "He lies at the foot of Addison's statue, near to Johnson, and among many others of our most famous statesmen and men of letters." So wrote Dean Milman in the special memoir prefixed to the posthumous editions of Macaulay's immortal *History*. His death took place at his house called Holly Lodge, on Campden Hill, above the doorway of which a memorial tablet was unveiled by Lord Rosebery on November 20th, 1903. "Full orbed," said Gladstone, "Macaulay was seen above the horizon; and full orbed after thirty-five years of constantly emitted splendour, he sank below it."

In deploring the premature close of a career so brilliant England felt the irreparable loss of what passed away with him—the heaped up treasures of that vast memory, the ideas conceived and put in train by that powerful and active intelligence. Who but one man, and that man Macaulay, was capable of bringing these treasures to light, and of giving form and substance to those superb structures of the historical imagination? What other man could continue the wonderful *History* so profoundly studied yet so lucidly presented, of which he left a mere torso—yet a torso of greater value and price than almost any of the finished monuments in the Historical Temple?

THE main authority for Lord Macaulay is Sir George Otto Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* * (2 vols. 1876), one of the most attractive and entertaining specimens of biographical compilation in English, or, indeed, any other language. Subsidiary studies and criticisms will be found in Cotter Morrison's *Macaulay* (English Men of Letters); Sir Leslie Stephen's articles (in *Hours in a Library* and *Dict. Nat. Biog.* xxxiv.); Bagehot's *Literary Studies*; John Morley's *Critical Miscellanies;* Herbert Paul's *Men and Letters* (1901); Taine's *English Literature;* Richard Lodge in *Chambers's*

Cyclopædia of English Literature, iii. 367; A. J. Grant's *English Historians* (1906); Sir J. F. Stephen's *Story of Nuncomar* (1885); John Paget's *Puzzles and Paradoxes*, 1874 (including *The New "Examen,"* or inquiry into the evidence relating to certain passages in Lord Macaulay's *History*); Mark Pattison's article in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britanica; Macaulay: A Lecture,** by Sir Richard C. Jebb (1900).

Macaulay was the pioneer and founder of that English specialty in historical writing—the style allusive. He read a library to write a sentence, and traversed a continent for a descriptive epithet, with the result, as Thackeray well put it, that you have but to take any three pages of the *Essays* or *History* and glimmering below the streams of narrative you, an average reader, will see one, two three—half a score—allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry. "At Lincoln Cathedral," wrote Macaulay himself, "there is a beautiful painted window which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself in mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated." Now this is exactly what Macaulay himself has done.

If Macaulay be the founder of Allusivism, the progenitor of the school of applied antiquarianism and more or less relevant anecdote, especially in relation to literary history, is no less surely Isaac D'Israeli (1766—1848), the squire of Bradenham, the Bayle of literary speculation, staunch champion of Pope, and Lord Byron's favourite contemporary author. Compiler of the well-known *Curiosities, Quarrels and Miscellanies of Literature*, and curious commentator upon *The Life and Reign of Charles I.*, D'Israeli further projected a *History of European Literature* which would doubtless have been considerably more lively than the formal, judicious, but uninspiring volumes of Hallam. For literary anecdote, with all its failings, lasts considerably better than literary sentences or even than literary verdicts, however judically expressed.

CHAPTER VIII

SHELLEY

"For feast it is,
Though of ethereal, translunary fare,
His story who pre-eminently of men
Seemed nourished upon starbeams and the stuff
Of rainbows, and the tempest, and the foam;
Who hardly brooked on his impatient soul
The fleshly trammels; whom at last the sea
Gave to the fire, from whose wild arms the winds
Took him, and shook him broadcast to the world."

—W. WATSON.

Early days and marriages—Italy—William Godwin—*Cenci*, *Prometheus*, and *Adonais*—Lyrics—Form and matter of his verse—Landor, Peacock, and Trelawny.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at Field Place, near Horsham, in the weald of Sussex, on August 4th, 1792. He was the eldest son of Timothy Shelley, a fussy and consequential member of Parliament who had married in 1791 Elizabeth, daughter of James Pilfold. He was brought up with four sisters and a baby brother, but appears to have had rather less than the average of local or family affection—a peculiarity which seems invariable in persons of philanthropic tendency. But Shelley as a boy had no philanthropic tendency; he was devoted to weird and ghostly tales and to chemistry. He tried to distil spirits and to raise ghosts. At Eton he was fond of solitary walking (to Stoke Pogis especially), showed a revengeful spirit, and was by no means popular, being wholly unamenable to discipline though apt at Latin verse.

His head was small, with regular features, and he wore long hair, being described rather unidentifiably as both wild and gentle, awkward and graceful. All are agreed that his voice was very shrill, and that it was distressing to hear him read aloud. He was already a bookworm, and his pockets were always stored with literature, preferably Greek. In disputation he was voluble and inventive; his recreations were country rambling, shooting with a pistol, and sailing paper boats, often freighted with halfpence. His abstraction over what he read sometimes lasted for days, during which he subsisted on penny loaves and raisins bought at some small shop as he passed by book in hand. He was indifferent as to dress, and almost a vegetarian normally, though he broke out occasionally both in dress and diet, much to the amusement of his friends Hogg and Peacock. He first met Hogg at dinner in Hall at University College, Oxford, whither he went up in October, 1810, and Hogg's picture of his vivid personality and racing eagerness and brightness in converse is one of the gems of English biography. Bysshe's ideality was at this time ludicrously extreme. He used to curse his father for his dull reactionary views. He apparently half-seriously thought he might convince the dons of his college of the error of their ways by a boyish little demonstration he compiled on *The Necessity of Atheism,* and by an analogous process later on he tried to inculcate the duty of insurrection in Ireland. Such freaks were less discreditable than the precipitation of the dons in expelling him from the university. Their action first brought Shelley into collision with the ruthless front of prejudice and self-interest, and it made a profound impression.

He settled in Poland Street, on ill terms with his father, saw a good deal of Hogg, who had generously followed him into exile, and on the rebound from a frustrated courtship

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. CLINT

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

with his cousin Harriet Grove (portrayed inimitably by Peacock in *Nightmare Abbey*) was captivated by Harriet Westbrook, the school companion of his sister Helen (Bysshe's favourite sister) at Clapham. A clever, coquettish blonde, with very pretty hair and complexion, she first became Bysshe's "little friend" (April, 1811), and then under the impression that she was a *femme incomprise*, persecuted by her relatives, she became something more; the tenderness developed rapidly, and in August, 1811, with a generosity as indiscreet as uncommon among the heirs of baronets, Shelley married his enchantress. The united age of the married pair was thirty-five. They travelled about from one romantic spot to another (Cumberland, Wales, Devon, Killarney), and Harriet, who had a passion for reading aloud, read much poetry to her husband; but she had no conception of household management—they were short of funds, and seem to have subsisted largely on *pâtisserie* and buns. A daughter, Ianthe, was born in June, 1813, a son, Charles Bysshe, some eighteen months later. In the meantime tragic events had occurred. Both the poet and his wife were perilously attractive to the opposite sex. Hogg made shameless love to Harriet, Harriet was annoyed at Shelley's indifference, and estranged from her husband from time to time by the manœuvres of her sister Eliza. Inexperience of life permitted both Hogg and Eliza to attach themselves almost permanently to the ménage of the young couple. Shelley became uncertain as to the tenure of his wife's affection. No such doubt existed in the case of Mary Godwin (*ætat* 17), whom he began to meet in May, 1814. They fell in love mutually almost at first sight. She could understand poetry and philosophy, Harriet could not. She, too, was unhappy at home with an unsympathising stepmother. Godwin himself disapproved of this mushroom passion. But at the end of July it proved too strong. Shelley and

Mary ran away, left Dover for Calais in an open boat, and proceeded to Switzerland. Undeterred by the recollection of Eliza, Shelley allowed Claire, a half-sister of Mary's, to accompany them. This action (which led to unpleasant surmises and complications), in connection with his apparent confidence that Harriet might be induced to join the party, indicate a strange obliquity of common understanding in the poet at this period, and more than any incident of his life justify the nickname of "Mad Shelley" by which he was known at Eton. There may have been some morbid physical ailment partially to explain it, for we hear much of hallucinations, of drugs, and of strange terrors (such as the fear of elephantiasis) which occasionally beset the poet. In the autumn the lovers returned, and early next year, as a consequence of the death of his grandfather, Bysshe came in for £1,000 a year, whereupon one of his first cares was to provide for an allowance to his wife. A memorable summer was spent on the Thames in the company of Peacock, and the great poet now emerges in *Lines in Lechlade Churchyard* (one of the most beautiful spots on the stripling Thames) and in *Alastor*. In 1816 they went abroad again—to Switzerland, and here it was that Byron seduced Mary's sister, who subsequently returned to fall in love with Shelley, as nearly all the women in his neighbourhood invariably did, and to cause some dissension in their circle. Towards the end of 1816 the poet heard of the suicide of his wife, and was stricken with remorse "at having brought Harriet in the first instance into an atmosphere of thought and life for which her strength of mind had not qualified her." Much happier is the saying of a much lesser but true poet:

> A star looked down from heaven and loved a flower
> Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an hour.
> Let eyes that trace his orbit in the spheres
> Refuse not, to a ruin'd rosebud, tears.

Shelley now married Mary Godwin. In 1818 he left England for the last time with his second wife and their son (the custody of his children by Harriet had been refused him), and the rest of his life was eventful only in the intellectual sphere—by the production of incomparable lyrics. From Leghorn, where they met the Gisbornes (Godwin's old friends), they went to the Baths of Lucca (*Rosalind and Helen*). After accompanying Claire to see her daughter Allegra, Shelley settled for a time at Byron's instance at Este (*Euganean Hills*). The same visit produced *Julian and Maddalo.* After wintering in "dejection" (due in part to an obscured attachment) at Naples, the summer of 1819 was passed at Leghorn (*Cenci* and *Prometheus*), and 1820 largely at Pisa, where the difficulties with Godwin came to a head, and some jealousy between Mary and her half-sister led to a secession of the latter. Here, too, Shelley knit an acquaintance with his second cousin, Captain Medwin, who tells us the story of the poet's platonic infatuation for Emilia Viviani. The circle was enlarged by Trelawny, Edward E. Williams and his wife, and Shelley was aroused from solitary habits by a passion for boating, which these new friends shared. In 1821 he visited Byron again at Ravenna; the migration to Pisa was arranged, and the covenant made with Leigh Hunt. In May, 1822, Shelley and his friends left the Lung' Arno at Pisa for Casa Magni on the Gulf of Spezia. On May 12th a small schooner they had procured for boating was brought from Genoa (Shelley bought it for £80). On July 1st the poet and Williams put out in the *Ariel* for Leghorn to meet Leigh Hunt. A week later, after provisioning their boat, they set out on the return journey. They kept up too much sail: for, as a local mariner observed, "the devil put his tail into the weather." At 5.15 p. m., in a smart squall, the tiny vessel foundered. On July 18th the body of the poet (identified by the

Sophocles and Keats in the pockets) was washed on the beach at Vaireggio. Having been temporarily buried, his remains were exhumed and burned there on August 14th in the presence of Hunt, Trelawny, and Byron.

Shelley's early excursions in authorship were those of a precocious boy with a great love of literature, but no precocious faculty whatever and little promise of any special endowment at all. His first volume of verse was printed at Worthing under the title "*Original Poetry,* by Victor and Cazire" (September, 1810). Two poems are in heroic verse in what is intended for a playful Cowperian vein; these are the best in the volume, and are by the poet's sister Elizabeth ("Cazire"), aged seventeen. The remaining poems, by Shelley himself, are mostly in some kind of anapæstic measure, and are extremely poor—below the level of an ordinary provincial paper. His next published work was a romance, "*Zastrozzi, a Romance,* by P. B. S." (1810), which begins thus: "Torn from the society of all he held dear on earth, the victim of secret enemies, and exiled from happiness, was the wretched Verezzi! All was quiet; a pitchy darkness involved the face of things, when, urged by fiercest revenge, Zastrozzi placed himself at the door of the inn where, undisturbed, Verezzi slept." Not a whit less melodramatic, even more lurid, is the commencement of his next romance, "*St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian,* by a Gentleman of the University of Oxford" (1811): "Red thunderclouds borne on the wings of the midnight whirlwind, floated, at fits, athwart the crimson-coloured orbit of the moon." These crude productions reflect alike a faint image of the literature to which he was addicted as an over-grown schoolboy, mainly Chatterton, Monk Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, Maturin, Scott, Coleridge, and Schiller. They are worthless from a literary point of view, but interesting as representing to us the abstracted, dreamy, and phantom-haunted elf that

Shelley developed into. The next stage of his growth was chemistry and logic, represented by the queer little five-page tract which he called *The Necessity of Atheism* (Worthing, February, 1811), concluding: "Every reflecting mind must allow that there is no proof of the existence of a Deity. Q.E.D." Such crudity is as astonishing as that progressive development of Shelley's mind and art which marks his kinship to Shakespeare. These early efforts—the doctrinaire absurdities in *Queen Mab* and the impulsive mistakes of his early life—are all one. After his elf-like youth, this spoilt and wayward genius had no means wherewith to achieve contact with the realities of life. He mistook his country and his age as completely as they mistook him for an atheist, revolutionary, and antinomian in grain. On the Continent, under Napoleon, he would have been shot or immured for his opinions. But in England, as the son and grandson of a county magnate with some borough influence, Shelley was treated as a lunatic.

An age which has to protect the very foundations of national existence has to depend a good deal on patriotic prejudice, and cannot afford to be nice. Complete delusion as to historical realities produced in Shelley a phosphorescence which hovered over the very wave that broke in vain against old England. Misunderstanding led to aberration, in which on the poet's side definite perceptions were merged in emotions and their resulting moods. Profoundly influenced by the classicism of Landor and Peacock, Shelley used classical myth as material for poetry in a way far beyond the range of their art. From the classical and declamatory he oscillated to a Vedic mood, and sings in the spirit of solitary places, streams, pine-forests, the sea-shore. He nourishes exotic ideals in imitation of Southey and Byron; he cultivates Hellenic, German, and Spanish poetry, gathering about him, mean-

while, Marlowe's identical hues of classic unreality, and creating characters of the airy fabric of Ariel, devoid of flesh and blood. But meanwhile his peculiar delicacy, intuitive perception, intensity, and rapidity were generating qualities for which other poets sighed in vain. Contrast the image of Byron over his matutinal lamp with that of Shelley hanging over a pool in the forest, listening to the wailing of men in the trees, massing the rough imagery which his unrivalled faculty was to work on so unerringly and indefatigably, learning to distil that quintessence of a quintessence which, once settled in Italy, he began to pour into his lyric poetry. The imponderable "nocturnal ether" of his verse is to other poetry what that poetry is to cold prose. We wonder sometimes if he was really a man or a mermaiden, an Undine in human form who might one day return to the elements. But all this time, by a wonderful evolution, he was gaining humanity: becoming more forbearing in opinion, more controlled in sympathy, more considerate in generosity (always extreme), more sober in enthusiasm. Simultaneously he advances from melodious fancy to harmonious imagination, from exquisite sound to a deep undertone of meaning, from shadow and semblance to the most vital and inspiring realities of poetic art. To what summits might not this wonderful ascent and progress have witched him!

Reverting to the period of his expulsion, Shelley was now just at the point at which Marlowe represents to us in his Faustus in search of some intellectual organon which was to transform existence and regenerate mankind. He found the necromancer he wanted in William Godwin, a man of the type which seemed to Burke the very antithesis of reason and good sense. Yet Godwin was regarded by many as the very incarnation of philosophic profundity, and undeterred by the object-lesson in France, he himself fancied that all the evils of mankind might still be rectified by the free display and exercise of the ratiocinative faculties. Godwin was well fitted to be

an apostle of reason by his remorseless faith in logical formulæ and his complete lack of humour. He works out the most startling and subversive conclusions, and propounds theses revolting to the conscience of humanity, with the calmness of a mathematician stating a proposition in Euclid. He enounces the most startling paradoxes as if they were ordinary opinions, and never seems to perceive that they involve a complete *reductio ad absurdum* of his system. This was the man whom Shelley invoked with something of the solemnity of a young archangel: "Guide thou and direct me . . . in all my weaknesses and inconsistencies bear with me. When you reprove me, reason speaks."

By February, 1813, Shelley finished his first considerable poem, *Queen Mab*, in nine sections or cantos, which he dedicated "To Harriet." It represents the first crude workings of the Godwinian philosophy upon the Pantheism of his native thought, passages of some declamatory vigour being woven into operatic nature-music, beautiful in diction, but extremely vague both in form and meaning. In *Alastor* (The Spirit of Solitude), written in 1815 in the autumn shade of Windsor Great Park, after the definite rupture with his first wife, and published in 1816 with the short pieces classed as *Early Poems*, the calibre of the poet is for the first time discernible. In a mysterious rhapsody of poetic aspiration in blank verse, the poetic energy of which seemed to derive from nothing more proximate than the first two sestiads of *Hero and Leander*, the poet winged his way into the most lunar and immaterial regions of Poetry, where he henceforth took up his abode. It was followed in 1817 by the much longer *Laon and Cynthia*, afterwards known as *The Revolt of Islam*, composed April—September, 1817, at Marlow, on the Thames, in twelve cantos, in Spenserian stanza, and dedicated "To Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley." Fine though much of the parable is in illustration of the Idea of Freedom, nothing comes up to the majestic allegory of the conflict between the Good and Evil Spirit, as typified by a Snake (knowledge) and an Eagle (priestly power), with which this very long poem opens. The next great production, passing by the too effervescent *Rosalind and Helen* (begun at Marlow and finished at the Baths of Lucca, 1817-18), was the deeply interesting and far more mature *Julian and Maddalo: A Conversation*, written in a pergola near the villa at Este, but dated Rome, May, 1819 (published posthumously).

Shelley as usual is his own protagonist, this time as Julian; but the longest speech is a long soliloquy by the "Maniac," another avatar of the poet. The description of the Adriatic coast is supremely good, as good in its way as Crabbe describing the dunes of Suffolk. The heroic couplets are managed with a limberness which shows that in poetic technique Shelley had nothing to learn of the eighteenth century any more than of the seventeenth. No English poet has ever shown a more complete mastery of every kind of metrical resource. Some couplets are superb:

> "the blue heavens were bare,
> Stripp'd to their depths by the awakening north;
> And, from the waves, sound like delight broke forth."

> "And I remember one remark, which then
> Maddalo made: he said—'most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'"

Shelley was now at the zenith of his power, and two masterpieces (ranking second only to certain detached lyrics), *The Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*, written between Este and Leghorn—much of the *Prometheus* in the neighbourhood of the Thermæ of Caracalla at Rome—were respectively published March and August, 1820. Shelley was probably right in thinking the *Prometheus* the best, as it was certainly the most characteristic, of his longer efforts. It represents the conflict between the conception of the Deity as a tyrannical despot and as a benevolent ameliorator and reformer by means of the machinery of the august world-myth as Æschylus had wrought it—the background peopled in this case with a chorus of beautiful abstractions in earth, air, mountain and stream, the beautiful nymph Asia, and the like. It was selected as a theme after long dallying with the career of Tasso and the story of Job, and it represents as nothing else could the abstract and grandiose cosmic harmonies upon which Shelley so loved to train his muse. With it was published that superb demonstration in physiography and *ne plus ultra* of verbal harmony, *The Cloud*. Could Erasmus Darwin have clothed the processes of Nature in such poetic purple as this, few would have found the courage to ridicule his choice of subject-matter. *The Cenci* illustrates Shelley's versatility,

for it is inspired not by Hellas, but by the Elizabethan drama of the decadence when the instrument of Shakespeare was concentrated by Ford, Tourneur, Fletcher, and Webster, upon superhuman stories of Italian lust and Italian cruelty. The beauty and intensity of the diction, however, approach at their best (in the last scene, for instance) to the splendours of Shakespeare's middle period when he finished *All's Well*, and wrote *Julius Cæsar* and *Measure for Measure*. Shelley was twenty-six only when he finished this, the one English poetic drama comparable with Shakespeare in his prime (*i. e.* after 1600). Whether this comparison be just or no, it will be observed that this great effort of dramatic composition, the most poignantly human of all Shelley's writings, was followed by a *Troilus and Cressida* period of mocking irony, satire, and "miching mallecho." None of these efforts, neither *Peter Bell the Third* (a would-be severe travesty of Wordsworth as a renegade and a Simonides, who combined the incongruous function of flattering a tyrant and writing the most tender and beautiful lyric poetry), nor *The Masque of Anarchy*, and still less the half-boyish, half-beastly humours of *Œdipus Tyrannus*, or "Swellfoot the Tyrant," can be accounted precisely a gain either to Shelley or to English literature—or even to English political science. The poet in him took his revenge when he penned that matchless essay in familiar epistolary verse, the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, the visionary rapture of *The Witch of Atlas*, and the tropically beautiful *Sensitive Plant*, the imaginative opulence of which is almost overpowering at first to a northern taste. It was in the summer of the blossoming of *The Sensitive Plant*, 1820, that the poet became so enraptured with Emilia Viviani, the daughter of an Italian count, whose youthful stepmother had relegated her to a convent pension in the suburbs of Pisa, pending the arrival of a suitable husband. To this sylph-like beauty, of uncommon intellect, immured in so romantic a prison, Shelley addressed that mystical romance of platonic love to which he gave the symbolical title of *Epipsychidion*. That the metaphysical portion remains unintelligible to those who have not assimilated the spirit of Plato's *Symposium* and Dante's *Vita Nuova* is indisputable. The incongruity of these ideal elements with the most beautiful and concrete peroration, in which the poet summons his affinity to fly with him to an island in the blue Ægean, described with colours that befit

the home of Prospero and Ariel, is as unquestionably baffling. Shelley partially explains when he disclaims the accents of flesh and blood, and despairs of success in attempting to clothe an eternal quest of an Ideal Love in the likeness of a mortal image. Success was so far attained that English rhymed heroic metre has no more exquisite example to show than the last 200 verses of *Epipsychidion*. The twenty-ninth year of this miracle of thirty summers produced two further blossoms, both of the topmost bough of lyrical poetry: a monody which ranks with *Lycidas*, *In Memoriam*, and *Thyrsis* as one of the greatest in the language—we refer of course to the *Adonais*, in which he laments the death of Keats ("the least imperfect of my compositions"), second to none in artistic harmony and beauty, but abstract and wanting in human sympathy far beyond *Lycidas* itself; and then *Hellas*, an "improvise," as Shelley calls it, though it contains a lyric movement of the loftiest rhythmical invention, and two of the most exquisite lyrics that even Shelley wrote—"Worlds on worlds are rolling ever" and "The world's great age begins anew."

This brings us to the spring of 1822, by which time Shelley had practically completed his poetic work, though it remained in large part unpublished, and he looked upon himself as having failed. The failure of the "enlightened public" to recognise his *Adonais* set the seal to his disappointment. If this could excite no interest, what incentive could he have to write? Only the hope of earning £100 to give away (to Hunt), and even that was denied him. He complains of the impossibility of composing without the excitement of some hope, at least of sympathy—and of this sympathy he had come almost to despair. In private life, too, he had continued to meet with misfortune, and his character still stood blackened and traduced in the eyes of the world. His life with Mary had been a happy one on the whole, but it is plain that he felt a lack of perfect sympathy. A certain coldness was often perceptible, and she was given not infrequently to something like fault-finding with him because of his persistent differences from the world and its ways. Above all, his inveterate tendency to idealise all the women with whom he came in contact and their inevitable tendency to become an adoring choir round the poet obtruded a barrier of almost chronic jealousy between Shelley and his second wife. To Shelley's continued loneliness

under these conditions must be ascribed the deep melancholy of his verses to Mrs. Williams. Unlike his verses in celebration of Jane Clairmont or Emilia Viviani the verses which he wrote to her were kept secret from Mary.

As a lyric poet it seems impossible that Shelley should be surpassed; he has achieved such *tours de force* with metres and rhymes and rhythms that they constitute a standard to themselves—the melody and beauty of diction of such passages as—

"I wield the flail of the lashing hail
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain
And laugh as I pass in thunder";

or—

"All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As when night is bare
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd";

or—

"And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare";

or again—

"Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies
As the flames of sacrifice. . . ."

"The wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray;
And pallid Evening twines its beaming hair
In duskier braids around the languid eyes of Day."

A number, again, of minute gems of lyric verse culminating in such marvels as:

"Music when soft voices die";

or

"Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years."

Phrases such as "olive-sandall'd Apennine," "love's sad satiety," or "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," or antistrophes of such perfectly sustained beauty as that of Asia in *Prometheus Unbound:*

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing. . . ."

The deep sense of the mystery of words, and their lightest variations in the skein of poetry, which had been half-forgotten since Milton's time, had been recovered in a great measure by Coleridge and Wordsworth since 1798; Lamb, too, and Hazlitt, and even Southey and Hunt, to some extent, had shown that they were in the secret, while Keats had its "open sesame" on his lips ere he died. The union of poetic emotion with verbal music of the greatest perfection was increasingly felt to be the intimate aim of poetry. But none of these masters combined these pre-requisites with quite the same effect of spontaneous ease or variety of complex melody which Shelley appeared to attain so wholly without effort. It is, perhaps, this spontaneous harmony which renders his lyric poems so ethereal, so entrancing, and so unapproachable.

Shelley's eye, it has been well said, was a prism to all the radiant colouring of verbal imagery. For teaching a direct moral or lesson in the manner of the rational age, such imagery is not much more helpful than a sketch of Turner's as a means of identifying some familiar site or landscape. But Shelley continually fires a train of idealism in even the most sluggish imagination, and his influence as an *animatore* is scarcely less perceptible in the fine texture of his prose letters than in the more elaborate warp and woof of his lyrical poetry. When Shelley laid hold upon a beautiful idea, he cherished it and clung to it: it became part of his life, and he

passed it again through the prism of his mind. First he would give it utterance in some letter of choice and intimate outpouring to the Gisbornes, to Hunt, or to Peacock, and next we find it interwoven with conceptions of like beauty through the musical stanzas of some exquisite poem. The unity of material, if possible, enhances the value of Shelley's letters. They cannot be divorced from the poems: each is the complement of the other. Reading them together we discover how he idealised and clothed in radiant verse the perceptions and experiences of everyday life; how by the alchemy of his genius he transmuted the substance and matter of his storm-tost, restless, solitary life into a poem. Idealist that he was, he knew no distinction between the common realities of his ordinary life and the higher things that were a part of his poet nature.

During his last four years this most lovable of men was becoming gradually riper, wiser, truer to his highest instincts. The imperfections of his youth were being rapidly absorbed—his character mellowing, his genius growing stronger. Most exquisite of artists in verse, the poetic harp was with him but a means to a religious end. The first obligation to his mind was to fight against the hydra of evil in some endeavour to mitigate the woes of the human race. It is quite possible to conceive that the unrivalled faculties of his maturity might have been devoted to grafting some new religion upon the old stock already in possession of humanity, or even to some political championship of a rectified justice. In the divine gifts of hope and love of humanity he stands alone in the realm of modern art. Unless the doctrine of aristocracy should reassert itself, which seems improbable, he will doubtless be canonised as one of the prime spirits of altruism and slave-emancipation.

Among the primary influences of Shelley's life must be reckoned Landor (whose *Gebir* he studied incessantly) and T. L. Peacock, the constant associate of the epochal summer of 1815. Peacock has left in the pages of *Fraser* a vigorous pastel of Shelley in those early days. In life-likeness this is only surpassed by the early portrait of T. J. Hogg, and the most striking representation of all in the classic pages of E. J. Trelawny (*Recollections of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*).

Walter Savage Landor was born at Warwick on January 30th, 1775 (the year of Charles Lamb's birth). He was the son of an eminently respectable physician at Warwick, who had married into the squirearchy and indulged in that luxury for

a working doctor, a choleric temper, which he duly transmitted to his son. Eldest son by the second heiress his father married, Landor was himself heir to maternal estates at Ipsley Court and Tachbrook, in Warwickshire. He was rusticated first from Rugby and then from Trinity College, Oxford, on absurdly inadequate grounds, but his insubordinate temper really afforded the authorities no choice. His youthful Jacobinism proved more than his father could stomach, and in 1794 he left home, took lodgings in London, and consoled himself, as was his wont, by writing Latin verses. These he published with some English heroics and odes, imitations from Catullus, and a *Latine Scribendi Defensio* early in 1795, under the title of *The Poems of Walter Savage Landor* (Cadell). It was arranged eventually that the young man should have an allowance of £150 a year, and with this he made himself at home in South Wales, chiefly at Tenby and Swansea, where his peregrinations led to his intimacy with Rose Aylmer and the production of his *Gebir*, a blank-verse poem suggested by a so-called Arabian Romance of Clara Reeve, published in 1798. Coleridge, Southey, and De Quincey were among the first of the few who recognised the formal beauty and linear purity of Landor's verse structure. He continued to write verse almost to his last week of life, but he was always better at epigrams and occasional pieces than at more sustained efforts, and he recognised himself that verse was to him the amusement of an amateur, prose was his "study and business." *Gebir* is chiefly remarkable perhaps for the profound way in which the influence of Milton is *felt* throughout it. Milton had already become the idol of Landor's idolatry, and *Paradise Lost* a sacred temple unrivalled in the realms of poetry. South Wales, the home of his Ianthe and Ione, remained his headquarters, but he was also at Bath, Hatton, near Warwick, where he visited Dr. Parr, Brighton, and Oxford, where he went to set on foot the printing of a Latin version of *Gebir*. His father had to sell some property to meet debts which he incurred. The father died at the end of 1805, and Landor, succeeding at thirty to the family estates, set up at Bath with a fine carriage, three horses and two menservants. His dissipations at Bath were interrupted by three months' volunteering with the English force in Galicia, upon the outbreak of a Spanish national resistance to Napoleon at Oviedo, and the experience prompted the tragedy of *Count Julian* (1811),

which De Quincey ranked with Æschylus and Southey with infinite difficulty persuaded Murray to bring out (at the author's expense).

Landor now purchased a considerable estate at Llanthony Abbey, in Monmouthshire, and lavished sixty or seventy thousand pounds, it is said, in developing the estate, building, and planting (importing thousands of cedar cones from Lebanon for this last purpose). His action is always somewhat suggestive of a Caligula reincarnated as a prize-fellow of a small college. In the spring of 1811 he went to a ball in Bath, and seeing a pretty girl, remarked to a friend, "That's the nicest girl in the room, and I'll marry her." He married her accordingly (May, 1811), it is said, "for her wonderful golden hair, and because she was penniless and without accomplishments." It is small reproach to any woman that she did not possess sufficient tact, charm, and intelligence to suit Landor. "He demanded beauty in woman just as imperatively as honesty in man, yet was hardly submissive to its influence." At any rate, Mrs. Landor and the lion were ill-mated. A night came when Landor found himself unable to live with his wife any longer. He got up before daybreak (they were in Jersey), walked across the island, and embarked for France.

After vicissitudes not a few, he settled at Fiesole, in the villa still shown as Landor's. There after some experimenting he hit upon the form of prose dialogue of which he was to become in English a solitary master. The *Imaginary Conversations* belongs as absolutely to Landor as does the imaginary monologue to Browning. In clearness, calmness, and precision the *Conversations* are thoroughly classical and Landorian, but they vary very much between dramatic movement and meditation, inspiration and tedium. Upon the whole they are rarely impersonations of the characters, but rather of Landor, always Landor, whose opinions turn about and change their pace, but always seem to be marking time. Too often they seem "interminable"—very different from his short lyrical fragments which a late generation cherishes as "imperishable." He died at Florence on September 17th, 1864.

"A tall man with grey hair and large fierce-rolling eyes: of the most restless, impetuous vivacity, not to be held in by the most perfect breeding—expressing itself in high-coloured superlatives, indeed in reckless exaggeration; now and then in a hyena laugh, not of sport but of mockery; a wild man whom

no extent of culture has been able to tame! His intellectual faculty seemed to be weak in proportion to the violence of temper; the judgment he gives about anything is more apt to be wrong than right—as the inward whirlwind shows him this side or the other of the object; and *sides* of an object are all he sees. He is not an original man; in most cases one but sighs over the spectacle of commonplace torn to rags." So Carlyle writes of Landor with his diabolic force of insight, though here, as Mr. Robertson points out, the projectile recoils with a truly deadly force upon the hand that launched it.

More justly than Landor even may Thomas Love Peacock be defined as an *evadé romantique*. A London merchant's son, born October 18th, 1785, at Weymouth, Tom was always a favourite of his maternal grandfather, Captain Love, and of his excellent schoolmaster at Englefield Green. A natural scholar, apt at language, with a most retentive memory, and a bright, curly head, he was a universal favourite. Wandering about in his favourite scenery of the Thames and North Wales, his life was almost as aimless as that of one of his heroes, until, at the age of twenty-seven, he met Shelley on his favourite river, and Shelley, in the process of fabricating *Alastor*, taught him by demonstration that he, Peacock, was not a true poet. His Hippocrene flows as witty as it is clear in a few of those delightful songs which irradiate his novels, but it is the novels or conversation-pieces, with a thread of light, live fiction running through them, that make Peacock the unique personality he is in our literature. Peacock was not, primarily, a student of characters, but rather of humours, as they fly in the comedy of Aristophanes, Jonson, Molière, Congreve, and Sheridan. He loved high comedy himself (he took the reluctant Shelley once to see *The School for Scandal*), and he threw his satirical observations upon life into its mould. His favourite convention was a kind of Tournament of Cranks, as in *Headlong Hall, Melincourt* (1817), *Nightmare Abbey* (1819), the inimitable *Crotchet Castle* (1831), and *Gryll Grange* (1860), with occasional excursions into a kind of fantastic mediæval pantomime or burlesque, interspersed with exquisite descriptions and songs, in *Maid Marian* (1822) and *The Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829). In 1856 Peacock, who in one phase of his early life had depended on Shelley's bounty, retired from a distinguished term (thirty-six years) of service at the India House, and settled in retirement at Halliford, on

his beloved Thames, a crusted hedonist and most optimistic Tory, hating with equal fervour radicals, economists, Scots, Americans, railway travellers and telegraphists. His critical range was certainly narrow and his intellectual temper not a little irritable. Thus his attacks on Coleridge (Flosky) and Southey (Sackbut) or the *Edinburgh* reviewers make little pretence to fairness. But, even where least fair, his ridicule has an extraordinary modern ring about it, as where, for instance, he says that if you put the nonsense talked about education in one scale of the balance and all other nonsense in the other, this last will kick the beam. The fact is that Peacock's wit was of a very high order and that he was prepared to make the usual sacrifices to it. Pagan though he was, he identified himself mainly with those shameless but delightful epicures who do the clerical duty in his novels, Dr. Folliott and Dr. Opimian. Robert Buchanan, the ballad-writer, remembered him well—a stately old gentleman with hair as white as snow, a keen merry eye and a characteristic chin. His dress was plain black, with white neckcloth and low shoes, and on his head he wore a plaited straw hat. One glance at him was enough to reveal his character, that of his own delightful Dr. Opimian. His tastes, in fact, were four: a good library, a good dinner, a pleasant garden, and rural walks. His influence has been considerable on literary writers, and no prose writer of his time, and no constructor of dialogues, has ever surpassed him either in the sparkling vivacity or almost faultless brilliance of his prose style. He died at Halliford in 1866.

Peacock committed his recollections of Shelley to two papers in his favourite *Fraser* (June, 1858, and January, 1860). The *Recollections* of E. J. Trelawny make an even more striking record of the last days of Shelley and Byron, rich in romantic glimpses and impressions: not perhaps quite fair to Byron or to Mary Shelley (against both of whom he nourished grievances), but showing genuine insight into the sprite-like disposition of Bysshe. Trelawny's other books are of no value. He lived on, a scowling, masterful old man (the original of the harsh-visaged mariner in Millais's "North-west Passage," a figure that challenges comparison with Whistler's "Carlyle"), and died in the same year with two kindred spirits, Thomas Carlyle and George Borrow, in 1881.

The vast and growing fabric of Shelley literature is based

upon the following foundation: Mrs. Shelley's Prefaces and Notes to the *Poems* of 1824 and 1839: Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries* (1828, *Autobiography*); T. J. Hogg's article on "Shelley" in *The New Monthly Magazine* (1832, reissued 1858); Medwin's *Life of Shelley* (1847); Middleton's *Shelley and his Writings* (1858); Trelawny's *Recollections* * (1858 and 1878); T. L. Peacock's Memoirs in *Fraser* (1858 and 1860); *Shelley Memorials*, ed. Lady Shelley (1862); Garnet's *Relics of Shelley* (1862); W. M. Rossetti's *Memoir* (1870 and 1885). To which may be added the biographical and critical studies of M'Carthy, Jeaffreson, Rabbe, W. Graham, Biagi (*Last Days*), H. S. Salt (*Shelley Primer*), Edgar, Richter, Chevrillon (*Nature Study*), Stopford Brooke, J. M. Robertson, A. A. Jack, and, above all, the elaborate Biography of Professor Dowden, 2 vols., 1886 (see *Quarterly Review*, April, 1887, and Dowden's answer, *Athenæum*, May 14th, 1887). The best editions of Shelley's *Poems* are W. M. Rossetti's, 3 vols. (1870 and 1878); Forman's (2 vols., 1882, and 5 vols. 1892); Clarendon Press * (1904 and 1905). Colvin's *Selections from Landor* in the Golden Treasury Series (1882), is notable for its discussion of the distinction in meaning between Classic and Romantic. For Landor, see also Lord Houghton, Swinburne (*Miscellanies*), and Lowell (*Latest Essays*, 1891).

CHAPTER IX

JOHN KEATS

"I weep for Adonais—he is dead."—SHELLEY.

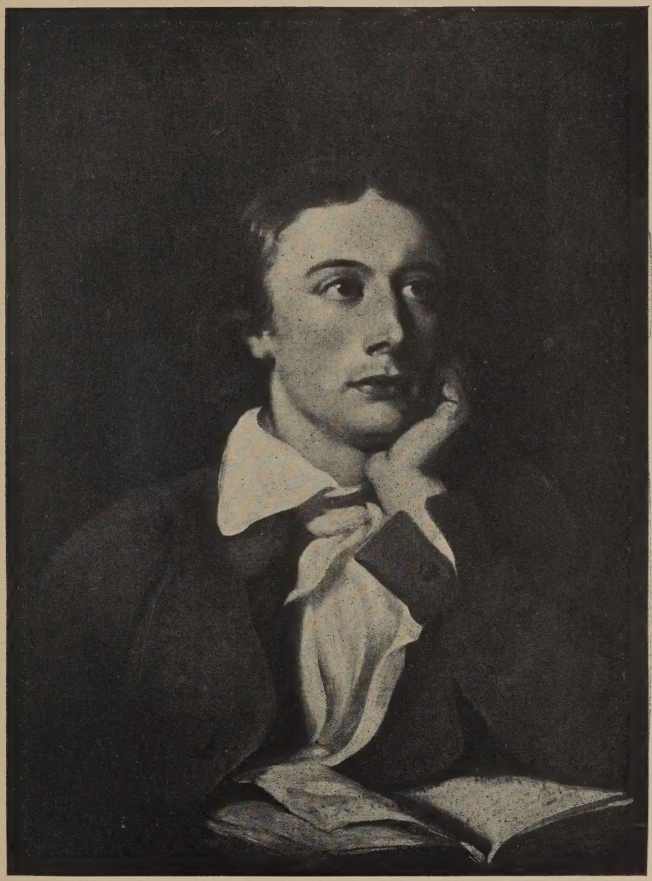
"From the height to which the genius of Keats arose during the brief period between its first effervescence and its exhaustion—from the glowing humanity of his own nature and the completeness with which, by the testimony alike of his own consciousness and his friends' experience, he was accustomed to live in the lives of others—from the gleams of true greatness of mind which shine not only in his poetry, but equally amid the gossip and pleasantry of his family letters—from all our evidences, in a word, as to what he was as well as from what he did, I think it probable that by power, as well as by temperament and by aim, he was the most Shakespearean spirit that has lived since Shakespeare: the true Marcellus, as his first biographer has called him, of the realm of English song; and that in his premature death our literature has sustained its greatest loss."—COLVIN'S *Keats.*

Æsthetic philosophy—John Keats—School and surgery—First poems—*Endymion* and the reviewers—*La Belle Dame sans Merci*—Hellenic and romantic influence—The great odes—Beauty is truth.

THAT philosophy, or artistic faith, which is commonly called *æsthetic,* and has for its fundamental axiom, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," might well have found its source in the teachings of William Blake. It is, however from the youngest of the poets of the Romantic Revival (Tennyson, Hood, Rossetti, Morris cannot be said to belong to a *revival* stage of Romanticism) that nineteenth-century æstheticism really sprang. "Keats, as a writer . . . was more intensely and exclusively poetical than any other," said "Barry Cornwall"; and, indeed, the

distinguishing trait in Keats, among the other poets of the Romantic Revival, is that he was the most exclusively —one hesitates to add *intensely*—a poet of them all; that, in the main, he essayed neither to enforce lessons nor to satirise, neither to inculcate, incidentally or otherwise, religion and morals, nor to further liberty. Holding that beauty and truth are in some way interdependent, and desirable for their own sakes, Keats wrote above all to create things of beauty, which might console by reason of their beauty, and because he "could not exist without . . . eternal poetry." Right or wrong, some such ideal forms a phase which in the arts is continually on the rise or wane; and there is no doubt but it entered into the inspiration of all the Romantic Revivalists. The historical position of Keats is that he carried the ideal farthest, held it most consciously, and acted upon it most whole-heartedly; that he "travell'd in the realms of gold" with fewest impedimenta.

Equally noteworthy is his independence of such powerful contemporaries as the Lake Poets, and Shelley and Byron, all of whom were writing before Keats began his poetical career. The reviewers treated him as a *protégé* of Leigh Hunt's, as a member of the "Cockney School." It was Leigh Hunt, above all, who stimulated and confirmed his desire to become a poet, excited his interest in Dante and the Italian poets by what the "Ebony" wits called "the smutty poem of *Rimini*," provided him with the necessary poetical *milieu*, praised his poems in *The Examiner*, and set a mark on much of his early work. So far Keats can be included in the Cockney School; he certainly was not what Byron called him, "a tadpole of the Lakes." But he cannot properly be assigned to any school of his time; for even Leigh Hunt's poetical influence was unfruitful compared with his literary guidance in introducing the young poet to the older English and Italian writers—and,



FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLAM HILTON, R.A.

JOHN KEATS

consequently, in exposing him to *their* influences. Far more than by any contemporary, and with singular directness, Keats was influenced by the *Æneid* and by other classics in translation; by the suggestions of a Classical Dictionary; by Spenser, Chatterton, Shakespeare, and Milton—these four especially; by Chaucer, Dryden, Coleridge, and Dante. Thus, he was descended from many great forerunners rather than held a place in any single line of descent; and it is truest to say that his poetic school is the one which he himself founded and at the head of which he stands.

John Keats, born at the Swan and Hoop Livery Stables, Finsbury, on October 31st, 1795, was the eldest son of Thomas Keats, a young West-Countryman who had found his way to the Swan and Hoop, and who may be said to have made his fortune in London, since he married his master's daughter, Frances Jennings, and became manager of his master's stables. In 1804, when the family had been increased by the births of George, Tom, and Fanny, Thomas Keats was killed by the fall of his horse in the City Road. The year before John Keats and his brother George had been sent to school at Enfield (kept by Cowden Clarke's father), where John's "pugnacity and generosity of disposition—in passions of tears or outrageous fits of laughter"—his "extraordinary vivacity and personal beauty," his daring and freedom from any kind of meanness, made a popular boy of the future poet. But in this high-spirited schoolboy, with a "terrier courage" and delight in fighting, there developed with remarkable suddenness an equal or greater delight in reading. He read even at meals, we are told; and gained prizes for voluntary work—Latin and French translation.

He must in those last months have exhausted the school library. . . . The books, however, that were his constantly re-

current sources of attraction were Tooke's *Pantheon*, Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*, which he appeared to *learn*, and Spence's *Polymetis*. This was the store whence he acquired his intimacy with the Greek mythology; here was he "suckled in that creed outworn"; for his amount of classical attainment extended no farther than the *Æneid*. . . . In my mind's eye I now see him at supper (we had our meals in the schoolroom) sitting back on the form, from the table, holding the folio volume of Burnet's *History of his Own Time* between himself and the table, eating his meal from beyond it.—COWDEN CLARKE.

His poetic life began, indeed, at the time when he found his way into the world of books, and had the opportunity of reading his schoolmaster's copies of Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*. Towards the end of his school-days, the death of his mother, who had long been ailing and whom he had nursed with a woman's care, filled him with grief. Later in the same year (1810) he left school to be apprenticed to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon of Edmonton. Much, or probably most, of his time was still occupied by reading, for his work must have been light, and books of poetry are not less portable than books about medicine. In 1814, Cowden Clarke, whom he still visited at Enfield, lent him a copy of *The Faerie Queene*, and "he went through it like a young horse turned into a spring meadow—ramping"; and it must have been soon afterwards that he wrote his first known poem, *The Imitation of Spenser*, which though not particularly good either as poetry or as an imitation, has yet a decided foretaste of the luxuriant imagery characteristic of Keats. After a quarrel with Hammond, the apprenticeship was brought to an end, and in 1814 Keats took lodgings in the Borough—"a beastly place in dirt, turnings and windings"—for the purpose of studying at Guy's Hospital. Through Cowden Clarke he came, during the spring of 1816, to know Leigh Hunt, who afterwards wrote:

We became intimate on the spot, and I found the young poet's heart as warm as his imagination. We read and walked together, and used to write verses of an evening upon a given subject. No imaginative pleasure was left unnoticed by us, or unenjoyed; from the recollection of the bards and patriots of old, to the luxury of a summer rain at our window, or the clicking of the coal in winter-time.

A sonnet, interesting as showing the trend of the young poet's thoughts, and the first poem of his to be published, appeared in *The Examiner* of May 5th, 1816:

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep—
Nature's observatory. . . .

So far Keats had persisted in the study of medicine, in which he was not unsuccessful, though we may well believe that his whole enthusiasm was claimed by poetry. This year, however, the amateur of poetry became the poet, was accepted as such by his increasing circle of friends, and wrote that sonnet, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer,* which, said Leigh Hunt, "terminates with so energetic a calmness, and which completely announced the new poet taking possession." Later in the same year, at Leigh Hunt's, he met Haydon,[1] the painter of huge historical canvases, who "was amazingly interested by his prematurity of intellectual and poetical power," and who, whatever may have been his impetuous faults, had truly what Keats called "a jealousy for good." No one could better have fostered and quickened the ideals of the poet. It must have been about this time that Keats wrote *Sleep and Poetry,* containing his early poetic faith and his passionate repudiation (including that depreciation of Pope

[1] For an excellent account of Haydon and his *Autobiography,* see George Paston's *Sidelights.*

which so angered Byron) of the eighteenth-century *ars poetica*:

> Yes, a schism
> Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,
> Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
> Men were thought wise who could not understand
> His glories: with a puling infant's force
> They sway'd about upon a rocking horse,
> And thought it Pegasus. Ah, dismal soul'd!
> The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
> Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
> Bar'd its eternal bosom, and the dew
> Of summer nights collected still to make
> The morning precious: beauty was awake!
> Why were ye not awake? . . .
> —No, they went about,
> Holding a poor, decrepit standard out
> Mark'd with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
> The name of one Boileau!

In March, 1817, was published the little volume, "*Poems,* by John Keats," dedicated to Leigh Hunt. Hunt reviewed it in *The Examiner* with a rare union of perspective, critical judgment, and friendly appreciation; with a foreknowledge, be it said, that intimate acquaintance with Keats, rather than the poems themselves, must have given him. Epistles and poems "To" various people predominate. The rich vocabulary and overflowing fancy of Keats are evident; but artistic control and the higher imaginative powers are somewhat wanting; whilst philosophy and deep humanity are for the most part aspirations only. With the exception of the sonnet, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer,* the substantive value of the book is inconsiderable. Regarded, however, in reference to later work, its value is great. No poet has more definitely stated his aims at the outset of his career. In *Sleep and Poetry,* which, besides being the finest of the longer poems, is, in effect, a summary of the rest, Keats

takes up his position; shows what manner of man he is, his loves, hates, hopes, and ideals. "Here is a young poet giving himself up to his own impressions and revelling in real poetry for its own sake," said Leigh Hunt. That, exactly, is the spectacle which the young poet provides. The result was to come.

In April, 1817, Keats declined (for the sake of poetic independence) an invitation from Shelley, and, following the advice of his brothers and Haydon, retired to the Isle of Wight to be "alone to improve himself," to write a poem on Endymion, and for the preservation of "true Jack Health." But unwholesome food and the loneliness of the place overcame him. "By this means, in a week or so," he told Leigh Hunt, "I became not over-capable in my upper stories, and set off pell-mell for Margate." There, and at Canterbury, he had with him his brother Tom, whose health was failing. At the beginning of the summer he returned to London and took lodgings at Well Walk, Hampstead. John Hamilton Reynolds introduced him to Charles Armitage Brown, who was to prove a good friend, and to Benjamin Bailey, with whom Keats stayed at Oxford during the long vacation of 1817. All along, in spite of Tom's health and harassing money troubles, Keats continued to work on *Endymion*; at Oxford, according to Bailey, his speed of composition was regularly about fifty lines a day. He returned to Hampstead in May, the month after the publication of *Endymion: A Poetic Romance,* "the stretched metre of an antique song," inscribed to the memory of Thomas Chatterton. *Isabella, or The Pot of Basil,* begun early in the year—the first and last of Keats's contributions to a projected series of poetical tales after Boccaccio[1]—was finished in April. George

[1] It is interesting to contrast Dryden's treatment of similar tales. The difference of tone is as great as that between *ottava rima* and heroic couplet.

Keats, before emigrating to America, was about to marry Georgiana Augusta Wylie—the object also of John's chivalrous admiration at a time when he had "a tendency to class women . . . with roses and sweetmeats." Keats and Brown saw them off from Liverpool in June, and then proceeded on a walking tour through the Lakes and Scotland, with a short expedition to the north-east of Ireland. But bad food, mainly consisting of unpalatable oat-cakes, smoky cottages, fatigue, and exposure, so weakened Keats that a cold caught in the Isle of Mull developed into an ulcerated throat. In August he returned to London by boat, quite unfit to meet the sorry state of affairs at home. The Cockney School article had appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine,* and—far sadder for Keats—his brother Tom was dying. Next month, moreover, *The Quarterly Review* added its cavilling critique to the ridicule of *Blackwood's.* These reviews were prosy, rancorous, and partisan to a degree fortunately rare, even among the battues of young poets to which the quarterlies have periodically treated their subscribers: they show us Lockhart and Croker at their very worst.

It is as well, however, to be fair to the reviewers. Keats in the published preface to *Endymion,* said that the reader "must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished." *The Quarterly* took him at his word, yet not without observing "a certain degree of talent which deserves to be put in the right way." It accused him of allowing his thoughts to be suggested by the rhymes, and with some amount of reason. Keats was not "snuffed out by an article," though he may, indeed, have been incited thereby to a strenuousness greater than his health could support. "My own domestic criticism," he wrote to his publisher, "has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood* or *The Quarterly* could possibly

FROM THE PAINTING BY HOLMAN HUNT

ISABELLA, OR THE POT OF BASIL

"Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet" *Keats*

inflict. . . . 'J. S.' [who anonymously protested against *The Quarterly* in a letter to *The Morning Chronicle*] is perfectly right in regard to the slip-shod *Endymion*." The upshot of the matter is, not that the reviewers were altogether wrong, but that, from political animus, they condemned excessively. The story is, in fact, so overlain with scenes of luscious beauty that it becomes well-nigh indistinguishable. Though the poem contains pieces of exceptional loveliness, like the *Hymn to Pan* that Wordsworth, somewhat superciliously, called "a pretty piece of paganism," it has on the whole a monotony of beauty, an over-plus of sweet sentiment *et præterea nihil*. One may lie for a very long time on a bank in some lovely sylvan spot, calmed by the hum of the insects in general; but at length it is more than likely that the best part of one's attention will be devoted to mosquitoes. So it is with the 4,050 lines of *Endymion*. The useless archaisms and neologisms, the prettinesses and frequent lapses from the key become too evident. "In *Endymion* I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby became better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice," wrote Keats; and therein lies the importance of the poem, which is, in fine, less an achievement than a revolt, a worthy attempt of very great promise.

In October, 1818, Keats wrote to his brother and sister-in-law:

> I shall in a short time write to you, as far as I know, how I intend to pass my Life—I cannot think of these things now, Tom is so unwell and weak. Notwithstanding your Happiness and your recommendation, I hope I shall never marry. Though the most beautiful Creature were waiting for me at the end of a Journey or a Walk; though the Carpet were of Silk, the Curtains of the morning Clouds . . . I should not

feel—or rather, my Happiness would not be so fine, as my Solitude is sublime. . . . The roaring of the wind is my wife, and the Stars through the windowpane are my Children. . . . These things, combined with the opinion I have of the generality of women—who appear to me as children, to whom I would rather give a sugar Plum than my time, form a barrier against Matrimony which I rejoice in.

In December Tom Keats died, and John, unnerved by watching and grief, went to live with Charles Armitage Brown. About the end of the year (1818), writing again to America, he said:

Mrs. Brawne, who took Brown's house for the Summer, still resides in Hampstead—she is a very nice woman—and her daughter senior is, I think, beautiful and elegant, graceful, silly, fashionable, and strange—we have a little tiff now and then—and she behaves a little better, or I must have sheered off.

In the same letter he gives a merciless analysis of Miss Brawne's charms, and adds: "But she is ignorant—monstrous in her behaviour, flying out in all directions, calling people such names—that I was forced lately to make use of the term *Minx*. . . ." In spite of this, however, he was at the beginning of July, 1819, writing to Fanny Brawne:

I have never known any unalloy'd Happiness for many days together: the death or sickness of some one has always spoilt my hours—and now when none such troubles oppress me, it is, you must confess, very hard that another sort of pain should haunt me. Ask yourself, my love, whether you are not very cruel to have so entrammelled me, so destroyed my freedom. . . . Though I could centre my Happiness in you, I cannot expect to engross your heart so entirely. . . . I must live upon hope and Chance.

A painful and disastrous love it was that began thus. As time went on, the state of Keat's health gave him small

reason for hope; and chance did not intervene. One cannot help thinking, too, that in Fanny Brawne he tried to find a substitute for his dead brother, who, on the authority of George Keats, understood him better than any one else, and that she disappointed him. Whose ever the fault, she was truly to him La Belle Dame sans Merci. It is possible, indeed, that the Knight in *La Belle Dame sans Merci* —written about the time when the intoxication of his love was overcoming his resistance—*is* Keats; that the poem is autobiographical—and prophetic! His passion was consuming in its power, savage even in its intensity, but daily as his desire grew, so its fulfilment receded. Hence the rapture and misery, jealousy and humility, to be found in his letters; and hence cries like the *Sonnet to Fanny Brawne*—a poem hysterical enough as it stands, and imperfect, yet no less than tragic as painting the despair of a mind distracted by powerful opponent forces, and as the wild expression of a spirit become, through the enmity of Fate, "a fever of itself."

During the whole of 1819 Keats was declining in health, happy only at times, and tormented by his almost hopeless passion for Fanny Brawne; in February, 1820, an attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs warned him of the approach of death. It was nevertheless, mainly during 1819 that he wrote that small quantity of poetry—the volume of 1820, and a few posthumously published poems like *La Belle Dame sans Merci* and the *Ode on Indolence*—which forms the "famous gradus" he desired, "ad Parnassum altissimum." The same year at Shanklin he wrote, in collaboration with Brown, a tragedy in five acts, *Otho the Great,* and began a play on the subject of King Stephen. But though *Otho* has a beauty of versification and a dramatic power sufficient for a first attempt, Keats was equally denied seeing Macready as Ludolph and the "writing of a few fine plays—his greatest ambition—when he did

feel ambitious." Two fragments written at the end of 1819, the recast of *Hyperion* (as *The Fall of Hyperion: A Dream*) and *The Cap and Bells,* a curious satire having the flippancy, without the wit, of *Don Juan,* only too surely evince the decline of his art. The record of 1820 is mostly concerned with Fanny Brawne, and with the vacillating hopes that are proverbially characteristic of consumptives. In July Keats wrote to his sister: "My Physician tells me I must contrive to pass the Winter in Italy"; in August, to Taylor: "This journey to Italy wakes me at daylight every morning and haunts me horribly. I shall endeavour to go through with it, though it be with the sensation of marching up against a battery." Another invitation from Shelley (to go to Pisa) was refused. On September 18th, accompanied by Joseph Severn, the painter, he set out from the Thames, and after a distressing passage, due to head winds in the Channel and a gale in the Bay of Biscay, reached Naples at the beginning of October. For a time before embarking he had been unable to bear the sight of Fanny Brawne. He wrote off the Isle of Wight:

> The thought of leaving Miss Brawne is beyond everything horrible—the sense of darkness coming over me—I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing. Some of the phrases she was in the habit of using during my last nursing at Wentworth Place ring in my ears. Is there another life? Shall I awake and find this all a dream? There must be; we cannot be created for this sort of suffering. . . .

In November he moved from Naples to the Piazza di Espagna in Rome, and sank there during three months, tenderly nursed by Severn. "I feel the flowers growing over me," he more than once said to the doctor, and proposed as his epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." On February 23rd, 1821, Keats died at

Rome, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery near the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, where the remains of Shelley, his elegist in *Adonais,* were also laid.

The lachrymose illusion, traceable in the main to Shelley and Byron, that Keats was directly killed by the reviewers, is now pretty well extinguished. He owned, himself, to "a horrid morbidity of temperament," an excessive sensibility; yet it is probable that a stronger body might adequately have supported what was *for him* too great an activity of mind and senses; that it was his constitution, rather than his temperament, which was tainted with the fatal morbidity. However much the throes of imaginative creation, his inattention to health until it was too late, unhappiness, and thwarted passion may have predisposed him for disease or have hastened his decline; there is no doubt that the only direct cause of his early death was an inherited and possibly inevitable consumption. A sage, if paradoxical, observation on the poetical, and his own, character is to be found in one of Keats's letters:

> As to the poetical character itself (I mean that sort, of which, if I am anything, I am a member; that sort distinguished from the Wordsworthian, or egotistical Sublime; which is a thing *per se,* and stands alone), it is not itself—it has no self—it is everything and nothing; it has no character —it enjoys light and shade; it lives in gusto, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated. It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen.

Since all the several facets of Keats's character are to be seen only in his poems and letters, the latter very incomplete till recently; and since, of course, his character has been reshaped and redecorated to fit a variety of ethical codes, many of them too simple for a much less complex microcosm; for these reasons, most diverse judgments on,

and apologies for, Keats have succeeded in showing cause for their existence. Against effeminacies and swooning luxuriousness we may set the brotherly care in his letters to his sister; against his depressions when he spoke so unreservedly, his steady and long-continued effort to be cheerful, his amusing nonsense-poems. He may over-much have wrapped himself in his own imaginings, yet said Reynolds, "He was the sincerest friend, the most lovable associate, the deepest listener to the griefs and distress of all around him. . . ." The undeviating nature of his poetic enthusiasm, the intensity of his love for Fanny Brawne—"Upon my soul, I have loved you to the extreme"—are unquestionable. We may conceive his character as made up of many strata, some good, some bad, all fascinating. The bed-rock of a man's character is likely to be reached when he is *in extremis;* and on reading Keats's words—

> Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come—

one cannot but feel that he was essentially brave and manly. Nay, his effeminacies are often such only in expression, and his frequent regrets are virile in their force. Once more we have evidence that, be genius ever so wayward, there is always, whether or no it is plainly apparent, a greatness of spirit somewhere below the waywardness.

THE extraordinary unfolding of Keats's art, which, after the volume of 1817 and *Endymion,* could produce that wonderful blossom of 1820 (the Odes, *Lamia, Isabella, or The Pot of Basil, The Eve of St. Agnes, Hyperion,* etc.), has often been remarked on, but has never been explained, nor, perhaps, ever can be. When natural development, the study of Dryden which chastened *Lamia,* and the Miltonic largeness and sonorousness of *Hyperion,* have each been taken into account, there still remains a giving of *life* to what previously was but

Greek lore, and the interfusion of Greek, mediæval, Elizabethan, and modern influences to produce wholly original poetry of a very high order. The earlier poems of Keats show a revel of sensuous feeling; felicity of language is too much mingled with infelicity, vagueness, redundancies, and errors of tone; the myth of *Endymion* is treated in a manner far more Elizabethan in its poetic licence than Greek. Keats was a master of the Classical Dictionary. He had classical allusions ever ready, but up to 1819 he had not succeeded in vivifying his lore. However we may seek to define Greek art (in addition to its obvious qualities of precision and clarity, we may perhaps say roughly that it has a certain stillness charged with emotion, that it is statuesque with movement powerfully suggested), it is indubitable that the Greek spirit is present in Keats's interpretation of the figures on a Grecian urn, in his resurrection, so to speak, of the goddess Psyche, and in *Lamia* and *Hyperion*. So learned a Grecian as De Quincey, who accused Keats of "trampling upon his mother-tongue as with the hoofs of a buffalo," and said that *Endymion* exhibits "the very midsummer madness of affectation, of false vapoury sentiment, and of fantastic effeminacy," called *Hyperion* "imperishable" and ascribed to it "the majesty, the austere beauty, and the simplicity of a Grecian temple enriched with Grecian sculpture." By what miracle, then, did Keats give life to his Classical Dictionary? Possibly the Elgin Marbles, by which he was profoundly impressed in 1817 (cf. the *Sonnet on seeing the Elgin Marbles*), taught him something of the Greek treatment of life and enabled him to look at certain forms as the Greek sculptors looked at them. Beyond this there is no explanation of what must be accounted a triumph of intuition or of sheer genius.

It is difficult to say which, on the whole, is the finest of the three great examples of Keatsian mediævalism—never excelled by any of the nineteenth-century mediævalists—*The Pot of Basil*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, or *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. Certain, however, it is that the famous *Eve of St. Agnes*, for all its marvellous visualisation, luxury of colouring, and beauty of language, has nothing to compare with the two stanzas of *The Pot of Basil* beginning "O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!" The delicate, plaintive fugal music of the former stanza—one can hear the clinging whisper of muted violins, the heartrending simplicity and pathos of the latter. There

is nothing like this in *The Eve of St. Agnes*.[1] Nevertheless, the much shorter *La Belle Dame sans Merci* is, perhaps, the finest of the three, the summit of Keats's mediævalism, and possibly his greatest poem. Maybe *The Eve of St. Agnes* and *The Pot of Basil* are overloaded; they have an elusive defect which one may, perhaps, call *over-decorativeness*. From this *La Belle Dame* is free. The ballad may be autobiographical (cf. p. 1053), and, if so, that may be the reason why, in a mediæval setting, there is a wideness of suggestion and a subtle poignancy which belong to no period, and are not usually found except when a poet is writing of emotions aroused by his own time and in the manner of his age.

The peroration of Matthew Arnold's *Essay in Criticism* is often quoted: "No one else in English poetry, save Shakespeare, has in expression quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness. 'I think,' he said humbly, 'I shall be among the English poets after my death.' He is; he is with Shakespeare." A juster impression is likely to be obtained from a previous sentence of the same *Essay*: "Keats accomplished so much in poetry, that in one of the two great modes by which poetry interprets, in the faculty of naturalistic interpretation in what we call natural magic, he ranks with Shakespeare." For the most part, it is precisely upon

[1] Certain resemblances to *Christabel* are outweighed by dissimilarities. "Coleridge's art is temperate and suggestive; spiritual too with an unequalled power of haunting the mind with a sense of ghostly presence. In his scene the touches are light and few; all is hurried, mysterious, shadowy. But Keats was a word-painter, his treatment more sensuous than Coleridge's and fuller of imagery. He lingers over the figure of the maiden disrobing, and over the furnishings of her room. The architectural details are there for their own sake—as pictures; the sculptured dead in the chapel, the footworn stones, the cobwebbed arches, broad hall pillar, and dusky galleries; the little moonlight room, pale, latticed, chill; the chain-drooped lamp." The story—of a lover who, being at feud with his mistress's clan, ventures into his foemen's castle while a revel is toward, is guided by the nurse to his lady's bower and carries her off—is almost too slight for its descriptive mantle "rough with germs of gold" (cf. *English Romanticism*, Beers).

this naturalistic interpretation, and not upon a higher and more spiritual interpretation, that Keats lavished his "perfection of loveliness" in diction and fancy. His limitation—backsliding, one is inclined to say—is described by himself in the last stanza of the *Ode to Psyche:*

"Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branchèd thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;

"And in the midst of this wild quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign.
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!"

It cannot but be disappointing in the poet who wrote *Hyperion* and those Odes, supreme in their kind, *To Autumn* ("perhaps the most *perfect* poem in the language"), *To a Nightingale, On a Grecian Urn,* that he should so much and willingly have stayed in and have expended his gifts on "the rosy sanctuary," when his genius had power over the pines, the dark-cluster'd trees, and over the steeps of the wild-ridged mountains.

Two important aspects of Keats's thought are to be found most fully expressed in his letters: "What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth—whether it exists before or not—for I have the same idea of all our passions as of Love: for they are all, in their sublime creative force, of essential Beauty. In a Word, you may know my favourite speculation. . . ."

Apart from his esthetic theory and view of pain, Keats's

philosophy, his "criticism of life," was deeply pessimistic. In truths he sought consolations. The emotional power of *Hyperion* is in its vast regrets. There are two classes of men: those who have an ineradicable *joie de vivre*, and those who, not having the *joie de vivre*, yet find *des joies immenses dans la vie—et des douleurs*. Keats was of the latter class, and is pre-eminently its poet. He found that the *douleurs* outweighed, or were the end of, the *joies*. Witness the beautiful and profound *Ode on Melancholy*. Deep though it be, this poem is not the end of philosophy as regards beauty, joy, and melancholy. There are ample signs that Keats would have outgrown this had he lived; that as his insight would have become more penetrating and spiritual, so he would have struck a different balance between *les joies et les douleurs*. His poetry gave a new beauty to the language, but it is this potential Keats, as well as his actual achievement, which did so much to establish the Romantic Revival, and which have made a young man, who died aged twenty-five, not only one of the great English poets, but one of the chief influences in subsequent English poetry.

There is an admirable edition of Keats, ed. Buxton Forman, in five small shilling volumes (Gowans & Gray, 1900-1*); the original edition by Forman in 4 vols., 1883; the Hampstead edition (1902); edited by E. de Sélincourt (1905 and 1906). The official Life is that of Monckton-Milnes, Lord Houghton (1848), reinforced critically by Sidney Colvin's *Keats* (English Men of Letters) and Colvin's edition of the *Letters* (1891); F. M. Owen's *Study of Keats* (1880); and the essays of Arnold, Swinburne, W. H. Hudson, and Robert Bridges. See also Mr. Buxton Forman's essay in *The Bookman*, October, 1906. Both in this chapter and in the section on De Quincey the writers are much indebted for valuable help and independent study to Mr. Stephen Reynolds, and also for much aid in revision in Book VI. from Mr. Harold Spencer Scott, Mr. H. Davey, Mr. R. Ingpen, and others.

CHAPTER X

THE COCKNEY SCHOOL: LEIGH HUNT AND TOM HOOD—QUARTERLY REVIEWS AND MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

I

"Wit, poet, proseman, partyman, translator,
Hunt, thy best title yet is *Indicator*."—CHARLES LAMB.

"Though Melancholy would seem to have touched thy heart with her painful, salutary hand, yet is thy fancy mercurial, undepressed, and sparkles and crackles more from the contact —as the northern lights when they near the frozen pole."—T. G. WAINEWRIGHT on Tom Hood.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT was born at Southgate, Middlesex, on October 19th, 1784. His mother was a refined and sensitive woman of Quaker extraction; his father, a decayed planter of Barbados, was an eloquent, somewhat theatrical and extremely feckless metropolitan preacher. Hunt entered Christ's Hospital immediately after Lamb and Coleridge had quitted it; and there, despite the rigours of the curriculum, he wrote a large quantity of imitative verse between the ages of twelve and sixteen, imitated from Spenser, Thomson, Collins, and Gray, eked out with the aid of Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*. He never became a Grecian, and his continuation schools were the London bookstalls, where he devoured all the poetry he could come across. His first volume of verse was published by his father in 1801, and in 1804 he was already writing essays for *The Traveller*. The next year found him theatrical critic, and one with amazing dash and assur-

ance, to the recently started *News* of his elder brother John; and in 1807 he brought out five small volumes of classic tales, selected from Johnson, Voltaire, Marmontel, and others, with critical essays by the editor. After a short time as a clerk in the War Office, he was soon drawn off again to his proper sphere of literary journalism in his brother's new weekly, *The Examiner*. Some of Hunt's essays of this period enjoyed the honour of association with stronger work by William Hazlitt in a reprint of 1817, called *The Round Table*. But the independence of *The Examiner* gained many enemies, and its animation was nearly suspended, when in 1812 it ventured upon a candid delineation of the Regent as a fat Adonis of fifty, sunk in sensuality and libertinism.

In February, 1813, the brothers were sentenced to two years' imprisonment for this grave political offence, and Leigh Hunt, as the mild and invalid poet of the Surrey gaol, became a popular hero among all the literary leaders of the Radical party. The great Bentham himself came and visited him in prison, played a game of shuttlecock with him, and with incomparable lucidity sketched a *reform* in the manufacture of battledore handles.

After coming out of prison Hunt migrated from the Edgware Road to Hampstead, where he first got to know Keats, and introduced him to Shelley. *The Examiner* was continued as a Sunday paper more on literary than on political lines, and by its praise and championship of Shelley, Keats, "Corney" Webb, Hazlitt (the "Cockney Aristotle"), and Haydon (the "Cockney Raphael") constituted the coterie which, under the persecution of *Blackwood's*, in 1817 became known as the "Cockney school" in English poetry. In 1816 Hunt brought out his chief narrative poem, *The Story of Rimini*, based upon the love story of *Paolo and Francesca*, as outlined in Dante. Two years later appeared more original and translated poems

in *Foliage*; while during 1819-20 many of his best essays first saw the light in a new weekly venture, *The Indicator*, and he was simultaneously occupied in a metrical version of the favourite *Amyntas* of Tasso.

The two chief orbits in which Hunt's discursive, highly amusing, and most characteristic *Autobiography* revolves are, first, his imprisonment, and the acquaintanceships that sprang out of it; and, secondly, his visit to Italy. He sailed there in the autumn of 1821, to do the drudgery for an independent quarterly magazine, which Byron proposed to establish, to be called *The Liberal*. Byron was in the throes of one of his parsimonious fits at the time; he was disgusted at Hunt taking his wife and children with him, and his aristocratic exclusiveness now discovered something fulsome and offensive in the manners of the man whom he had formerly compared with Hampden. Shelley, before he sailed to his death, had considerable difficulty in arranging any terms at all between the proprietor and editor of *The Liberal*, which started inauspiciously and only ran to four numbers. The two men, on further acquaintance, proved thoroughly uncongenial, and their relations mutually vexatious. Byron said good-bye to Hunt forever in 1823; his death, following that of Shelley, left Hunt without any visible means of support, but he lingered on at Florence, writing as copiously as ever for the English papers until September, 1825. His old friend Vincent Novello then made arrangements with Colburn, the publisher, for an advance of money, on account of a book, which enabled Hunt to return to England. The book eventually appeared in 1828 as *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, and created a sensation of scandal at the time on account of its outspoken criticism of Hunt's erratic benefactor, who was now by way of being regarded as a martyred hero. Instead of justifying himself to the public by his frankness, as

he had hoped, Hunt only earned for himself the title of ingrate. With some considerable modifications, however, the book formed a nucleus of Hunt's most substantial contribution to literature, the delightful *Autobiography* (1850), first composed in 1849, and then revised and partially rewritten ten years later. Hunt's subsequent critical and journalistic work was of the most multitudinous character, and most of his published volumes consisted of gleanings from its almost inexhaustible variety.

Of his critical studies the most valuable, perhaps, is his *Imagination and Fancy* (1844), comprising selections from the poets, with critical notes, illustrating the indispensable character of the highest forms of imagination and fancy in relation to the poetic art. As an index to the new romantic spirit in poetry, and as a guide to the youthful student as to what is essential in poetry, it may well be doubted whether this unpretending little volume has ever been surpassed. The later years of Hunt's quaint and harmlessly Bohemian existence were spent in the western suburbs of London at Cheyne Row, where he was, for a time, next door to Carlyle; Edwardes Square, Kensington; and Cornwall Road, Hammersmith. But he died at a friend's house in Putney, August 28th, 1859.

During his Cheyne Row days (1833-40) he was often in the direst poverty; but in 1844 he obtained a pension of £120 from Sir Percy, the son of his old benefactor, the poet Shelley, and three years later he was awarded a Civil List pension of £200 a year. There was very little insincerity about Hunt's little affectations, of which a certain parade of a total innocence of the use and value of money was the chief. This oddity suggested a trait to Charles Dickens, which he worked up into the unpleasant character of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*. Otherwise the two characters had nothing in common, and Dickens very properly disclaimed the intention (not perhaps unnaturally

attributed to him) of gibbeting his friend through the medium of such a presentment.

Leigh Hunt is a decidedly important figure in our literature, for though not a great author himself, he has been a source of great authorship in others. He enormously increased both the depth and the area of literary sensibility. The world of books was to him an enchanted forest, the faery charm of which he succeeded in imparting to multitudes of people who had little opportunity themselves of exploring the delectable alleys and reaching the clearings where the flowers seemed doubly bright by contrast and the sky a little heaven remote from the light of common day. As a critic Hunt's taste was almost unerring, and far more catholic than either Hazlitt's or even Lamb's. As an essayist he is a kind of feminine diminutive of Lamb, excellent in fancy and in his unlimited command of literary illustration; but far inferior in decisive insight and penetrative masculine wit.

With his great powers of assimilation and marvellous gift of poetic appreciation, it seems remarkable that Hunt should never have attained to greater skill in the divine art. Except, however, for an occasional *jeu d'esprit,* such as *Abou Ben Adhem* (after some recently discovered Arabic original) or *The Glove and the Lions,* though he is perpetually imitating the best models (and some not so good, such as Ambrose Philips), he scarcely ever rises to a fine line. In directness and energy of expression we should hardly expect much from him—no greater contrast between prettiness and power could be instanced than that between Hunt's and D'Annunzio's treatment of the Paolo and Francesca legend. Incapable of realising or even conceiving action, he is always poetising round about the point. But we *are* struck with Hunt's incapacity to strike out a good rhythm, to construct tolerable blank verse, or to introduce melodious rhyme where the subject requires

it. In all these things he is strangely defective, and he is best in heroic couplets writing about "Christmas," "Sudden Fine Weather," or other such themes as he would have adorned in *The Indicator*. As Lamb said, with his usual combination of wit and sense, Hunt's *indicative* was also his *potential* mood.

A thorough Cockney by birth, breeding, and affinity was Thomas Hood, who represents in English poetry all the qualities which are correlated with the sharpening of the perceptive faculties and the attenuation of fibre brought about by the protracted confinement of life in great cities. Like Hunt and Rogers, and even to a certain extent Keats, he illustrates the tendency of the town brother to over-decorate the country, and to huddle together incongruous elements of country life. He has the abnormal humour-sense of the gamin whose horizon has always been bounded by neighbouring cliffs of brick and mortar. Moreover, he has, to a very remarkable extent, the hectic revolutionary sentiment of the pent-in and sedentary toiler of our great cities. With this quality went the clinging affectionateness which has shown itself in a profusion of endearing epithets, and the profound compassion for the poor which was so characteristic of his temperament. He has a remarkable talent for the grotesque, and his weakness for mortuary emblems and allusions suggests another aspect of Hood's literary gift, and prepares us for the versatile character of his output.

Thomas Hood was of Scots descent, his grandfather having been a humble tiller of the soil at Errol, near Dundee, but was a pure Cockney by birth and reputation. He was born within a few yards of the Bank of England, in the Poultry, on May 23rd, 1799. Of his life's adventures he says himself, "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." He had half an education, he tells us further, at a *semi*-nary, the Prospect House Academy at Clapham,

which he celebrates in his delightful *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy.* On the death of his father, an engraver, in 1811, his mother removed to Islington, and after three years' more schooling he was sent, partially to recruit his health, to some relatives of his father at Dundee. He had already been initiated into those profitable mercantile mysteries which enabled Sir Thomas Gresham to gild his grasshopper. When he came back from Dundee in 1818 he was apprenticed to his mother's brother.

His natural bias was already towards the literary craft, and in 1821 the required opening came. In that year John Scott, the able editor and proprietor of *The London Magazine,* was killed in a (pen and ink originated) duel at Chalk Farm. The new proprietors, Taylor and Hessey, had formerly been in relations with Hood's grandfather. They appointed the enthusiastic young man as a sort of sub-editor of the magazine, in which capacity he had to pass for press the copy of such contributors as Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Barry Cornwall, and T. G. Wainewright, while a free hand was given to him in humorous "Notices to Correspondents." His first original contribution (the *Ode to Hope*) appeared in the July number of the magazine in this same year. Poetical affinity drew him to John Hamilton Reynolds, the friend and disciple of Keats; and he married Reynold's sister Jane on May 5th, 1825. But his special admiration among the contributors to *The London* was Charles Lamb, whom he long despaired of ever getting to know. When, however, Charles and Mary Lamb moved to Islington in 1823, Hood began to see much of them, and had the delight of meeting Wordsworth and Coleridge at their house.

In August, 1822, his fine Keatsian and classical poem *Lycus the Centaur* appeared in the magazine. Hood had no Latin, and less Greek, and he probably got the classical

colouring through the society that he mixed in, especially from Lamb. But at the close of 1823 Hood lost his position on the magazine, and turned his attention to light literature as a means of support. His first essay in this direction was the *Odes and Addresses to Great People* (March, 1825), written in conjunction with Reynolds, and next year came his successful illustrated volumes of *Whims and Oddities,* the success of which determined the bias of all his later work.

Hood's comic diversions in *The London Magazine,* and the pronounced success of his *Whims and Oddities,* gave him notoriety as a fun-maker, and doomed him either to starve or to grimace for the national amusement during the twenty after-years of his toiling, pathetic life. It was a sin and shame to preserve much of this comic lumber, labelled all over with addresses no longer known or "gone away." At this period of 1826-7 Hood's lyrical vein was flowing at its finest and sweetest, and he was lucky in finding hospitality for some exquisite waifs and strays in the keepsake annuals or albums started by Ackerman in 1823, notably *Forget-me-Not,* in which appeared *Ruth;* and *Friendship's Offering* in which appeared "I remember, I remember," the most original lyric he had yet produced.

The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies and Other Poems, containing the last part of Hood's serious poetry, was brought out by Longmans in 1827, and proved an absolute failure. It was his first, and proved to be also his last, volume of serious verse. With the exception of *Miss Kilmansegg, The Death-Bed,* and *Eugene Aram,* Hood wrote practically no poetry save of the prose order for the next fifteen years. The deep tenderness and profound melancholy of the man remained to the public a sealed book. During this period Hood was living in Robert Street, Adelphi, writing *Eugene Aram* for *The Gem* and, in 1829,

helping to run the new literary journal *The Athenæum* (started by James Silk Buckingham in the previous year), of which he was for a time a co-proprietor. He gave up his share when Dilke reduced the price from a shilling to fourpence, but remained on friendly contributing terms with the journal. Towards the close of 1829 he moved to Winchmore Hill, near Enfield, and commenced *The Comic Annual* (1830-42), which was to be for some years his staple of livelihood, a humorous variant of Hood's own invention upon the literary album.

In May, 1841, Theodore Hook died, and Hood was appointed editor of *The New Monthly* in his place. The post, with a fixed salary of £300, seemed a mine of wealth to Hood and his family. His health as usual improved with his luck—the removal to St. John's Wood may have contributed to this result. In the autumn of 1843 Hood managed a trip to Dundee and Edinburgh, fortified with introductions by his new friend, Charles Dickens, whose *Little Nell* he had praised with an obviously sincere enthusiasm in the pages of *The Athenæum*. In the *Punch* Christmas Number of 1843 appeared the most famous of all Hood's poems. Prompted by the sensitive pity which underlay all his mirth, and stirred by a paragraph in *The Times* about the miserable death of an underpaid needlewoman, Hood wrote the wonderful stanzas of the *Song of the Shirt* at a sitting, and after failures elsewhere, eventually sent them to Mark Lemon, who, with some misgiving, and against the sense of the *Punch* table, inserted them in the Christmas Number. A strong and poignant appeal, instinct with nerves and tense feeling, it went straight to the public heart, then and now, and is said to have touched the heart of that callous thing Society itself. But in the meantime Hood himself was in trouble. He had lost his editorship, for which he was not pre-eminently fitted, and December, 1843, in addition to the

Song of the Shirt, saw the prospectus of a new venture, *Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany* (it eventually ran to three volumes), in which the public were told there was to be complete abstinence from stimulating topics; there would be drawings from the artesian well of the Fine Arts, numbers in each number, which would aim at being merry and wise instead of merry and otherwise. The list of contributors was certainly promising, including Browning, Dickens, Landor, Monckton-Milnes, Barry Cornwall, and G. H. Lewes, and the new venture included in various numbers Hood's own *Haunted House, The Bridge of Sighs,* and the beautiful stanzas, "Farewell, life! my senses swim." But the difficulties were great from the outset. By the time the second volume was launched Hood's health was in a desperate state. He was cheered by the grant of a Civil List pension from Peel, but grew rapidly worse and died at Devonshire Lodge, Finchley New Road, on May 3rd, 1845. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, and his tombstone bears the touching epitaph, "He sang the Song of the Shirt." The fame of this was indeed world-wide, though as the French encyclopædist, Larousse, pithily says: "Il ne produisit aucun resultat."

Hood was characteristically admired by Rossetti and his circle, who said of him with substantial truth: "He was the finest English poet between the generation of Shelley and the generation of Tennyson." *The Haunted House* alone, Poe thought, was enough to establish Hood as a poet of the first order: it was, he said, powerfully ideal, imaginative, and one of the truest and most thoroughly artistic poems both in theme and execution ever written. And of its author, he said he was one of the noblest and one of the most singularly fanciful of modern poets. "His *Fair Ines* has always had for me an inexpressible charm." The effect of the public's failure to appreciate his *Midsummer Fairies* caused Hood to specialise in verse, and sharpened his perceptive faculties as a verbal impressionist to an almost superhuman extent. The result is seen in such a poem as *The Bridge of Sighs,* a *tour de force*

of extraordinary daring, trembling (a superfine critic may think) upon the verge of banality, yet brought to a triumphant conclusion by sheer force of style.

II

"To appreciate aright the value of *The Edinburgh Review*, we must bear in mind the state of the times and the usual character of the periodical literature of the day. The Catholics were unemancipated; the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed; the slave trade was tolerated; prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel; theft was punishable with death."—W. A. Copinger.

The reviews before 1802—Origin of *The Edinburgh Review*—Jeffrey—Sydney Smith—Douglas Jerrold—*The Quarterly Review* and its founders—*Blackwood's* and The *Chambers's*.

Fallible as it always is, and hidebound as it usually must be, the periodical review is probably the best means yet devised by man to test new ideas, to sample new books, and to submit a preliminary estimate of them to the larger audience beyond the class-room and the study. This is all the more important in England, inasmuch as the drama has for the most part abandoned its serious purpose, and is unavailable for the ventilation of original ideas. And yet the first review to walk alone, and leave the booksellers' or publishers' go-cart, has only been started just over a hundred years. Before 1802 there were two standard reviews in England, *The Monthly* and *The Critical*, dating respectively from 1749 and 1756. They gave unsigned reports on books, often of considerable length and full of excerpts—valuable in their kind; but they were written mostly by drudges and penny-a-liners, who worked under the orders of the bookseller like slaves under the rattan of a negro overseer. Griffiths had in his chain-gang at one time or another Goldsmith, Christopher Smart, Kenney, and a whole rival host to the myrmidons of Dr. Tobias.

Far, therefore, from being written by gentlemen for gentlemen, the old review article was written on the sweated labour principle by humble garreteers for astute advertising publishers. Their truculent scowls and fearsome grins were no more their own than those of an old-time Japanese warrior. The extraor-

dinary change by which such review articles come to be written, not by poor hacks, but by Whig mandarins, was effected by *The Edinburgh Review*. Formerly if a gentleman by any chance wrote for a review he felt he could hardly take money for it—the pay, moreover, was refined cruelty (£2 per sheet). Under Jeffrey, the pilot of *The Edinburgh*, every one had to take his fee, which soon came to be 20 to 40 guineas a sheet. The bookseller and his methods were wholly discarded. *The Edinburgh* had come, not to praise books, but to judge them ("Cum nocens absolvitur judex damnatur"), and it may be added that the black cap was in constant requisition. The seat of all this judicial severity was quite naturally Edinburgh—the Modern Athens, the home of the liberal commonsense dogmatism of the eighteenth century, and the natural rendezvous during the Continental blockade of all the clever young men in Britain who sought the advantages of a foreign capital without the peril of incurring the hospitality of Napoleon. Among these clever youths was a young bear-leader, or nobleman's tutor, Sydney Smith. The idea of a review first occurred to him with the joking motto, "Tenui musam meditamur avena."

It was started in a spirit of spree, and hardly expected, even by the founders, to outlive the original *Edinburgh Review*, which, started in 1755, perished miserably in 1756. The story has been told again and again—by Smith himself in his articles and letters, by Cockburn in his *Life of Jeffrey*, by Brougham, by Bagehot, by Philarete Chasles in the *Revue Contemporaine* for 1853, by Chevrillon in *Sidney Smith et la Renaissance des Idées liberales en Angleterre*, by Hayward in his *Essays*, and recently, and very well, by Lewis Gates in his *Three Studies in Literature*. Yet it must be briefly recapitulated here.

The Edinburgh Review was founded by a knot of clever young men (Sydney Smith, 31; Jeffrey, 29; Horner, 24; Brougham, 23) who met in the upper story of an Edinburgh house and gave the world their first number in October, 1802. It produced an electrical effect—so much greater was its vivacity than that of its rivals, the old *British Monthly* and *Critical Review*. Its politics were the exultant delight of the Whigs—it adopted the blue coat and buff waistcoat of C. J. Fox as its colours—and it professed to stand on two legs, contemporary criticism and Whig politics. Its politics were, for the most part, consistent with trimming, and its real

political influence came considerably later. The advanced Radicals and the philosophical Radicals both accused it of truckling. But its reputation was gained primarily by its slashing literary style. Much of it appears flimsy enough now. The time then was ripe for it. A medium was needed through which the most active minds could dissert *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis* to the intelligent public in the interest of religious toleration and rational reform.

The ministerial pronouncements of its arch-critic Jeffrey are such as now can only amaze. Amid the great constellation of poets who had come within his knowledge as a critic—Byron, Moore, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Crabbe, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson—he discovered permanent qualities in two only, Rogers and Campbell! He describes *Wilhelm Meister* without circumlocution as "so much trash." In fact he represents orthodox opinion of the day in stylish circles, elevated only to the extent of being expressed with exceptional point. In politics he is unvaryingly pessimistic, and has difficulty in keeping his feeling of alarm for the country and its landed proprietors within bounds. Never by any chance does he overstep the boundary between well-bred, versatile talent and original genius. As we should expect, Jeffrey and his team are either quite indifferent or absolutely hostile to most of the new forces stirring men's minds. They detest enthusiasm wherever it may be found, and every great impulse of the kind that leads men to self-sacrifice and to wonder, and to a new world of ideal creation, found them antagonistic. They savagely ridiculed Coleridge, the great seminal mind of one philosophical school; they fiercely attacked Bentham and Mill, the great leaders of another; they were equally opposed to the Evangelicals who revered Wilberforce, and to the Tractarians who said "Credo in Newmannum." They ignored Shelley and Blake, and tried to laugh Wordsworth and Coleridge out of the field. On the other hand, they were tolerant of all opinions so long only as they were not extreme, and involved no great self-sacrifice. Morality to them was enlightened selfishness, yet they wanted to see an end of flagrant inequalities, and such blemishes on the social order as our ferocious old criminal code, the Game Laws, Colonial slavery, the anti-Catholic Laws, the abuses of Chancery, and such like. Their benignity was real in its way, but it paid little attention in a work-a-day world to the claims of the ideal.

The emblem of this order of ideas during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century was the portly, trenchant-looking yet rubicund parson, Sydney Smith, the grandson of a prosperous tradesman, who was born at Woodford, Essex, on June 3rd, 1771. He got a scholarship at Winchester School, followed by a scholarship and fellowship at New College (1789), so that from his eighteenth year he was no burden at all to his father. In 1792 he took his degree, and failing means to wait at the bar, very contentedly entered the Church (ordained 1794), though he soon found a country curacy at Nether Avon on Salisbury Plain very little to his taste. Jokes and dinners in London were ever his element—simple pleasures, bad reasoning, and worse cookery soon tired him. Like Lamb, he found the country a serious bore. "I do all I can," he writes, "to believe the poetical lies about the country, but without success. I am tired of simple pleasures." What he pined for were Luttrell's jokes, side dishes, wax candles, laughter, and noise. "You may depend on it that all lives lived out of London are mistakes, more or less grievous, but mistakes." "I suspect that the fifth act of life should be in great cities. It is there that a man most forgets himself and his infirmities." He managed to get a travelling tutorship; this landed him in Edinburgh, where the reputation of the Hume-Adam Smith constellation lingered, and the teaching was world-famous. In 1800 he married there, and two years later first conceived *The Edinburgh Review*, writing no less than eighteen articles in the first year. In 1803 he left for London, made a sensation at Albemarle Street by his lecturing (his lectures represented Dugald Stewart and Reid *rechauffé* for a West-End audience, and were described by himself as the most successful literary imposture of the day), and in 1805 made his entry at Holland House, where, and also at the famous Whig coterie, "The King of Clubs," he met such good representatives of enlightened oligarchy as the third Lord Holland (the nephew of Fox), Porson, Mackintosh, John Allen, Hallam, Ricardo, Creevey, Whishaw, Romilly, Horner, Luttrell, Jeffrey, William Lamb, Playfair, Lansdowne, Moore, Rogers, Davy, Rumford, Washington Irving, Brougham, and, of course, his jovial brother, "Bobus" Smith.

In 1806 Smith was presented with the living of Foston-le-Clay, eight miles from York, worth £500 a year, but his preachership at the Foundling Hospital rendered it unneces-

sary for him to take up residence. His sermons were masterpieces of sober morality and rational common sense. This last quality so startled his congregations that they deemed him mad. The very vergers were scared. "A clerk as pale as death helped me off with my gown; he was afraid I might bite him." In 1807 he published the *Plymley Letters* in defence of Catholic emancipation, the authorship of which (for they were issued anonymously) the Government took great pains, unsuccessfully, to discover. When the Residence Bill was passed in 1808 Smith was exiled to his living in Yorkshire. No clergyman had resided there for one hundred and fifty years, and the parsonage was a "hovel." He took his family to Heslington, two miles from York, from whence he could perform his duties, and tried to effect an exchange; failing this, he resolved to build, and settle down cheerfully to a country life. He bought an "ancient green chariot," christened the "Immortal," which was drawn by his carthorses; his furniture was made by the village carpenter, and for his butler he found a girl "made like a milestone" and called her "Bunch." He took up farming and horse-breeding, though he seldom rode out without a fall. He directed his labours with the help of a telescope and a speaking trumpet, and invented a "universal scratcher" for his cattle. He became a magistrate, and having attended medical lectures at Edinburgh, set up a village dispensary. Old and young he doctored with unremitting zeal. "As I don't shoot or hunt, it is my only rural amusement." He was on the friendliest terms with the farmers, and interested himself in the poor. In 1820 he was left £400 a year by his father's sister, and soon afterwards the living of Londesborough was presented to him. In 1825 Smith made his first political speeches at the meetings of the clergy of Cleveland and Yorkshire against Catholic emancipation. In 1828 Lord Lyndhurst, the Chancellor, gave him a prebend at Bristol, which induced him to give up writing in *The Edinburgh Review*, and he exchanged Foston for Combe-Florey in Somerset, where he was able to afford a library, and started at once to rebuild the parsonage. On October 11th, 1831, he made his famous speech at Taunton, comparing the House of Lords to Mrs. Partington resisting the Atlantic Ocean. In the same year Lord Grey made him canon-residentiary of St. Paul's. After *Peter Plymley* his most characteristic contribution was the *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton* (1837), in which

he pleaded for inequality of clerical incomes on the ground that, if the excitement of the lottery were withdrawn, first-rate men would cease to enter the Church. On the death of his brother Courtenay in 1839, he inherited £50,000, and took No. 56, Green Street, Grosvenor Square, where he could fully indulge his hospitable propensities. He was perhaps the most popular social figure of his day, the incarnation of fun and humorous common sense. A latitudinarian of buoyant animal spirits, he lashed out against every kind of extravagance, and oscillated between wit and buffoon, following up ridiculous ideas with such exquisite foolery that guests were convulsed, young ladies tittered when he said grace, and the servants bolted from the room to conceal their uncontrollable laughter, and hardened conversationalists, such as Macaulay (whom he described as a book in breeches) and Mackintosh, were contorted with explosive merriment. The psychological side of religion made no appeal to him. He merely laughed at the Evangelicals, the Puseyites, the Young England party—"wild beasts at Ephesus" extremists of all kinds were to him. The Church to him was merely a branch of the civil service for the inculcation of good manners. As a talker, of course, he did much good, if only to the extent to which he sent up the thermometer in our cold conversational climate, and by the high standard of tolerance, so indispensable to good manners, which he always maintained. In literature he was primarily a journalist, and he enormously increased the animation of the ordinary English review. His *Plymley Letters* are models of good-humoured banter, but they can hardly claim a permanent place—what pamphlets can, if we except those of Swift? Most of his writing was done with a laughing and almost riotous ease, and tossed over to be corrected by his wife. Such were the *Edinburgh Essays* collected in 1839, besides which we have the *Plymley Letters* and the private correspondence. The following delightful private epistle is an epitome of the point of view of this laughing philosopher (Franklin and Paley with a *sauce piquante* of his own):

ADVICE CONCERNING LOW SPIRITS

FOSTON, *February 16th*, 1820.

"DEAR LADY GEORGIANA [HARCOURT],—Nobody has suffered more from low spirits than I have done—so I feel for you. 1st. Live as well as you dare. 2nd. Go into the shower-bath

with a small quantity of water at a temperature low enough to give you a slight sensation of cold, 75 ° or 80 °. 3rd. Amusing books. 4th. Short views of human life—not further than dinner or tea. 5th. Be as busy as you can. 6th. See as much as you can of those friends who respect and like you. 7th. And of those acquaintances who amuse you. 8th. Make no secret of low spirits to your friends, but talk of them freely—they are always worse for dignified concealment. 9th. Attend to the effects tea and coffee produce upon you. 10th. Compare your lot with that of other people. 11th. Don't expect too much from human life—a sorry business at the best. 12th. Avoid poetry, dramatic representations (except comedy), music, serious novels, melancholy, sentimental people, and everything likely to excite feeling or emotion, not ending in active benevolence. 13th. Do good and endeavour to please everybody of every degree. 14th. Be as much as you can in the open air without fatigue. 15th. Make the room where you commonly sit gay and pleasant. 16th. Struggle by little and little against idleness. 17th. Don't be too severe upon yourself, or underrate yourself, but do yourself justice. 18th. Keep good blazing fires. 19th. Be firm and constant in the exercise of rational religion. 20th. Believe me, dear Lady Georgiana,

"Very truly yours,
"SYDNEY SMITH."

He retired from his business as a diner-out in 1843, profoundly convinced that digestion is the great secret of life; and that character, talents, virtues, and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust, and rich soups. Such a man must continue to live in the chronicles of club-land and high convivality, even though the very distinction of his humour serve to emphasise the anomaly of such a glorified diner-out being a high dignitary of the National Church. He made up his mind that he was unequal to a bishopric, but was hurt at his friends not giving him the refusal of one, with the result that he died plain canon on February 22nd, 1845. He lived long enough to give a cordial salute to two brilliant youths of genius—John Ruskin and Charles Dickens. It was rumoured that he was to sit to Landseer for his portrait, but he dispelled the rumour by remarking, "Is your servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Sydney was the king of wits and jesters, and no talking humorist has planted out so many *facetiæ*. He anticipated, by nearly one hundred years, the philosophy of Little Mary, for he was always talking of the flocks and herds he had eaten, of the fate of the resident clergy to die of indigestion, and of the cruel despotism of the stomach, and vicarious sufferings of the instep and ankle. His salutation to a friend who had grown much stouter on a sudden, "Why, I did not half see you when you were in town last year," his dedication of a certain dean to be preached to death by wild curates, his suggestion that the canons should lay their heads together to provide a wooden pavement round St. Paul's, his reference to Macaulay's brilliant "flashes of silence," and to Croker disputing about the dates of his sins with the recording angel, his opinion that a surgical operation was necessary to get a joke into a Scot, and his scepticism as to whether a bishop could flirt—"The most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service,'"—these and a score of other witticisms are permanent contributions to the merriment of good men. Bishops were his favourite butts. Was it not he who suggested the combustion of a bishop, even if it were only Sodor and Man, as the only sure means of preventing the locking of doors on the railway? When in *The Edinburgh* once Brougham wrote characteristically of Ritson: "We take for granted that Mr. Ritson supposes Providence to have had some share in producing him," Sydney interpolated "though for what inscrutable purposes we profess ourselves unable to conjecture." The buoyant gesture and self-enjoying laugh with which he acted his jests greatly enhanced their effect, as may be imagined from the following examples. Talking of the intelligence and concert which birds have among each other, cranes, crows, etc., showing that they must have some means of communicating their thoughts, he once said, "I daresay they make the same remark of us. That fat old crow there (indicating himself), what a prodigious noise he is making! I have no doubt he has some power of communicating." Sydney was speaking on another occasion of women bearing pain with greater ease than men, which Moore explained by asserting that they had less physical sensibility, and that they could hold, for instance, a hot teapot much longer than men could. When Tom offered to put it to the test, Sydney professed horror at evidence of such hardened

insensibility to female suffering. "He has all his life," he cried, "been trying the sex with hot teapots; the burning ploughshare was nothing to it. I think I hear his terrific tone in a *tête-à-tête*, 'Bring a teapot.'"

The literary landscape of England is in the main a sunny one, and few have contributed to this effect more than Sydney Smith, whose smile is as delightful for its jollity as Lamb's is for its finesse. Sworn foe to ideality, enthusiasm, and general ideas, he is the incarnation of equable bonhomie and whimsical common sense. In person of the family of Falstaff —a Falstaff nourished not on bread and sack, but on port and poultry—his people loved him, reverenced him for his active benevolence, and ran grinning to perform his lightest behest. The windows and doors of his life are open to an extent almost unexampled in letters. It might have been lived under glass, so perfectly transparent is the soul of the great Sydney: for great he was, and after Johnson, perhaps the most robust and inveterate of all our native wits. A Philistine in a measure he was, without a doubt, much more so than Jeffrey. He would never have committed himself to "this will never do"; his indifference to Lake ideas and Lake poetry was far too Olympian. Of Shelley and Keats he never so much as speaks, and he manifestly prefers Madame de Staël and Lady Mary Montagu to Lamb and Madame de Sévigné—twelve volumes of pretty turns were too much for his solid humour. His sympathies were undoubtedly *borné*, his imagination concrete (facts and figures, prices and statistics formed the staple of his talk), his book-knowledge narrow. He was indeed a student of men rather than of ideas. At Foston he never bought a new book. Later he read a little more. "I sit in my study looking upon a thousand flowers, in order to keep up arguments with Allen and Lord Holland." By education and inclination a thorough aristocrat, Sydney was not wholly devoid of some of the weakness of a hanger-on. Half his correspondents were lords and ladies. He regarded those outside the monde of Mayfair with indulgent tolerance. His satire was devoid of bitterness. It stung no one. It is somewhat doubtful whether it deserves the name of satire at all. But Sydney had no *sæva indignatio*, though in his Church views he rather resembled Swift, and, like him, lost the purple, profit, and power of episcopal rank by playing with the fringe of his pulpit cushion. After Dickens and Moore, Sydney Smith was

perhaps the most popular man of letters of his century. He seems to have had, indeed, rather an undue share of the good things of life. So good-humoured was he, however, and so irresistibly witty, that we can forgive him anything.

A counterfoil to Sydney Smith, in date a little subsequent to him, is the well-known name, and to-day it is little more than a name, of Douglas Jerrold. With less frolic than Theodore Hook, less rotund and facile humour than Sydney Smith, less quibble and quaintness than Tom Hood, he surpassed them all in intellectual flash and strength; his wit was all steel points. What remains of such caustic wits as Selwyn, Harry Luttrell, Hook, Jerrold, or the more genial Shirley Brooks? A few stories, a few retorts, the rest is silence. For a long period Jerrold's name served as a centre of attraction for all the unappropriated jokes of the period, but a migration has set in, and during the last fifteen years jokes have journeyed in platoons from Jerrold to Jowett. It could not be alleged against him that he was afraid to tackle men of his own size, for his favourite butts were Thackeray and Albert Smith, to whose remonstrance that they were after all in the same boat, he made the well-known retort, "Yes, but not with the same sculls." His epigrammatic style suited the artificial comedy of the day, and is seen to advantage in *Black-eyed Susan* (1829), *The Rent Day* (1832), and *Time works Wonders* (1835). His best-known novel, *The Man made of Money*, has the qualities of a comedy rather than those of a novel. As with Thackeray, it was a good day for Jerrold when he found *Punch*, and *Punch* made one of his best hits with *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, Dickensian sketches of a broad and robust humour which has its times and its seasons, but not of a very permanent type. No meeting of wits during the Thackeraian period was quite complete without an acrid comment from Jerrold. His wit was so rasping as often to appear venomous, but venom was by no means a characteristic of the man. Tormented by an eternal want of pence, and tired out, like Hood, by humorous exertions, he had a charitable soul. An indefatigable journalist, the initiator of shilling magazines, he was successful at last as the editor of *Lloyd's Weekly*, but he died prematurely on June 8th, 1857, aged fifty-four.

Macaulay's dictum was that although Sydney Smith was the rarer type of man, he would rather have been Jeffrey. Jeffrey's critical influence as editor of *The Edinburgh* from

July, 1803, to June, 1829, has probably had no rival in Britain. Unduly exalted in his own day, he has been unduly depreciated ever since. His mind was much more speculative and much more curious, and it may be added much more open to the reception of new ideas, than his great contributor. He did much to shatter the contemporary idolatry of the Augustan Age and to introduce a more historical and less dogmatic method of literary criticism. In some respects he may be said to have anticipated Taine's theories in regard to the influence upon literature of the *moment* and the *milieu*. But he was strongly aristocratic in his literary tastes, opposed to all mysticism and spiritual symbolism, to the doctrine of equality, and to any form of socialism, with the result that he was both puzzled and disgusted by the transcendentalism and subjectivity of the school of Wordsworth. In spite of this he was a great critic and a still greater editor. Under him in ten years the circulation of *The Edinburgh* mounted from 789 to nearly 13,000. During his reign he enrolled as contributors Sir Walter Scott (1803), George Ellis (1804), Dr. John Allen (1804), Hallam (1805), Malthus (1808), Mackintosh (1812), Hazlitt (1814), McCulloch (1818), Dr. Arnold (1823), Macaulay (1825), and Carlyle (1827).

Much disgust was caused, naturally, by the strident political partisanship, no less than by the drastic critical creed, of *The Edinburgh*, which in this respect corresponded to the narrow severity of its exergue ("Cum nocens absolvitur . . ."). There was no idea of appreciating a work. The contributors were advocates or sophists, for or against the writer and his views, and Jeffrey presided as judge. When Constable pleaded for more lenient treatment for his publications, his appeal was severely ignored. Above all *The Edinburgh* exasperated the patriots by its despondent views in regard to the war, its depreciation of all native military talent (including Wellington's), and its bitter opposition to the war in Spain. By February, 1809, *The Edinburgh's* cup was full. Scott was offended, and the moderates were sickened by the nauseous political doses they were made to swallow. In this month, accordingly, *The Quarterly Review* was started by Scott, Lockhart, Southey, Canning, Ellis, and a few others, under the auspices of Murray as publisher and Gifford as first editor. The chief supporter of *The Quarterly*, however, or at least its chief literary mainstay after the first few numbers, was John

Wilson Croker, one of the ablest and most untiring and exact of our early reviewers. Born in Galway, of a Devonshire stock, on December 20th, 1780, Croker, after being schooled out of a bad stammer by James Knowles, father of Sheridan Knowles, the author of *The Hunchback*, winning medals at Trinity College, Dublin, and perpetrating a few trifles after Churchill, was commended to Wellington, then Irish Secretary, by Spenser Perceval, who later, as Premier, made Croker Secretary of the Admiralty. As a public servant, untiring, somewhat acrid in reply, riveted to his desk, punctilious about every detail, Croker carried the same qualities into reviewing. As executioner-in-chief to *The Quarterly* he made many enemies, and was in consequence submitted to such caricatures as Crawley, Rigby, and Wenham (in *Vanity Fair*, where Wagg is Hook), which failed, however, to scathe him, for after reading Scott he found all other fiction formless and tasteless, and could not read it. Croker's studies on the French Revolution and on Pope, and his laborious edition of Boswell, confirmed his position as a constructive critic. Unhappily Croker, by his pragmatic style and manner, had incurred the intense dislike of the Whig champions, and in Macaulay this dislike became morbid, and led to some rather unworthy attacks. Thus, his *Boswell* was unfairly attacked in "the blue and yellow," and Croker, like Froude, never replied, with similar results. A stout and bitter anti-Reformer to the last, the inventor of the word "Conservative," founder of *The Athenæum*, and chief agent in the transportation to England of the Elgin Marbles, Croker retained the friendship of the best men down to his death on August 10th, 1857.

Since the commencement of *The Edinburgh* and *The Quarterly*, many reviews in imitation of them have been started. Among these may be mentioned *The Westminster Review*, begun in 1824 to advocate the views of advanced thinkers in religion and politics, and still continued after a not very prosperous career; *The British Quarterly*, begun by Dr. Vaughan to represent the cause of dissent; *The North British Review*, originally started as the organ of the Free Church Party in Scotland; *The Dublin Review*, the Catholic organ; *The British and Foreign Quarterly*, and then *The Contemporary*, *The Fortnightly*, *The Nineteenth Century*, *National and Monthly* with which we are familiar.

While in the early part of the last century most of the

higher and middle classes of Edinburgh were Conservative in their politics, *The Edinburgh Review*, the only Scottish literary journal on which they could look with any pride, was Liberal. Such a state of things was naturally galling to many staunch young Northern Tories; but for some years nothing was done to remedy it. At length, in December, 1816, William Blackwood, an enterprising young Edinburgh publisher, was applied to by two literary men of some slight reputation, James Cleghorn and Thomas Pringle, to become the publisher of a new monthly magazine which they had projected. He consented, and in April, 1817, the first number of *The Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* appeared. It was conducted with little spirit or ability, and after six numbers of it had been published, the editors, who resented Blackwood's interference with their functions, were obliged to abandon their office. Blackwood now took the editorship into his own hands, and in October, 1817, appeared the first number of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. "It needed," says the biographer of Christopher North, "no advertising trumpet to let the world know that a new reign (a reign of terror in its way) had begun. . . . Among a considerable variety of papers, most of them able and interesting, it contained not less than three of a kind well calculated to arouse curiosity and to give deep offence to sections more or less extensive of the reading public." The first was a most unwarrantable assault on Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, which was judged to be a "most execrable" performance, and its author a miserable compound of "egotism and malignity." The second was an even more unjustifiable attack on Leigh Hunt, who was spoken of as a "profligate creature," a person without reverence either for God or man. The third was the famous "Chaldee manuscript." The effect of such a bomb-shell of personal caricature upon the small society of Edinburgh can now hardly be realised. No one attempted then to say that "Ebony" was harmless, inoffensive, or dull. Its great success led to new ventures, and in February, 1830, to *The New Monthly, London*, and *Metropolitan* was added the once brilliant and irresistible *Fraser's*. William Maginn, the son of an Irish pedagogue, born at Cork in 1793, and trained at Trinity College, Dublin, was the chief inspirer of its sulphurous early policy, after experience gained on Bentley's, Colburn's, Jerdan's *Literary Gazette*, and *Blackwood's*. He and a fellow briefless, *nommé* Hugh

Fraser, are said to have sketched the future of the magazine during a walk down Regent Street, and they succeeded in enlisting Maclise, Thackeray, Hook, Galt, Lockhart, Cunningham, Froude, Kingsley, Carlyle, and the excellent Father Prout, sooner or later, among contributors. Billy Maginn, identified for ever with the learned, thriftless, witty, and unwise Captain Shandon of *Pendennis*, died in 1842. One of the staunchest Fraserians for the next four-and-twenty years was Francis Sylvester Mahony (Father Prout), another native of Cork, who made Tommy Moore his butt, inventing the most wonderful Latin and French poems in order to plague Tom with bogus charges of plagiarism. In some of his own melodious verses, such as the famous *Shandon Bells*, he is not so very far, some may think, from the poor Irish melodist whose champagne he called gooseberry. As light verseman, translater, and parodist he has had few rivals. Thackeray, his best friend, comes first, then Calverley, Praed, Locker, Lang, Dobson, and Seaman.

At the close of 1859 a new departure was made by the almost simultaneous appearance of two new admirably written and illustrated monthly magazines, *Macmillan's* and *The Cornhill*, which still, though surrounded by many rivals, pursue their career vigorously. The publication of the first number of *Macmillan's* preceded by a month the first number of *The Cornhill*. When Macaulay died, the first number of *Cornhill* was found open before him.

The issue of cheap periodicals for the million was inaugurated by the publication of the first number of *Chambers's Journal*, February 4th, 1832. Other cheap periodicals had been started previously, but they had not been of sufficient excellence to ensure a large enough sale to render them remunerative and permanent. The *Journal*, consisting of four large folio pages of excellent and instructive matter at the low price of three-halfpence, was at once a great success, and a sale of over 30,000 copies soon rose to 50,000. Among its most successful immediate imitators were *The Penny Magazine* and *The Weekly Instructor*. The excellent *Cyclopædia of English Literature* was started by the brothers Chambers in in 1842 and their *Encyclopædia* in 1859. Among typical contributors to these works were R. Carruthers, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the Howitts, William and Mary, the possessors of some secret charm of style which lent an appearance of verdure to

their most desperate exploits in book-making, and enabled them in happy moments to approach the effect which Miss Mitford produces of being idyllic minor poets in masquerade. Mary Howitt completed the cycle from Quaker to Catholic, and was buried at Monte Testaccio, Rome, in her eighty-ninth year in 1888. The Howitts' son-in-law, Alaric Watts, the elegant extractor, was the pioneer of the literature of tit-bits. Among the prosperous rivals to the brothers Chambers were Charles Knight (1791—1873), the founder of *The Plain Englishman, The Penny Magazine, the Penny Cyclopædia* (1838), and *The English Cyclopædia* (1854), and Dionysius Lardner (1793—1859), editor of the notorious *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, initiated in 1829, and including among its contributors Mackintosh (England), Scott (Scotland), Moore (Ireland), Thirlwall (Greece), Sir Nicholas Harris Nicholas (Chronology), Sismondi, Southey, Gleig, Forster, Herschell, Baden Powell, De Morgan, Henslow, and nearly all the literary and scientific celebrities of the day.

CHAPTER XI

THOMAS CARLYLE

"Carlyle's autobiographical writings, with all their display of superficial infirmities, are at least so full of human nature as to be unsurpassable for interest even in the most fascinating department of literature."—SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.

THOMAS CARLYLE, the son of James Carlyle, a village mason, was born December 4th, 1795, at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire. At the age of five he went to the village school, learning all that was to be taught there, and at the age of nine he was transferred to Annan Grammar School, where he made himself thoroughly efficient in French and Latin, reading both fluently. In 1809 he started on his eighty-mile walk to Edinburgh University, where it was his parents' wish that he should qualify for the ministry, an idea which Carlyle never looked upon with favour, but did not abandon till 1817, when he went to pay his annual fee for enrolment at the Divinity Hall. At the University he showed a decided taste for geometry, probably on account of his attachment to Professor (afterwards Sir John) Leslie, and the mathematical teachership at Annan Academy becoming vacant, he succeeded in obtaining the post at £70 a year. He soon afterwards accepted the mastership of a school at Kirkcaldy, where he first met Edward Irving, who held a like position at a rival school in the town; the two became inseparable friends, and Carlyle had free access to Irving's library, reading Gibbon and other historical books. In Kirkcaldy, too, he became enamoured of Margaret Gordon, the original of Blumine in *Sartor Resartus*. When Irving

left Kirkcaldy, Carlyle resigned also, and having saved £70, went back to Edinburgh, where, in order to pursue his studies in mineralogy (a course which he had taken up) the more thoroughly, he learned the German language, eking out his small savings by teaching and translating scientific pamphlets.

Early in 1819 Carlyle became acquainted with Dr. Brewster, editor of *The Edinburgh Encyclopædia,* and wrote several articles for this work, and in 1824 he published the translation of Legendre's *Elements of Geometry,* to which he added an essay on "Proportion," "as good a substitute for the fifth book of Euclid as could be given in speech." In 1822 he became private tutor in the family of Mrs. Charles Buller, Charles Buller the younger, who afterwards distinguished himself in Parliament, being his pupil.

He got his post through Irving, and while he held it wrote the *Life of Schiller,* and translated *Wilhelm Meister,* besides shorter romances from Tieck, Richter, Musæus, and Fouqué. Among the society he met at the Bullers' he naturally unthawed and unstiffened not a little. He went to London on a visit to Irving, saw Coleridge, Lamb ("once enough," he asseverates), Hazlitt, and Barry Cornwall. He complains already of being bitted and spurred by dyspepsia, but he achieves a first visit to Paris and haunts the famous scenes which he was to commemorate for the English-speaking world. Barry Cornwall gave him an introduction to Jeffrey at Edinburgh, and Jeffrey was sufficiently impressed by the united batteries of the pent-up philosopher and his animated wife to give Carlyle an occasional hearing in *The Edinburgh* in spite of his "mystic" propensities, though he could not be induced to keep his hands altogether off his work. Carlyle had married at Templand, Jane Welsh, six years his junior, a much-admired and intensely vivacious girl, who

did everything cleverly and could make a story about a broomhandle entertaining. Her quickness of perception and very literary susceptibility, no less than a certain nervous irritability, rendered her in some ways a very unfit companion for Carlyle, whose bilious and highly self-centred temperament needed the complement of laughter and insensibility. All of Carlyle's best work, however, was done during the forty years that followed his marriage, and no small part of the stimulus was attributable directly to her. Leaving Comely Bank, Edinburgh, early in 1828, the married pair went to live at Craigenputtock, a small property belonging to Carlyle's mother-in-law, fourteen miles from Dumfries, the farm attached to which was let. In a solitude comparable to that of "Crusoe on his island" he here lived, in his own self-appreciative words, "a humble russet-coated epic of seven years." Apart from some important essays which paved the way directly for *The French Revolution,* here was excogitated [1] and written the brilliant and fantastic gospel of clothes, showing how all visible things are mere emblems, a suit of clothes or raiment, to be put on for a season and then to be laid off. The philosophy serves as a kind of clothes-horse to the ideas which his solitude generated in such confusing abundance, while the main props, as in so many of his best works, are unmistakably autobiographical.

In *Sartor* Carlyle found himself as regards expression in the weird psalmodic style which the martinets of the Old Guard (in *Quarterly and Edinburgh*) found so disgusting, and which Taine found so curiously entertaining. Here, however, in this diction and style and manner are to be found the sources of his strength, here and in that temperamental glow of earnestness which keeps the reader's attention firmly fixed even upon platitudes. Of these, it must be admitted, there are a good

[1] Compare, however, Swift's *Sermon on a Broom-Stick.*

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. MCNEILL WHISTLER

THOMAS CARLYLE

many, for most of the prophet's doctrines are commonplace enough, and in regard to the others, as Jeffrey candidly informed him, Carlyle was not nearly so original as he imagined. Not a few qualities of his humour derived from Sterne and Richter; what was absolutely new to the English prose reader was the rhythm and intonation of his native Annandale.

The failure of *Sartor Resartus* and the "unsteadiness" of review editors prompted a move from Craigenputtock. Thomas the Doubter though he was, he summoned the resolve to burn his boats and proceed forthwith to the conquest of the rotten multitudinous canaille of cockneydom.

In 1834 he was settled at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, with no definite prospect of income since he refused all Whig harness, but with £200 to £300 in the bank to go on with. His powers of sulphurous monologue, his rabid insight, startled every one who came into contact with him: he was now thirty-nine and worked grimly on "Under the great Taskmaster's Eye" at *The Revolution,* to which he stuck like a burr, meanwhile "living upon nothing," with "gleams of a work of art hovering past me."

His theory of History as the essence of Great Lives was shaping itself in the form of this book, and so we get in his "apotheosis of Sans Cullottism" a series or a gallery of portraits of the most extraordinary vividness—the King, the Queen, Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Lafayette. Like most great histories it is somewhat careless of minutiæ, but after the great work of Taine it is still perhaps the most stimulating work on the period it celebrates. On no one was its influence more marked than upon Carlyle's greatest contemporary, Charles Dickens. It first exhibited Carlyle's extraordinary power of artistic concentration. His whole life was wrapped up in the book, which he talked to and regarded as a sentient being.

And it was endeared to him by a terrible accident. The manuscript of the first volume was lent to John Stuart Mill; Mill lent it to his Egeria, Mrs. Taylor; and Mrs. Taylor's maid by inadvertence destroyed it. There was no rough draft. Mill came one night to Cheyne Row to announce the disaster, pale as Hector's ghost, and "stayed three mortal hours." Carlyle, who if one of the most querulous was also one of the bravest of men, bore it like a hero. He would accept only £100 compensation from Mill. After a long rest, in the course of which he read through Captain Marryat, he set to work again, and finished the whole book by 1837.

Such a book could hardly have any public prepared for it—the public would wait until it learned its merits from loud and persistent advocates. Such advocates appeared not from among the erudite but from among the most imaginative writers of the day—Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson. The accredited reviewers and pundits were obliged to admit that there had arisen a new star, of baleful and ominous aspect maybe, but a star of the first magnitude in English literature. To tide over the fiscal difficulty a group of ladies headed by Miss Martineau, who had been impressed by the thunders of Carlylean rhetoric and denunciation, arranged a course of lectures for this loud new lion at Willis's Rooms. Carlyle gave a grumbling consent. Belgravia was canvassed and the lectures in May, 1837, were a resounding success, the proceeds (£135) enabling Carlyle with courage to continue the literary life. The struggle of this phase was over and the victory won, but the tension had been very great and the reaction was dangerously so.

Already famous in Boston, Carlyle was on the verge of becoming a lion in London. *Sartor* was resuscitated by Fraser in 1838, his more important essays were collected from the reviews in 1839, his third course of Lec-

tures on "Heroes and Hero Worship" (first published in 1841) greatly extended his fame. He was becoming the Hesperus of exclusive dinner-tables, the prey of ornamented witches, as he described *grandes dames* such as Lady Holland, who looked at him with carnivorous views. Distinguished people began to haunt Cheyne Row. Mill, Lecky, Mazzini, Sterling, Fonblanque, Thirlwall, Maurice, Dickens, Forster, Froude were soon among his friends or disciples. Assiduous too was the somewhat incongruous figure of Leigh Hunt, idly melodious as bird on bough.

The philosopher felt that he was not quite so proof against the flattery of the rich as he ought to have been (a new top dressing not attainable without peril, he called it) even at the time he was denouncing their organised frivolities and ejaculating with the cow in the fable, "Gie me a pickle pease straw." Henceforth his literary activity was to take two main directions: first, tracts for the times against modern tendencies, especially against that all-pervading, self-complacent talk about modern progress amidst the general disintegration of creeds, orders, and systems, the "rushings down of revolutionism" which he denounced indiscriminately; secondly, a cyclopean exposition of Cæsarism, and the convertibility of Might and Right which he came to regard apparently as the only possible remedy. With the first end in view he penned *Chartism* (1839), *Past and Present* (1843), *Latter Day Pamphlets* (1850), *Niagara and After,* denouncing the rights of majorities, extending suffrage, the beautiful Nigger Agony, and all the nostrums of palliative liberal philosophy and political economy—the dismal science. Turning then savagely away from a generation saturated with cant, with spleen undiverted and unrelieved, he wrote for a future generation, with the second aim ostensibly, his Cromwell and his Friedrich. He began the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* in 1842, and

completed it on August 26th, 1845. Even then it let water in and he had to put some new hoops round the bucket. It was an enthusiastic advocacy of Cromwell as constable of the parish, condoning every tyranny, cruelty, and crafty ambition of that astute autocrat. On the other hand it exhibited Carlyle's characteristic insight, which enabled him to break through the crust of conventional presentation and to make Cromwell and his age intelligible in a far greater measure than ever before.

Begun in the winter of 1851-2 and continued with a dogged persistence of growling and barking and snapping for nearly fourteen years, Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* is the history of one of the most odious and unscrupulous despots of modern times in terms of unstinted and unqualified eulogy. It reinforces and confirms the view to which its author was apparently gravitating, that national expansion under a great man of action, a conqueror for preference, under the motto "My country right or wrong," is the one condition of tolerable existence upon the planet. Consequently he devotes fourteen years to a microscopic survey of the biology of the Hohenzollern dynasty during the eighteenth century, with military, political and biographical anecdotes of the period. If Carlyle's method be the exploration of History by flashes of lightning, we admit that we should prefer to study it by almost any other illuminant. The colossal tediousness and triviality of much of the detail reduces the book in parts to a *reductio ad absurdum* of the hero theory. Contrariwise, as a monument of curious research and picturing power on a narrow field it is unrivalled; the portraits of Frederick William, a personality as actual and as rich in humour as Mr. Shandy, of Frederick himself, of his generals and of Voltaire, are painted to the life with the warm hues and glowing colours of fiction.

The crusted acerbity of humour which had shredded

off to some extent after the completion of *The French Revolution* returned to stay during these fourteen years of creative work and of conflict with intractable material and a vile world (mostly populated by fools), bad pens, bad ink, bad paper, and incurable ill-temper. A gloom of mood which most people would have borne in silence if only for the reason that it would have been indescribable, now seemed to settle down upon Carlyle, who found ample means to give articulate expression to his sensations. His letters, in fact, become more and more one continuous jeremiad about broken sleep, curtainless beds, sanhedrims of cats and dogs, and brood sows, demon fowl, greasy victual, ugly people, and consequent awful mental agony. The antiphony of these agonies and antagonies, the sulky despair, the rampaging and storming at others and their "cursed ways of going on," made the care of him eventually resemble that of a madhouse patient to the supersensitive woman he tormented so callously yet loved really so well. Trying as they found it to live together, the more they lived apart the greater the friction grew, and it seemed at times as if the much-tried pair must fly asunder. A counter-irritant to Carlyle's imaginary Tartarus was at length found in his wife's own very real and complete nervous breakdown—leading imperceptibly to the terrible and unexpected shock of her death in 1866. In a flash of lightning it broke upon him now that he had broken his wife's health and happiness by his unruly flytings and ferocities; hence the seemingly exaggerated remorse of his later letters and reminiscences.

Shooting Niagara, and After, a belated Latter-Day Pamphlet which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1867, was to be the last and most intemperate of his manifestoes on the Condition of England question. But the wonderful power of etching a vignette which makes a thumbnail sketch by "Craigenputtock" as much to be

prized by a literary connoisseur as a Rembrandt etching by a virtuoso of the graphic arts, survived to the last and is seen fully as much in his *Letters* and his *Reminiscences* as in *The French Revolution, Frederick,* or the *Life of Sterling.* Famous, rich and inconsistently philanthropic, the flying target of all kinds of extraneous attempts to do him honour, Carlyle remained a familiar figure at Chelsea for the fifteen last years of his life. An experiment in living together with his brother John (the translator of Dante) had to be given up after a very brief trial, but he was far less denunciatory than of old, and disciples and admirers sought him out generally with complete impunity. Molten words issued from him almost to the last and many hearts were kindled. A thrill ran through the land on February 5th, 1881, when it heard that Thomas Carlyle was dead. Sepulture in the Abbey was a popular demand, but characteristically he had decreed Ecclefechan, where he was laid among the kindred whose trust and affection he had reciprocated so egotistically yet so greatly.

As a child we are told he was much given to crying, as a man he was but too prone to grotesque lamentations over common bodily ills. The strong sense of sin to which he was heir was evidently correlative to his stern sense of duty; similarly no doubt his vividness and his disconnectedness, his intensity and his lack of catholicity are correlative. With his northern love of learning and strong family feeling he also plainly inherited a starkness of humour, a stiff conceit of himself and a fondness for the scolding and browbeating of others. His inveterate practice of haranguing gave him little opportunity of appreciating the point of view of the other side, and consequently his prejudices, his repulsions, his oppositions and antagonisms, clothed as they are in torrents of fiery eloquence, are too often felt to be not merely bilious but absolutely blind. Such vehement and explosive heats for

and against are most injurious to any deliberate unity and rotundity of exposition, and Carlyle is thus, like Ruskin, a most incoherent philosopher. He detested the rationalism and the symmetry of such methodists of thought as Mill, Buckle, Darwin, Spencer, Ricardo, Austin, and George Eliot—mere chatter he called it, though he was perhaps half uneasily or even jealously conscious of the superior ratiocinative powers of such thinkers. It is amusingly characteristic to perceive from his letters what "poor devils" most of his highly gifted friends are compassionately adjudged to be. Thus it is "poor sawdustish Mill," editor of a "crawlery of creeping things," whose "mangy laughter" is suggestive of a proclivity to the itch; "insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb"; Newman has the brain of a moderate, Keble of a diminutive rabbit; De Quincey is an animalcule to be kept in a box and only taken out to talk; George Eliot is a chattering woman, Lewes an ape, Darwin a puir thin fool, Lecky a willow-pattern man, and similarily we hear of poor muddle-brained, twisted, and strained Maurice, hugger-mugger Hunt, poor Tyndall, and poor little Browning. So too his habit of looking at his own time through the wrong end of the telescope, despairing of justice and amelioration, and bemoaning the rose-water imbecilities of so-called contemporary progress grew upon him insensibly, and his one-string effects so beset him and besotted him that the whole thing tumbled off at last into sheer insincerity. A justifiable exposure of Rousseau nonsense about the perfectibility of man had degenerated into a sulphurous denunciation of all philanthropic ideals, a blind fury of tearing off the branches in order to find the tree. What this all goes to show is that as an intellect Carlyle had not wholly got beyond the stage of instinct. He was not an apostle of a school of ideas like the two Mills, nor was he a pioneer to dis-

cover new channels for thought with Spencer and Darwin. His instinct against the self-satisfied rationalism, the priggish solemnity and over-regimentation of ideas in his age, was, we believe, fundamentally sound. And if not in the first rank as thinker, reasoner, or critic, he was very great indeed as a moral force, as a prophetic power indicting the futility of expecting a generalisation or two of the philosophical radicals to embrace and comprehend the whole universe. His amazing opulence of imaginative expression and his sinister habit of introducing nitroglycerine into the mimic warfare of verbal debate betrayed the literalists and the rationalists into taking him far more seriously than was necessary or desirable. His literary malice, his double echo of irony, what Lamb might have called his abundance of fun, have too generally been overlooked. Henry James, however, did not hesitate to call him an inveterate comedian.

Greatest of all, Carlyle appears to us as a biographer. His insight into personality can hardly be exaggerated. Its acuteness in fixing upon cracks and crevices is sometimes almost diabolical, and seems to partake almost at times of the infallible and hideous penetration of the querulous and evil-tempered scold. The result, however, is a quantity of biographical and autobiographical writing which is of the very stuff of human nature. It will not combine. It forms an element by itself.[1]

[1] The main authorities for Carlyle's Life are his own *Reminiscences*,* brought out by James Anthony Froude (2 vols., 1881); *Thomas Carlyle: A History of the First Forty Years of His Life* * (2 vols., 1882); *Thomas Carlyle: A History of His Life in London* * (2 vols., 1884), both, including numerous letters and documents, written and edited by J. A. Froude; and *The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle* (1883 and 1904, in all 5 vols.). The outspoken truthfulness of documents and opinions caused the utmost consternation when the volumes described above were given to the public, and Froude

was for a long time excommunicated by Carlyle's friends for giving to the world one of the most interesting and lifelike contributions that biography and autobiography in England have ever known. Biographical and critical studies have since grown apace; among the more noteworthy are those of J. B. Crozier, in *My Inner Life;* Richard Garnett (1887); F. Harrison (1894); Henry James, in *Literary Remains;* A. H. Japp (1865); Ed. Jenks (1888); Larkin, *The Open Secret of Carlyle's Life* (1886); Jeaffreson; W. S. Lilly, *Four Humorists* (1895); David Masson (1885); B. W. Matz; H. J. Nicoll (1885); John Nicoll (1892); S. J. Reid (1881); J. M. Robertson, in *Modern Humanists* (1891); R. H. Shepherd (1881); Symington (1886); Wylie (1881); Hensel (1901); J. M. Sloan, *The Carlyle Country* (1904); Gazeau, *L'Impérialisme anglais* (1903); to which may be added the amusing satire contained in Taine's *L'Idéalisme anglais* of 1864.

BOOK VII

THE AGE OF THE NOVEL

CHAPTER I

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY NOVEL: BULWER AND DISRAELI: NAVAL AND MILITARY NOVELS: THE PREDECESSORS OF MR. PICKWICK.

"The main question concerning a novel is: Did it amuse? Were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? Did you mistake eleven for ten, and twelve for eleven? Were you too late for dress?"—SYDNEY SMITH.

"I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which Disraeli clothed his description. There were at least five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and yet no others, apparently, could so well have conveyed the idea. He talked like a racehorse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action."—N. P. WILLIS.

I

INTO the gap between Scott and the great constellation of Victorian fiction fall the two interesting and significant figures of Bulwer and Disraeli. Both of them are more modern in their application of ideas to life than was the case with their greater compeers—Dickens and Thackeray. Both had talents of the highest order, and both alike were distracted by the scope of their ambitions and the extravagance of their youthful expenditure from that single-minded devotion and concentration which absolute pre-eminence in letters postulates.

Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, youngest son of one of the Bulwers of Heyden Hall, in Norfolk, by a daughter of the ancient house of the Lyttons of Knebworth, was born in Baker Street, London, on May 25th, 1803. Like Disraeli, he was a Londoner by birth, and by education the product of small schools and private tuition. In 1822, however, he went up to Trinity, Cambridge, when he distinguished himself as a debater along with W. M. Praed, Maurice and Charles Buller. In 1825 he left Cambridge, had several singular flirtations, one with Lady Caroline Lamb, became naturalised at Paris, and graduated as a finished dandy and "milor Anglais." He wrote Byronic verses, boxed, fenced, and gambled. In 1827 he made what proved to be a very unhappy and ill-timed marriage with Rosina Doyle Wheeler, and settled at Woodcot House, near Pangbourne. He was already a fluent writer, and doubled his income by magazine articles.

Scott was still writing when Bulwer swam into the horizon in 1827, otherwise the field was remarkably clear for a new novelist, Miss Edgeworth being mute, and Jane Austen dead. The anonymous *Falkland* was a sufficiently raw Wertherian romance: nevertheless, it gained for its author, a youth of twenty-four, a commission from the great novel impresario, Colburn, to write a novel for £500. The result was *Pelham*, a book as precocious as its dandy hero—Bulwer's exotic self. The hot-bloodedness of the style, the astounding vivacity and bewildering omniscience of the hero, made it pre-eminently a book for aspiring youth, and after a short period of probation, it eventually eclipsed both *Vivian Grey* and *Tremaine*, and became indisputably the book of the year. The need to follow the line of least resistance towards compassing large sums of money now that he was a married man, deprived of the allowance of a thousand a year which his mother had hitherto allowed him, impelled Bulwer to write a series

of criminal fictions in which the limelight is skilfully concentrated upon chivalric highwaymen (*Paul Clifford*), high-minded murderers (*Eugene Aram*), sentimental demireps, and other picturesque villains.

In 1834-5 he began to show his versatility by producing two historical novels, familiarly known from that day to this, *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Rienzi*: both bear the same kind of relation to Southern life and colouring that a coloured photograph does to nature, but they are undeniably effective. In 1839 he made another fresh reputation with an anonymous drama, full of crude sentimentalism, written in fifteen days, and produced by Macready with notable success at Covent Garden as *The Lady of Lyons*. It was followed by *Richelieu* and *Money*, and the longevity of the trio is probably the strongest testimony to Lytton's cleverness that could possibly be found.

In 1841 the Dickensian influence is already apparent in one of his most successful novels, *Night and Morning*, which serves as a link between the earlier novels and *The Caxtons*, with its sequel, *My Novel*—two second-rate but highly successful imitations of Sterne (1850-51). *The Caxtons* (and, later, once more, *The Coming Race*) was published anonymously and loudly acclaimed as the success of a budding genius. After he succeeded to the Knebworth estate upon his mother's death in 1843, and became known as Bulwer-Lytton, he produced two long and on the whole meritorious, if somewhat heavy, historical compositions, known as *The Last of the Barons* (1843) and *Harold* (1848)—this last gives a memorable presentment of the group around the last of the old English kings at the Battle of Hastings—and a somewhat cheaply finished satire called *The New Timon*, which provoked the "black blood" of Tennyson to terrible wrath. Early in the 'sixties he returned from his laurels in the political field, including the colonial secretaryship, followed by a peerage,

to his old facile industry as a novelist, his love of the mysterious and the spectral, which had already produced *Zanoni* and the powerful *Haunters and Haunted,* giving birth in 1862 to the *Strange Story,* in which an attempt is made to give a semi-scientific colouring to old-fashioned necromancy, in the lore of which Lytton was singularly learned. He also produced, in anticipation of H. G. Wells, a clever forecast of the society of the future called *The Coming Race* (1872), which made a great success, though he kept the secret of the authorship until his death. His very last novels, *Kenelm Chillingly* and *The Parisians,* which deal with old sentiments and modern tendencies, are among his very best. Mr. Chillingly Mivers, the editor of *The Londoner,* deserves to rank with Pelham, the puppy himself. Lytton died at Torquay on January 18th, 1873, in the arms of his only son, the poet Owen Meredith, and future Viceroy of India.

Lytton worked industriously all his life at a most ornate versatility, and the measure of his success, whether as novelist, poet, dramatist, man of fashion, statesman, orator, pamphleteer, satirist, scholar, or historian (we ought perhaps to have recorded his efforts as translator of Horace and Schiller, and as a rival of Thirwall and Grote) has been very diversely estimated. In regard to his work as a novelist, the divergence has been greatest—between the critics who sneer and the public who buy. The public are, no doubt, right in liking him, appraising him as they are apt to appraise a shop, by the number of its counters. Sawedwadgeorgearllitnbulwig, as Thackeray so boyish revelled in dubbing him, was in short the first of the great race of utility novelists, so common in our day, who devoted talent of a high order to popular fiction. The Master-Builder of the *Bow Bells Novelette* and the scare-head "fooliton," his success was reared upon his rapid adaptation of the best model to the instant com-

mercial needs of fiction. The Byronic pose, the Hugonic shudder, the Dumas dagger, the Dickensian tear, the Disraelian glitter—all are thrown into his melting pot. He even tried to emulate Scott's historical big bow-wow—he, the last of the Byrons, twanging the threnody of *The Last of the Barons*. *Contrefaçons* all, but so cleverly done that they have almost, if not quite, an artistic value of their own.

When he says in his picturesque way that he was born in a library, all that Lord Beaconsfield means is that he was born under the roof of his father, the Monkbarns of Literary Curiosities. In 1804 Isaac D'Israeli was living in Theobalds Road, and here on December 21st, in a house now marked by a tablet, opposite Gray's Inn Gardens, Benjamin Disraeli was born. He was received into the Jewish Church with the usual rite at the Spanish Synagogue in Bevis Marks, was taught in suburban schools, and lived the life of a London boy mainly in Bloomsbury Square, where his father had a large house. He had been baptised into the Christian community in 1817, one of his godfathers being the historian, Sharon Turner. Impertinent and flippant, never at a loss for a compliment or a repartee, he was early hailed as an original and a wit. Benjamin was destined for the law, and spent his early years, after a private education, in a solicitor's office. But law and bad jokes up to forty, and an eventual prospect of brilliant success, were not to his mind. Before he was twenty he had astonished not a few of the literary celebrities of the day, Croker, Rogers, Lockhart, and John Murray (who dispatched him on a literary embassy to the chieftain of Abbotsford), by the fine faculties which he concealed under those startling fopperies. In the same year (1825) he is flashing a quill in his father's library at Bradenham (whither the family had removed from Bloomsbury) over the rapid pages of *Vivian Grey*, and the audacious motto, "Why, then, the world's mine

oyster." Resolutely determined to play to the great world and not to lack an audience, Disraeli at this time kept close down to the footlights and attitudinised freely and frankly. For purposes of self-advertisement he calculated that affectation paid better than wit. Threatened by illness, he made a Byronic tour to Spain, Malta and the East. As with Byron and Napoleon, the East exercised a profound fascination over him. His imagination was deeply stirred, and he sent back glowing letters full of fantastic doings. In February, 1831, he was in the Holy City, the goal of his pilgrimage, where he attained the full use of his brain for the first time. On his return he published those extraordinary projections of his youthful personality, *Contarini Fleming* (1832) and *Alroy* (1833), the material embodied in which was recast to some extent later on in *Lothair* and *Tancred*—just as *Vivian Grey* and its sequel *The Young Duke* (books written by boys, their author denominated them) were remelted in his mind when he was at work upon *Coningsby*. These over-adorned and somewhat too Bulweresque fictions together with his amazingly clever political burlesques, *Ixion in Heaven, The Infernal Marriage,* and *Popanilla,* and a number of sparkling pamphlets such as his amusing and caustic denunciation of the Orleanist *coup d'état* in 1832, were the products of feverish energy, and the least effect they had was to make a literary lion of Disraeli. He was seen in company with Bulwer, D'Orsay, and the Hopes of Deepdene. He was familiar in the circle of Lady Blessington, Caroline Norton, and Tom Moore.

There is extremely little of the pulpit, or lectern, or desk about *Coningsby,* and still less of the poppy. What delights one with it is its daring, the vivacity and elation of its bounding youth, the irresistible *entrainement* of its tirades. As an epigrammatist "Dizzy" owes much of his champagne no doubt to Byron, Sydney Smith, and the wits of *The London Magazine,* but his phrasing is more

calculated to remind the attentive reader of the wit-arabesque of Horry Walpole than any other writer within our recollection. By how many have Disraeli's own jaunty inversions and ingenuities of contortion been imitated! He resembles Walpole still more in the malicious ingenuity with which he twists the historical Scriptures and wrenches them out of the hands of their authorised but not vivacious interpreters, to suit his own argument and purpose. Of the great "trilogy," *Coningsby, Sybil, Tancred,* it would be difficult to say which is the more characteristic, though *Sybil* is in our opinion the most wholly attractive of the three. In *Tancred,* however, there are in the early portions signs of a greater maturity, both in satire and extravaganza, than he shows elsewhere. Never in the *genre* of exquisite mock-heroic has the passage been surpassed in which the *cordon bleu,* temporarily bereft of the powers of "composition" owing to the lack of appreciation of his art, is depicted alone in the cook's room gazing in listless vacancy on the fire, overwhelmed by that exhaustion which follows acute sensibility and the over-tension of the creative faculty. One among many episodes in *Tancred,* this of the star chef Leander—so far surpassing in brilliancy of conception the Mirobolant of Thackeray—serves as a straw to indicate the gradual refinement that was progressing in his style along with a general ripening of literary faculty. It seems to us unquestionable that Disraeli might have gone on to produce novels of the very highest rank. Unhappily for letters, for England, and humanity, with inferior insight to Dickens, the one man in contemporary England who surpassed him in emotional vivacity and in both speaking and writing power, Disraeli elected to run the risk of achieving greatness—synonymous in his own words with influencing the minds of his generation—by the precarious instrumentality of our outworn party system (which

Dickens so cordially and so justly despised). *Lothair* (published in 1870 after a brief interlude in the political duel, and containing what is in some respects his most finished presentation of English society) is virtually a confession of abandoned ideals. He died in London on April 19th (now known as Primrose Day), 1881, just two-and-a-half months after Carlyle, whose obscenities of abuse he had repaid with the sphinx-like generosity that became him.

II

"The lordliest life on earth" a hundred years ago—that of an officer in his Majesty's navy! The sense of power, the capacity of infinite resource, the combination of qualities necessary to produce a first-rate naval officer—all these things entered into the estimate which the mere landsman was compelled to form of the men who seconded Jervis and Nelson and Nelson's "band of brothers." Smollett was literally the founder of this famous nautical school; but when he wrote, the navy was a *terra incognita* to the nation: naval men were regarded by the reading public as a strange race of amphibious monsters, and the achievements of naval squadrons had endeared the service neither to the respect nor to the affection of the mass of Englishmen. When prize-money rolled in by thousands and enabled successful post-captains to found county families, the old indifference was soon exchanged for a keen solicitude. Formerly the "fool of the family" had been destined from boyhood for India or holy orders. Now it was the object of every house to have a cadet in the navy. Sir Walter treated the profession with exalted respect, and Jane Austen's favourite hero was a naval officer. From the establishment of the peace in 1815 time was ripe for the naval novelist. As usual, however, after a great war, preoccupation is followed by a period of aversion, and it was not until 1829 that the first great delineator of naval manners and maritime exploits was discovered in Captain Marryat.

Frederick Marryat—born in Great George Street, Westminster, on July 10th, 1792—served almost contin-

ually and with much credit in the Royal Navy from 1806 to 1830. Early experiences are told in three of his best books, *Frank Mildmay, Midshipman Easy,* and *Peter Simple*; the skilful commander Captain Savage in the novel last named, was Cochrane, Lord Dundonald, under whom Marryat served as a boy of fifteen on the crack frigate *Imperieuse.* No battles, hardly any ship actions, but any amount of boat service in cutting out expeditions—such was the actual experience of Marryat in the navy. We gather as much from his books, which are a faithful mirror of the general nature of naval activity between Trafalgar and 1815, when no hostile fleet dared to venture out into deep water, so acknowledged and undisputed was the supremacy of our naval squadrons. Marryat was in many respects a model officer, interpid (he saved several lives by swimming) and full of ingenuity (he is credited with a code of signals), but like most naval officers of the period he had deep-rooted grievances against the Admiralty, and at thirty-eight, after a very successful professional career, he was induced by "private affairs" to resign his ship.

The success of his first novel, *Frank Mildmay, or The Naval Officer,* which came out in 1829, held an important place among these private affairs; it was followed by *The King's Own* (1830), and by Marryat's purchase of a landed estate in Norfolk. Marryat now addressed himself to the task of earning money rapidly by his pen. In 1832 he was appointed editor of *The Metropolitan Magazine,* to which he had already contributed freely at the rate of £16 a sheet. In it he produced the rambling narrative of *Newton Foster,* with its striking sea episodes and amusing stories, and during the next two years (1833-5) his four best novels, *Peter Simple* (1833), *Jacob Faithful, Mr. Midshipman Easy,* and *Japhet in Search of a Father,* and also *The Pacha of Many Tales.* For these, apart from the social price, he gained over a thou-

sand apiece, and felt himself a Fortunatus, until an unsuccessful election showed him how easily his coffers might be depleted. In 1836 he transferred his work from *The Metropolitan* to *The New Monthly* at the enhanced price of £20 a sheet, and produced in it *Snarley Yow, The Phantom Ship, Poor Jack,* and *Percival Keene.* His fluency made earning easy, but like Lever, whom he resembled in the art of collecting, embellishing, and recollecting stories, Marryat was what Carlyle would call a "very expensive herr," and was constrained to make periodical dashes to Lausanne, Boulogne, or Brussels. In 1837-9 he went further afield to America, and wrote the long captious book about American manners, which the literary convention and the publishers of that day (of Trollopes, Hamiltons, Coopers, and Basil Halls) expected. It was a heavy book, but served his purpose, and brought him in a clear £2,000. He poured large sums into an experimental farm at Langham, Norfolk, whither he eventually retired and where, after contending with many anxieties and the sharp blow of his son's loss in the wreck of the *Avenger,* he died on August 9th, 1848. Marryat's work has been laughed at for its facility and *invraisemblance* by such censors as Poe and Bret Harte, Meredith and Carlyle, whom the light-hearted post-captain had the misfortune to have spoken of once as "Mr. Carlisle, author of *Sartor Resartus.*" But he had many gifts of a high order, good spirits, informing a genuine talent for humorous dialogue and eccentric portraiture—and we must remember that he wrote before Dickens.

Historical works upon the Peninsular War such as the chapters by Southey on the History of the War, written between 1823 and 1832, and slight half-comical sketches of military life such as David Roberts's *Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome,* preluded the regular development of the limited group of military novelists. The great master of this school was and is Charles Lever, who

not only wrote some battlepieces with backgrounds and accompaniments such as Napier himself might have envied, but had glimpses of the pomp and pageantry of eighteenth-century warfare, revealed in that wonderful chapter in *Maurice Tiernay,* entitled "A Remnant of Fontenoy," which Thackeray himself with the example of Lever before him had much ado to approach in the vastly better sustained pages of *Esmond.* His flightiness and indolence in revising alone prevented Lever (who never himself smelt powder on the field) from becoming the generalissimo of this branch of literature.

Charles James Lever, second son of James Lever, a Dublin architect, was born in the Irish capital on August 31st, 1806. His descent was purely English. His escapades at Trinity College, Dublin, where he remained from 1822 to 1827, are used as material, and very good material they make, for the early chaptrs of *Charles O'Malley.* The inimitable Frank Webber of that novel (ancestor of Foker and Mr. Bouncer) was a college friend, Robert Boyle, later an Irish parson. They sang ballads of their own composing to the Dublin crowd after the manner of Fergusson or of Goldsmith, though they did not suffer from Noll's pecuniary straits, and to these scenes Lever referred in the best of his later novels, *Lord Kilgobbin.* Before seriously entering upon the medical studies for which he was destined, Lever visited America as an unqualified surgeon on an emigrant ship, and has drawn upon some of his experiences in *Con Cregan, Arthur O'Leary,* and *Roland Cashel.* Afterwards he studied and travelled from Göttingen to Weimar, thence to Vienna; he loved the German student life, and several of his merry songs, such as *The Pope he Loved a Merry Life,* are on Student-lied patterns; later, as *Tom Burke, Tony Butler,* and *Maurice Tiernay* demonstrate, his sympathies become decidedly French. On returning to Dublin he got an appointment from the Board of Health in County Clare, and his visit determined the vein of his first (that all-important) book, *Harry Lorrequer.* Shortly afterwards he met William Hamilton Maxwell, the titular founder of the military novel. In February, 1837, he began running *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer* through

the pages of the recently established *Dublin University Magazine* (in volume form, 1839). He now moved to a practice in Brussels, a superb place for the observation of English society a little damaged, where he encountered Major Monsoon and Captain Bubbleton, Paul Rooney and Father Tom Loftus (in *Jack Hinton*). In 1842 he returned as editor of *The Dublin University Magazine*, in which capacity he hospitably received Thackeray and grouped round him a buzzing coterie of Irish wits—the O'Sullivans, Archer Butler, Carleton, W. R. Wilde, D. F. McCarthy, Butt and others. But the Galway pace he had to keep up, the horses to maintain, the friends to entertain, the novels to write—*Charles O'Malley*, (1840) and *Jack Hinton* (1842), being rapidly followed by *Tom Burke, The O'Donoghue*, and *The Knight of Gwynne*—soon made his native land an impossible place for him to reside in. He wandered about continentally like his own *Daltons* or *Dodd Family Abroad* until in 1858 he was appointed English Consul at Spezzia, in 1867 exchanged for Trieste. Constantly depressed in spirit though he was, and harassed by debt and anxiety, his animal spirits made him the most delightful of companions to all he exerted himself to please, and he seldom failed to do this in company. His wit was unextinguished even by the lassitude of his last years abroad. He died at Trieste of heart disease, almost painlessly, on June 1st, 1872.

With Lever, as with nearly all novelists, his first productions were his best. They exhibit very little respect for conventional novel structure or unity of action, but are in fact little more than recitals of scenes in the life of a particular person, unconnected by any continuous intrigue. His taste in humour was robust and permeated all his best narratives with an atmosphere of quaint buffooneries and practical jokes (often quite savage enough to deserve the delicious burlesque of *Phil Fogarty*). But the buffoonery is only an excrescence, for Lever had the personal magnetism of a born storyteller, that easy flow of light description which without tedium or hurry leads up to the point, and that extraordinary memory for good stories which leaves nothing to the imagination but to invent picturesque details. When the stories began to run out, Lever began to study the technique and to learn the mechanism of his art. Unfortunately he lost that *élan* and brightness of youth which had given such incomparable animation to the best scenes in *Lorrequer* and *Charles O'Malley*.

CHAPTER II

CHARLES DICKENS

"He is unquestionably as far above all other English novelists as Shakespeare is above all other dramatists."—TENNYSON.

CHARLES JOHN HUFFAM DICKENS, second son of John and Elizabeth Dickens, was born in Commercial Road, Landport, Isle of Portsea, on February 7th, 1812. His father was then a clerk in the Navy Pay Office in Portsmouth on a salary of £80 a year. The family removed to Chatham in 1816, and during their sojourn there Charles, who had been taught to read by his mother, was frequently to be found in by-places near Rochester "with his head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza." He was also for a year or two at school at Chatham, and an occasional visitor at the theatre there. In 1823 a move was made to Bayham Street, Camden Town, where the family had to submit to stern economies, and to submit in vain, for the father was arrested for debt and lodged in the Marshalsea Prison. Charles, who had hitherto helped his mother with the children, blacked the boots, attended the pawnshop, and done other menial work, was now sent out to earn his own living as a young hand in a blacking warehouse at a salary of six shillings a week. In a tumble-down first floor, overlooking Hungerford Stairs, for nearly two years he tied up and labelled blacking-pots, lunching off a saveloy and a penny loaf, and going to spend the Sunday with his parents in their comfortable prison, where they had the services of a "marchioness." His father emerged in 1824, and then

for a brief two years Charles attended Mr. Creakle's academy in the Hampstead Road; after which he entered an attorney's office, first as an office boy, then in another Lincoln's Inn firm as a junior clerk. He was a mirthful enough youth now that the blacking memories had faded—fond of the theatre and of harmless practical jokes, but already fiercely intent upon rising in the world. He read in leisure moments at the British Museum, learned Gurney's shorthand, and determined to be a reporter. As a reporter he acquired a remarkable facility with his pen, combined in his case with a style of the first descriptive order, graphic, and at the same time direct, and he had an actor's eye for all external peculiarities or oddities of manner or *mise en scène.* He began to think of using these powers during moments of leisure upon scenes and characters of London life. In December, 1833, what was perhaps his first effort as an independent essayist, *A Dinner at Poplar Walk,* appeared in *The Monthly Magazine.* This formed the nucleus of his first book, *Sketches by Boz,* which had attracted a certain amount of attention from acute observers. A member of the firm of Chapman & Hall had caught the name of Dickens upon the wind, discovered his address, and called upon him in his chambers at Furnival's Inn with a proposal that he should provide letterpress for a series of Nimrod sketches (the exploits of a Cockney Nimrod) which Seymour, the artist, had proposed to etch for them. *Pickwick* is thus almost unique among epoch-making books, seeing that it did not originate in the mind of the author, but was essentially a publisher-prompted scheme for a supply of letterpress to subserve a series of illustrations by a well-known rival of Cruikshank in black and white *genre.* The offer was too tempting for Dickens to refuse, and *Pickwick* was begun.

Having early got rid of the sporting element, Dickens

found himself at once. The subject exactly suited his knowledge, his skill in arranging incidents—nay, his very limitations too. No modern book is so incalculable. We commence laughing heartily at Pickwick and his troupe. The laugh becomes kindlier. We are led on through a tangle of adventure, never dreaming what is before us. The landscape changes: Pickwick becomes the symbol of kindheartedness, simplicity, and innocent levity. Suddenly in the Fleet Prison a deeper note is struck. The medley of human relationships, the loneliness, the mystery and sadness of human destinies are fathomed. The tragedy of human life is revealed to us amid its most farcical elements. The droll and laughable figure of the hero is transfigured by the kindliness of human sympathy into a beneficent and bespectacled angel in shorts and gaiters. By defying accepted rules, Dickens had transcended the limited sphere hitherto allotted to his art; he had produced a book to be enshrined henceforth in the inmost heart of all sorts and conditions of his countrymen, and had definitely enlarged the boundaries of English humour and English fiction.

While the public were just rejoicing in the first sprightly runnings of the "new humour," the humorist set to work desperately on the grim scenes of *Oliver Twist,* the story of a parish orphan, the nucleus of which had already seen the light in his *Sketches.* The early scenes are of a harrowing reality, despite the germ of forced pathos which the observant reader may detect in the pitiful parting between Oliver and little Dick; but what will strike every reader at once in this book is the directness and power of the English style, so nervous and unadorned; from its unmistakable cleanness and vigour Dickens was to travel far as time went on. But the full effect of the old simplicity is felt in such masterpieces of description as the drive of Oliver and Sikes to Chertsey, the condemned

cell ecstasy of Fagin, or the unforgettable first encounter between Oliver and the Artful Dodger.

Before November, 1837, had ended, Charles Dickens entered on an engagement to write a successor to *Pickwick* on similar lines of publication. *Oliver Twist* was then in mid-career; a *Life of Grimaldi* and *Barnaby Rudge* were already covenanted for. Dickens forged ahead with the new tale of *Nicholas Nickleby* and was justified by the results, for its sale far surpassed even that of *Pickwick*. As a conception it is one of his weakest. An unmistakably eighteenth-century character pervades it. Some of the vignettes are among the most piquant and besetting ever written. Large parts of it are totally unobserved conventional melodrama; but the Portsmouth Theatre and Dotheboys Hall and Mrs. Nickleby (based to some extent, it is thought, upon Miss Bates in *Emma,* but also upon the author's mother) will live for ever as Dickens conceived them in the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby.*

Having got rid of *Nicholas Nickleby* and resigned his editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany,* in which *Oliver Twist* originally appeared, Dickens conceived the idea of a weekly periodical to be issued as *Master Humphrey's Clock,* to comprise short stories, essays and miscellaneous papers, after the model of Addison's *Spectator.* To make the weekly numbers "go," he introduced Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller and his father in friendly intercourse. But the public requisitioned "a story," and in No. 4 he had to brace himself up to give them one. Thus was commenced *The Old Curiosity Shop,* which was continued with slight interruptions, and followed by *Barnaby Rudge.* For the first time we find Dickens obsessed by a highly complicated plot. The tonality achieved in *The Old Curiosity Shop* surpassed anything he had attempted in this difficult vein, while the rich humor of Dick Swiveller

and the Marchioness, and the vivid portraiture of the wandering Bohemians, attain to the very highest level of Dickensian drollery; but in the lamentable tale of Little Nell (though Landor and Jeffrey thought the character-drawing of this infant comparable with that of Cordelia) it is generally admitted that he committed an indecent assault upon the emotions by exhibiting a veritable monster of piety and long-suffering in a child of tender years. In *Barnaby Rudge* he was manifestly affected by the influence of Scott, whose achievements he always regarded with a touching veneration. The old plot, again, is of the utmost complexity, and Edgar Allan Poe (who predicted the conclusion) must be one of the few persons who have every really mastered it. But few of Dickens's books are written in a more admirable style.

Master Humphrey's Clock concluded, Dickens started in 1842 on his first visit to America—an episode hitherto without parallel in our literary history, for he was received everywhere with popular acclamation as the representative of a grand triumph of the English language and imagination, without regard to distinctions of nationality.

He offended the American public grievously by a few words of frank description and a few quotations of the advertisement columns of American papers illustrating the essential barbarity of the old slave system (*American Notes*). Dickens was soon pining for home—no English writer is more essentially and insularly English in inspiration and aspiration than he is. He still brooded over the perverseness of America on the copyright question, and in his next book he took the opportunity of uttering a few of his sharper impressions about the ludicrous sides of American democracy, the result being that "all Yankee-doodle-dom blazed up like one universal soda bottle," as Carlyle expressed it. *Martin Chuzzle-*

wit is important as closing his great character period. His *sève originale,* as the French would say, was by this time to a considerable extent exhausted, and he had to depend more upon artistic elaboration, upon satires, upon *tours de force* of description, upon romantic and ingenious contrivances. But all these resources combined proved unequal to his powers as an original observer of popular types, until he reinforced himself by autobiographic reminiscence, as in *David Copperfield* and *Great Expectations,* the two great books remaining to his later career.

After these two masterpieces and the three wonderful books with which he made his *début,* we are inclined to rank *Chuzzlewit.* Nothing in Dickens is more admirably seen and presented than Todgers's, a bit of London particular cut out with a knife; Mr. Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp, it is needless to say, have passed into the national language and national life. The coach journey, the windy autumn night, the stealthy trail of Jonas, the undertone of tragedy in the Charity and Mercy and Chuffy episodes, suggest a blending of imaginative vision and physical penetration hardly seen elsewhere.

Two things are specially notable about this novel—the exceptional care taken over it (as shown by the interlineations in the MS.) and the caprice or nonchalance of the purchasing public, its sales being far lower than those of any of its monthly predecessors. At the close of 1843, to pay outstanding debts of his now lavish housekeeping, he wrote that pioneer of Christmas numbers, that national benefit as Thackeray called it, *A Christmas Carol.* It failed to realise his pecuniary anticipations, and Dickens resolved upon a drastic policy of retrenchment and reform. He would save expense by living abroad and would punish his publishers by withdrawing his custom from them, at least for a time. Like everything else upon which he ever determined, this resolution was car-

ried out with the greatest possible precision and dispatch.

In June, 1844, he set out for Marseilles with his now rapidly increasing family (the journey cost him £200). In a villa in the outskirts of Genoa he wrote *The Chimes,* which, during a brief excursion to London before Christmas, he read to a select circle of friends (the germ of his subsequent lecture-audiences), including Forster, Carlyle, Stanfield, Dyce, Maclise, and Jerrold. Next year he enjoyed his favourite diversion of private theatricals; and in January, 1846, he experimented briefly, and for once unsuccessfully, as the editor of a London morning paper—*The Daily News.*

By early spring he was back at Lausanne, writing his customary vivid letters to his friends, craving as usual for London streets, commencing *Dombey & Son,* and walking his fourteen miles daily. The success of *Dombey & Son* completely rehabilitated the master's finances, enabled him to return to England, send his son to Eton, and to begin to save money. Artistically it is less satisfactory; it contains some of Dickens's prime curios, such as Cuttle, Bunsby, Toots, Blimber, Pipchin, Mrs. MacStinger, and Toby Biler; it contains also that masterpiece of sentimentality which trembles upon the borderland of the sublime and the ridiculous, the death of Paul Dombey ("that sweet Paul," as Jeffrey, the "critic laureate," called him), and some grievous and unquestionable blemishes. As a narrative, moreover, it tails off into a highly complicated and exacting plot. It was followed by a long rest at Broadstairs, before Dickens returned to the native home of his genius, and early in 1849 "began to prepare for" *David Copperfield.*

"Of all my books," Dickens wrote, "I like this the best; like many fond parents I have my favourite child, and his name is David Copperfield." In some respects

it stands to Dickens in something of the same relation that the contemporary *Pendennis* stands to Thackeray. As in that book, too, the earlier portions are the best. They gained in intensity by the autobiographical form into which they are thrown; as Thackeray observed, there was no writing against such power. The tragedy of Emily and the character of Rosa Dartle are profoundly unsatisfactory, stagey, and unreal; Agnes, again, is far less convincing as a consolation than Dickens would have us believe; but these are more than compensated by the wonderful realisation of early boyhood in the book, by the picture of Mr. Creakle's school, the Peggottys, the inimitable Mr. Micawber, Betsey Trotwood, and that monument of selfish misery, Mrs. Gummidge.

At the end of March, 1850, commenced the new twopenny weekly called *Household Words,* which Dickens planned to form a direct means of communication between himself and his readers, and as a means of collecting around him and encouraging the talents of the younger generation. No one was better qualified than he for this work, whether we consider his complete freedom from literary jealousy or his magical gift of inspiring young authors.

Following the somewhat dreary and incoherent *Bleak House* of 1852, *Hard Times* (1854)—an anti-Manchester School tract, which Ruskin regarded as Dickens's best work—was the first long story written for *Household Words.* About this time Dickens made his final home at Gad's Hill, near Rochester, and put the finishing touch to another long novel published upon the old plan and named *Little Dorrit.* In spite of the exquisite comedy of the master of the Marshalsea and the final tragedy of the central figure, *Little Dorrit* is sadly deficient in the old vitality, the humour is often a mock reality, and the repetition of comic catch-words and overstrung

similes and metaphors is such as to affect the reader with nervous irritation. The plot and characters ruin each other in this amorphous production. The *Tale of Two Cities,* commenced in *All the Year Round* (the successor of *Household Words*) in 1859, is a great improvement: the main characters are powerful, the story genuinely tragic, and the atmosphere lurid; but the enormous labour everywhere expended upon the construction of stylistic ornament is only too apparent. The *Tale* was followed by two finer efforts at atmospheric delineation, the best things he ever did of this kind: the first is *Great Expectations,* over which there broods the mournful impression of the foggy marshes of the Lower Thames; the second is *Our Mutual Friend,* in which the ooze and mud and slime of Rotherhithe, its boatmen and loafers, is made to pervade the whole book with cumulative effect. The general effect produced by the stories is, however, very different. In the first case, the foreground was supplied by autobiographical material of the most vivid interest, and the lucidity of the creative impulse impelled him to write upon this occasion with his old simplicity, though with an added power. Nothing, therefore, in the whole range of Dickens surpasses the early chapters of *Great Expectations* in perfection of technique or in mastery of all the resources of the novelist's art.

In November, 1867, he set out on a second expedition to America, leaving all the writing that he was ever to complete behind him. He was to make a round sum of money, enough to free him from all embarrassments, by a long series of exhausting readings, commencing at the Tremont Temple, Boston, on December 2nd. The strain of Dickens's ordinary life was so tense and so continuous that it is, perhaps, rash to assume that he broke down eventually under this particular stress; for other reasons, however, his persistence in these readings, subsequent to

his return, was strongly deprecated by his literary friends, led by the arbitrary and relentless Forster. It is a strong testimony to Dickens's self-restraint, even in his most capricious and despotic moments, that he never broke the cord of obligation which bound him to his literary mentor, though sparring matches between them were latterly of frequent occurrence. His farewell reading was given on March 15th, 1870, at St. James's Hall. He then vanished from "those garish lights," as he called them, "forevermore." Of the three brief months that remained to him, his last book, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* was the chief occupation. It hardly promised to become a masterpiece as did Thackeray's *Denis Duval,* but contained much characteristic later work, and fine descriptive technique, grouped round a scene of which Dickens had an unrivalled sympathetic knowledge (Cloisterham is of course Rochester).

In March and April Charles Dickens mixed in the highest society, dined with the Prince at Lord Houghton's, and was twice at court, once at a long-deferred private interview with the Queen, who begged him on his persistent refusal of any other distinction to accept the nominal distinction of a Privy Councillor. He returned to his ordinary methodical routine at Gad's Hill on May 30th. On Thursday, June 8th, after a long spell of writing in the châlet where he habitually wrote, he collapsed suddenly at dinner. His sister-in-law (Georgie Hogarth) remarked an appalling expression on his countenance. "Come and lie down," she entreated. "Yes, on the ground," he said very distinctly. These were the last words he spoke; and he slid from her arm and fell upon the floor. He died at 6.10 a. m. on June 9th, 1870. He was buried privately in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, in the early morning of June 14th. One of the most touching memorials was the drawing by Luke Fildes in *The Graphic* of "The

Empty Chair: Gad's Hill, Ninth of June, 1870." In his will he enjoined his friends to erect no monument in his honour, and directed his name and dates only to be inscribed in plain English letters on his tomb, adding this proud provision, "I rest my claim to the remembrance of my country on my published works."

"I HAVE heard Dickens described by those who knew him," says Yates, "as aggressive, imperious, and intolerant, and I can comprehend the accusation; but to me his temper was always of the sweetest and kindest. He would, I doubt not, have been easily bored, and would not have scrupled to show it, but he never ran the risk. He was imperious in the sense that his life was conducted on the *sic volo sic jubeo* principle, and that everything gave way before him. The society in which he mixed, the hours which he kept, the opinions which he held, his likes and dislikes, his ideas of what should or should not be, were all settled by himself, not merely for himself, but for all those brought into connection with him, and it was never imagined they could be called in question. Yet he was never regarded as a tyrant; he had immense power of will, absolute mesmeric force, as he proved beneficially more than once and that he should lead and govern seemed perfectly natural to us." In order to get through his day's work he had of course to be extremely punctilious in the matter of routine. Everything with him went as by clockwork, his movements, his absences from home, and the times of his return were all fixed beforehand, and it was seldom that he failed to adhere to what he had fixed. He could not live in a room or a house until he had put every piece of furniture into its proper place. The least deviation from the strictest order irritated him beyond endurance. Wherever he went, and he was constantly moving his abode, he carried the same undeviating routine. Rising early, looking about him, observing and thinking for an hour or more before breakfast. Completing three or four MS. pages between breakfast and luncheon at a desk, the arrangement of which was a solemn ritual in itself. Walking vigorously in the afternoon. His wonderful letters were written and his after-dinner orations (in which he had only one competitor, Disraeli) composed one can hardly say when. But as Hazlitt said of himself, the more he did the

more he found time to do. As a magazine editor we know he was most painstaking, and the only duty he would ever seem to have performed in the least perfunctorily was his brief editorship of *The Daily News* at its foundation in January, 1846. Slovenliness, half-done work, and shoddiness of all kinds were his particular abhorrence.

His antipathy was a half-hearted being—a man who did not care. Commander-in-chief in small things as well as great, inspector-general of his household, observing, controlling, encouraging, a healing influence in sickness, a resource in every emergency, Dickens was a sort of terrestrial providence for all who came under his immediate sway. His versatility was unique. He was extraordinarily quick and intelligent and adaptive at everything he took up. In work or in play, in mirth or seriousness alike, he stood for a score of men. Wherever he went he was easily first. At society dinner-parties the contest always was to be placed near Charles Dickens. What magic there was to many still living in those three syllables! Pointed out with pride at the Athenæum—"Mr. Dickens, sir, one of our members"; sought after at court; viewed with respect mingled with wholesome awe by the greatest statesmen of his time, no one could patronise—no one dared to dream of patronising—Charles Dickens. "Statesmen, men of science, philanthropists, the acknowledged benefactors of their race might pass away," so wrote *The Times*, "and yet not leave the void which will be caused by the death of Dickens." It was perfectly true in London, in the world of letters, in English society, wherever English is understood—Charles Dickens, at his death, left a blank impossible to fill up.

Dickens would never perhaps have been conspicuous in argument, for certain disqualifying prejudices were rooted in his inmost nature, and he hated parliamentary and other debate (which he described as circumlocution) with the sincerity of your genuine autocrat. He was a kind of liberal and a kind of unitarian, though he never got quite emancipated from the pietistic subconsciousness of middle-class England of the 1815-35 period. But all dreaming was put aside in the presence of affairs. "Subtract his genius," says Gissing with a fine insight, "and we have a most capable, upright, vigorous man of business—the very ideal (so much better than all but a few actual examples) of commercial England. . . . To minds of a certain type there appears to be the utmost satis-

faction in pointing out that Shakespeare made money and built 'the trimmest house in Stratford town'; but who can seriously suggest that even *mutatis mutandis* Shakespeare's business aptitudes and success were comparable with those of Dickens? The author of *Hamlet* indubitably had common sense, but, most happily, business as it is understood among us now-a-days had not been dreamt of in Elizabethan England, and one may safely assert that Shakeseare was no distinguished merchant even in the sense of that day. Dickens might easily have become a great capitalist."

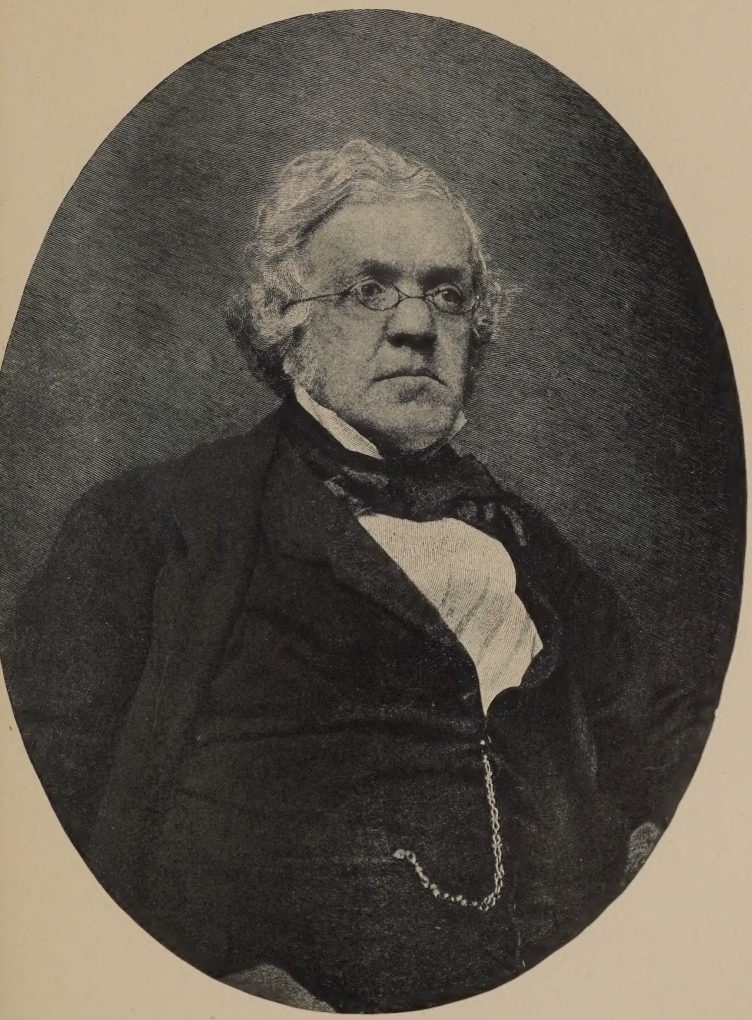
CHAPTER III

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

"Thackeray, observateur surtout, n'a pas cette haute morale constructive des Tolstoi et des George Eliot. Il ne tire pas las conclusion de ses prémisses. 'Chacun est égoïste,' dit il, 'chacun est malheureux. Vanité des vanités.' Mais il ne va pas jusqu'à dire. 'Le désir individuel est l'ennemi du bonheur: renoncons au désir. Il n'a pas eu la vision d'un monde où les hommes chercheront ensemble le bonheur de tous. Il ne s'est pas dit que l'homme qui augmente par l'altruisme la surface sensitive de son âme est incapable de désespoir ou même de déception. Il n'a rien expliqua, il s'est borné à constater; et là, peut-être, est la valeur et la verité de son œuvre."—M. Duclaux.

William Makepeace Thackeray, son of Richmond Thackeray, a magistrate in Bengal, of a regular "nabob" family, was named after his grandfather, W. Makepeace Thackeray, an East Indian factor, who made a considerable fortune as an elephant-dealer, and was connected with the Rennells, the Moores, the Richmond Webbs, and other well-known families. The future novelist was born at Calcutta on July 18th, 1811, sent to England at six, and five years later entered at Charterhouse—the Slaughterhouse and Grey Friars of his many allusions. There was none of the barbarous simplicity of the typical British schoolboy about the youthful Thackeray; already he showed a precocious talent for lampoon and caricature. His cleverness and social talents were not long under a bushel at Trinity College, Cambridge. He developed a strong taste for reading and discussion of English literature, and formed life-long friendships with FitzGerald, Spalding, Brookfield, Monckton-Milnes, and Tennyson. It was always "old

Alfred," "old Brooks," "old Fitz," and "old Thack" between them. A parody of the subject of Tennyson's prize poem on "Timbuctoo" formed a characteristic feature of Thackeray's little undergraduate leaflet, *The Snob* (1829), which ran for eleven numbers, and contains the germs of many pleasantries which he was later on to develop. He was already in politics what he remained to the end—a very loose-jointed Liberal, much puzzled by the revolutionary ideas of Shelley, whose poetry he idolised. He left Cambridge without a degree, but with many friends and with an intimate knowledge both of the text and congenial philosophy of Horatius Flaccus. Early recollections of East Indian types and school and college days were worked up again and again in *Pendennis, The Newcomes,* and *Philip.* More educational were his early sojourns abroad. By 1829 he had already made a truant jaunt to Paris. In 1830 he made a longer stay at Weimar, saw Goethe, *vidi tantum,* and collected materials for some of his freshest pages. He was now master of some £20,000, inherited from his father, with expensive habits, considerable debts, and no definite vocation in life—for he had very soon relinquished the law as soulless. At twenty-two he was elected to the Garrick Club, and was henceforth a conspicuous clubman, both in character and habit. Between gambling and speculation he lost money rapidly during 1833, and was brought to realise that he would have to work for his bread. Some such stimulus was necessary in the case of a man so indolent and dilettante by temperament. But the artist was ingrained in Thackeray, and the spur of necessity made a great writer of him. At first, however, he thought that he could draw better than he could do anything else—a somewhat extraordinary delusion. He went to Paris to learn the art, with some idea of going on to Rome—much as Clive Newcome did with "J. J." Abraham Hayward speaks of his copying noted



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1856,
BY ALMAN, OF NEW YORK
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

pictures in the Louvre. In 1836 he submitted sketches to Dickens as a would-be illustrator of *Pickwick*. He contributed to *Galignani's Messenger* and was Paris correspondent to a London paper, *The Constitutional*, in which he himself and his family had invested a considerable amount of money. Some of these contributions survive in *The Paris Sketch Book* (1840), and the dregs of them in *The New Sketch Book* (1906), in which Thackeray showed himself a singularly immature critic, almost ignoring Dumas and Balzac for their want of gentility, and lauding to the skies Charles de Bernard. In 1836 he married, at the Embassy at Paris; his wife, who had a charming voice, suggesting some of the traits of Emmy in *Vanity Fair*. Their married happiness was cruelly severed in 1840 by an illness which proved to be due to a lesion of the brain.

From the failure of *The Constitutional* in July, 1837, Thackeray had to drive his quill with an increased rapidity. He was already, as Jeames Yellowpush, one of the Fraserians, and scribbling energetically now as Jeames, now as FitzBoodle, or again as Michael Angelo Titmarsh (a recollection of the pseudonyms of the old *London Magazine*), for *Fraser's*, as well as for *Colburn's, Bentley's,* and the like. He was joining new clubs and rapidly becoming a well-known figure; but, though he could suit the magazines, he could not as yet hit the public. *Blackwood's* refused his first story of distinct promise, *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*; it eventually appeared in *Fraser's,* but was voted dull and extinguished. Thackeray joined Mr. Punch's table at No. 137 (the number that contained Hood's great poem), succeeding to the place at the mahogany and at first to some of Jerrold's dislike of that egregious snob Albert, known as "Lord Smith." The delightful *Yellowplush Papers* preceded *The Snobs of England* in the pages of *Punch,*

where also appeared the Prize Novels and many of "W. M. T.'s" priceless ballads. It seems an ironic dispensation that he should have strayed from this good fellowship, as Charles Keene eventually did, on a question of foreign policy. He deemed the hunch-back too savage in his dealings with Napoleon III.

In the pages of the *Charivari* Thackeray's old love of travesty had taken the form of burlesquing the language of flunkeydom, and ridiculing the perverted sensibility of Bulwer-Lytton, Eugene Sue, and Harrison Ainsworth. The idea that he represented, namely, that a notorious criminal was a hideous and repulsive rather than a picturesque object, and should be depicted accordingly, was that held by the university group with which he still kept up connection. With this motive he had previously produced *Catherine,* the detailed story of an early Georgian husband-murderer, extenuating little, but greatly impairing the necessary irony of such a relation by the infusion of the didactic and the personal; while in 1844 came the well-nigh perfect picaresque of *Barry Lyndon.* Here he was dominated by good literary influence, Fielding (*Jonathan Wild*), Smollett (*Count Fathom*), and Casanova, so that he almost forgot to preach.

In August, 1844, Thackeray obtained a free pass on a P. & O. steamer to the Near East, and the result was that sparkling cluster of *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*—the last—but for the Christmas stories—of the Titmarsh books. Thackeray's style had now reached maturity; he knew the material that suited him, and had enough of it for his needs, scattered up and down under journalistic pen-names. The transition from the twilight celebrity of Titmarsh, Jeames, etc., to "the author of *Vanity Fair*" was a comparatively simple affair. The first monthly part of *Vanity Fair* was issued on January 1st, 1847, and was sewn in a canary wrapper to distinguish it from the verdant-green of *Pickwick* and its successors.

Curiosity about Thackeray had been ripening ever since the *Snob Papers,* and the final touch of success was added in January, 1848, when Hayward, in *The Edinburgh,* complimented the work as one written by a gentleman for gentlemen. Here was an Open Sesame to ears polite and to the pockets of circumambient gentility!

Fresh from the triumph of *Vanity Fair,* Thackeray plunged into another long novel in monthly parts with an access of inspiration to which we owe those inimitable chapters describing Major Pendennis and his ungrateful pilgrimage to Clavering to quench the ardent love of his nephew Arthur for the tragedy queen of the Chatteris (Exeter) Theatre Royal. The book has its *longueurs,* but many of the episodes are perfect. Where are to be found in novel or memoir characters better observed than the Major and his man Morgan, Blanche Amory, Harry Foker? It is true that in *Pendennis,* as in *Vanity Fair,* there is not merely an absence of the heroic mould, but scarcely a character that can claim our profound respect. Dobbin, Bowes, and Warrington are insufficient to refute the view that Thackeray is inclined to take a rather paltry idea of life.

As a lecturer on *The English Humourists* and *The Four Georges,* Thackeray had the previous example of Carlyle in his mind. His discourses were given at Willis's Rooms; the prices were high, and the company select. Jerrold inquired, in his bitter way: "First rate, Thack, my boy; but where's the piano?" The lecturer unwound a thin skein of silk with the delicacy of a modern French *conférencier.* The style was admirably suited to his hearers; the substance is less admirable. Swift, Steele, Goldsmith, Sterne, even Addison—all are depicted as objects deserving of compassion; poor fellows enslaved by their convivial vices, the martyrs of their temperaments. Can it be, one asks, that in the exaggeration of their peccadillos, as in those of some of the quasi-heroes of his novels, Thackeray,

after the manner of Boswell or Carlyle, finds a kind of relief in attributing some of his own foibles to those of his great predecessors in humorous satire?

A sparkling fancy, combined with the sensitive, nervous irritability, which is of the essence of his temperament, enabled Thackeray to produce his most characteristic work, and this reaches its highest in the Waterloo and Steyne chapters in *Vanity Fair* and the first half of *Pendennis.* But a touch so exquisite proved almost necessarily volatile and evanescent. In its place the author was prone to fall into a vein of free and easy, but at times almost maudlin sentimentality and moralising. Fortunately, his keen appreciation of the artistic side of our literature and history often came to his rescue, and never more conspicuously than in *Esmond,* published in three volumes (not in parts) just as Thackeray was about to sail for America (on a dollar-hunting expedition as lecturer) in 1852. This was the most carefully constructed of his books, and as a work of art, though less distinctively characteristic, it is undoubtedly the finest. His favourite eighteenth-century writers whose fine passages he had quoted with such discrimination in his lectures, haunted his memory with their classic tones, and Thackeray, who could imitate as well as he could burlesque, was so occupied with his phrasing, his atmosphere, and his historic *milieu,* that he has no time to be didactic and personal. He gets completely away from himself and his self-imposed task of squaring the social circle. Scene after scene in the romance lingers in the memory, and assists the imagination of the reader in bodying forth the form and pressure, the colour and the accent, of a period prolific in great names and great actions. In artistic unity and completeness nothing that English fiction had yet produced could approach the first twenty-two chapters of this pseudo-historical autobiography.

After finishing *Esmond* Thackeray made the first of two visits across the Atlantic. In America he was lionised and liked mainly—except in Boston, where they persisted in taking him for a snob—and he came back over £2,000 to the good, and dashed into a new family biography, *The Newcomes*—a great novel, containing many of his finest characters, much familiar chat in his most agreeable manner, but more unequal even than *Pendennis.*

It was followed, also in monthly parts, by *The Virginians* (November, 1857—October, 1859) which supplies links between Esmond's daughter, Rachel Warrington, and the Warrington in *Pendennis.* There are similar links between nearly all Thackeray's novels, illustrating the constant amusement he took in consolidating the definite picture of the world of snobs which he had formed in his imagination. It also formed a pleasing exercise for his literary ingenuity, which was great. The youthful heroes are well drawn: Thackeray is as successful with his adolescents as Dickens is with his children. Some of the chapters in *The Virginians* could hardly be bettered—such, for instance, as that in which young Warrington, from the shores of the Potomac, revisits the home of his fathers, or that in which Beatrix, Baroness of Bernstein, first encounters Esmond's grandson; but the book is heavily padded; even in *Esmond* one had learnt only too much of Dick Steele's capacities as a bore; the celebrities at Tunbridge Wells resemble those stuffed lions in which a handle is turned and the animals roar.

But the time was now ripe for "the great Thackeray," as he had become, to be financially "promoted." The old monthlies, with the exception of *Blackwood,* were in a state of collapse. There was a great future, said the literary prophets, for shilling magazines, and the prophets were right. *Household Words* had been successfully loaded with Dickens; the new venture was auspiciously charged

with Thackeray, and the detonation was immense, far surpassing that of *Macmillan's,* started a month or two beforehand. No. 1 of *The Cornhill* appeared with the New Year in 1860, and Thackeray went off, as happy as a boy, to spend a brief holiday in Paris. In No. 6 he was still celebrating fresh conquests—great victories—unparalleled sales! His own contribution of *Lovel the Widower* was followed by *The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World* (1861-2), in which the tender character of the "Little Sister" is redeemed from the far-off *Shabby Genteel Story* to delight us, though she is unable to convert *Philip* into a good book. But *The Cornhill* did one great service to Thackeray as an artist—it gave him a status as a fugitive essayist. Fielding, Prior, and Arbuthnot by turns, Thackeray concludes in the rôle of his own well-loved Addison, with the "dear delightful" *Roundabout Papers,* full of, not "divine," but most human "chit-chat." With the spoils of *Cornhill* he built himself a fine mansion (a vast credit to literature, Johnson would have said) in Palace Green, Kensington. There he gave parties, from the *éclat* of which he frequently crept away to his clubs: he was a familiar figure of the Athenæum and Reform, as well as of the "dear little Garrick"; and there he died very suddenly on Christmas Eve, 1863, of an effusion of blood into the brain. He was discovered dead by the servant who took him his chocolate in the morning. The novelist was buried at Kensal Green on December 30th, all the best-known authors of the day standing by his graveside, and was mourned by thousands who knew him only through his creations. He was only fifty-two when he took the last journey, of which he had written to Mrs. Procter: "Others may walk down to the pier with us, but we must make the voyage alone." Death, he said, grieved him only in the case of the very young or very happy, and he was neither.

Among the early associates and close college friends of Thackeray's circle was that shyest of all our literary celebrities, Edward FitzGerald. The translator of Omar Khayyâm was born at Bredfield House in Suffolk on March 31st, 1809. His father, John Purcell, on the death of his wife's father in 1818, took the name and arms of Fitzgerald. In 1821 Edward went to school at Bury St. Edmunds, proceeding to Trinity College, Cambridge, and taking his degree in 1830. By this time he had shown his genius for friendship. Among his schoolfellows were James Spedding and W. B. Donne, and at college he became closely intimate not only with Thackeray, but also with Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity, and John Allen, afterwards Archdeacon of Salop. About 1835 Tennyson was added to the list of his intimates. FitzGerald's parents were at one time very wealthy, and though they had serious reverses, their son was always in easy circumstances. By deliberate choice he settled down to a rustic life, most of which was spent in his native county of Suffolk. He moved from place to place in the same neighbourhood, his last home being Little Grange, near Woodbridge, which he built for himself. Among his friends of the neighbourhood were the Rev. George Crabbe (Vicar of Bredfield, and son of the poet), Archdeacon Groome, and Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet of Woodbridge. FitzGerald's first publication was a short memoir of Barton prefixed to a collection of his letters and poems, which was made after the poet's death in 1849. Life went on very quietly. FitzGerald occupied himself with literature and music. He cultivated his flowers, and spent much of the summers in his yacht cruising round the neighbouring coast. Though unconventional, he was not quite a recluse. His friends visited him occasionally, and sometimes he paid a reluctant visit to London. In 1856 he married Barton's daughter, Lucy, but a separation soon followed. This was perhaps the chief trial of FitzGerald's life. But he found fresh interests chiefly under the guidance of his friends, Professor and Mrs. Cowell. His books, *Euphranor: A Dialogue of Youth*, published anonymously in 1851, and *Polonius: a Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances*, attracted very little attention, but Cowell introduced him to Spanish and to Persian with results that were to be memorable. He published a translation of six of Calderon's dramas with his name attached in 1853. They were very severely reviewed by John Chorley in

The Athenæum, and the sensitive author withdrew the book. FitzGerald's purpose was to produce on the reader the impression conveyed by the original to those who understood the language, and this led him to take large liberties. His knowledge of Spanish was hardly that of a scholar. Very much more important was his translation of the "quatrains" of Omar Khayyám, the astronomer poet of Persia, whose writings he first saw in 1856 in a manuscript belonging to the Bodleian Library. FitzGerald was in full sympathy with Omar's mood, and though he used to the full his right to alter and to substitute, the translation was a living poem. As Mr. Swinburne said, "His daring genius gave Omar Khayyám a place for ever among the greatest English poets." The translation lay for two years in the hands of a magazine editor, and when published separately in 1859 it made no mark. In 1860, Rossetti discovered it in the ignominious penny box on the bookstalls. Swinburne, Lord Houghton, and others proclaimed the treasure, but it was not till 1868 that the second and revised edition was published. Indeed, the poem did not come to its own till FitzGerald was dead. It was in 1885 that Tennyson dedicated his *Tiresias* to FitzGerald's memory. Then came the extraordinary vogue which has influenced contemporary thought in an almost unexampled way. Perhaps no poem of the last forty-five years is so well known as "Omar"—indeed, a cult has grown round it. This is due not merely to the magic and the melody of the verses, but to their temper, which harmonised with that prevailing in the closing years of the nineteenth century. FitzGerald was little affected by what was passing. He translated the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, which was published in 1876, and the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles. When in 1889 FitzGerald's executor, Dr. Aldis Wright, published his Letters and literary remains in three volumes, it was at once recognised that FitzGerald was among the very greatest of English letter writers. Pensive, playful, affectionate, written out of a large leisure and a tender sympathy, these letters are among the treasures of the language. Perhaps the very best are those addressed to Fanny Kemble, which were published in 1895. It is upon his letters and his "Omar" that FitzGerald's fame will rest. He was a very acute critic, favouring particularly Shakespeare, Sophocles, Sevigné, Charles Lamb, and George Crabbe. He esteemed highly the critical judgment of J. R. Lowell. Cervantes and Scott were

for him the masters of fiction, but he appreciated Dickens and Thackeray. FitzGerald was a warm admirer of the early work of Tennyson, but he considered that after his first period the poet produced little of permanent worth. He had small patience with Browning, and none with Mrs. Browning, and it is evident that he did not return the admiration so freely accorded him by Rossetti. On June 14th, 1883, FitzGerald, whose life had been darkening into a deeper melancholy, died suddenly while on a visit to his friend Crabbe at Merton Rectory, Suffolk.

Another contemporary recluse of genius, as unclassifiable as FitzGerald, was George Borrow (1803—1881). Like Fitz himself, too, a dweller in East Anglia, a revolté, a costive, sullen, and secretive artist, who in an age of ultra-refinement and intellectual progress reverted to Defoe and sought, like the great pioneers of the *novela picaresca* in Spain, to depict man in a state of nature and at war with his species, to a generation of villa-residents and town-dwellers, who take their town about with them wheresoever they go, Borrow has come to represent the apostle of road-faring adventure in a more or less prehistoric England. After an adolescence as little promising of literary eminence as that of Richard Jefferies, Borrow, whose education had been scrappy, and whose influence was restricted to what the second son of a half-pay officer would ordinarily exercise, managed upon the strength of his out-of-the-way linguistic attainments to obtain a post as colporteur and agent of the Bible Society, first in Russia and then in Spain. While in Spain, being then in the prime of manhood (33-37), Borrow, in the very act of diarising for the Society's benefit, was collecting the material for a strange kind of Ishmaelite romance, *The Bible in Spain* (1842). Its gypsified outlook on life gained piquancy from the fact that it was written by a Protestant missionary, and was admitted by the sanctimonious to all the privileges of a Sunday book. The world looked to Borrow for another book of autobiography and romantic travel combined. The result was *Lavengro* (1851), followed by its sequel *The Romany Rye*, in which after from eight to fourteen years' hard work Borrow staked out his claim to have been an outlaw as much at home as abroad, and to have remained a complete sceptic *vis à vis* of England's mission as arch-priest of modern refinement and commercial civilisation. Once more he wrote in the hard unsentimental prose of the early Spanish narrators. The critics were non-

plussed and railed at what they deemed obsolete prejudice. Borrow drew back into his shell and died an old man of seventy-seven in his lonely summer-house at Oulton, unconscious of the legendary fame that was in store for him in the twentieth century. Borrow's literary cargo was of a decidedly anomalous kind; instinctively he found a craft as exceptional upon which to freight it. Many deemed the vessel crazy and predicted that she would soon become a derelict. The vision of the skipper, said they, was distorted, his lines all crooked and his chart antediluvian. But George Borrow stuck brazenly to his colours, with the result that out of the age of Peel and Gladstone, from materials which he was pleased to call autobiographical, he begot a romance that might compete at some points with *Robinson Crusoe* or *Robin Hood*. In an age of exuberant and militant Liberalism he remained a blatant Tory; in an age of toleration he remained intolerant; when all men with one accord began to make concessions, he stuck like adamant to his prejudices, and when they began to talk æsthetics, he nailed to his mainmast the national flag of Philistia. Such a man was obviously a great original. Fragmentary and unequal though they are, his works are beginning to strike deep roots in our English soil, yet the tradition of the man and of his insurgent personality is more likely than not to eclipse the fame of his books, and the day is not distant when clever writers who have never opened *The Bible in Spain* will seek to conjure with the name of George Borrow.

A contemporary, rather eccentric writer, and also, as it happens, like FitzGerald, a great friend, entertainer and upholder of Thackeray, was Dr. John Brown (1810—1882), an Edinburgh worthy and great-grandson of John Brown of Haddington, author of *The Self-Interpreting Bible*. Quiet, internal humour, with the narrow, pertinacious observation of a physician—these are salient traits of the essayist who has gained the permanent small niche inscribed to the author of *Rab and His Friends*, *Minchmoor*, *Thackeray's Death*, and *Marjorie Fleming*, all included in *Horæ Subsecivæ* (3 vols. 1882), a "light but imperishable literature," whose kindly author left North Britain in May, 1882, for—may we not hope, with Swinburne?—

> "Some happier isle in the Elysian sea,
> Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie."

CHAPTER IV

GEORGE ELIOT

"There is much talk to-day about things being open to women, but George Eliot showed that there is nothing that is closed."—HENRY JAMES.

GEORGE ELIOT, whose real name was Mary Ann Evans, was born at South Farm, Arbury Park, Warwickshire, where her father was land agent to the Newdigate family, on November 22nd, 1819. Both the father, Robert, and his father, George Evans, had been carpenters and builders, Mary Ann's father being the prototype of an Adam Bede developing into a Caleb Garth. Six months after her birth the family moved to Griff House, on the high-road between Nuneaton and Coventry, an old red-brick farmhouse covered with ivy and backing on to a tangled garden, like that appropriated to Mrs. Poyser. The detailed history of the children in *The Mill on the Floss* may be read with but slight modification, as that of Mary Ann Evans and her brother Isaac. She was always of a passionate disposition, always seeking a masculine object to idealise—first her brother, then her father, then an artist lover. In the housekeeper's room at Arbury, in her father's gig as he drove through the Warwickshire lanes, she gathered those exact impressions of country talk and parlour conversation as carried on in the simple, slow-moving, old-fashioned midland provinces of eighty years ago. Her mother died, and her elder sister got married when she was but sixteen, leaving Mary Ann to the companionship of her father and brother (the Tom of *The Mill on the Floss*). In 1841 the small household settled on the outskirts of Coventry, and there, in Novem-

ber, began the intimacy with the Brays which first definitely opened to her a literary horizon. Hitherto her favourite books had been the *Imitation of Christ, Rasselas,* and *The Lives of the Poets,* Whiston's *Josephus,* Bunyan and Young. She now began to devour such books as Charles Bray's *Philosophy of Necessity,* and his friend Charles Hennell's *Inquiry into the Origin of Christianity.* The result was a period of a somewhat crude scepticism, which for a time threatened estrangement between favourite daughter and father. At the age of twenty Mary Ann Evans was a deeply religious young woman, whose faith took the form of a narrow evangelicalism—banning theatres and disapproving novels. At twenty-five she began a translation of Strauss's *Life of Jesus,* and finished her task in workmanlike fashion in 1846. A period of great stress followed, complicated by a thwarted love affair, uncompleted studies, and finally by the long illness and death of her father in 1849. Next year, after a prolonged stay abroad, she settled in London for the express purpose of aiding Chapman (a friend of the Brays) in the editorship of *The Westminster Review.* In 1851, by which time she was already deep in the secrets of the *Review,* she was introduced by Herbert Spencer to George Henry Lewes, and three years later commenced that *union libre* with him which was to become so much closer than many formal marriages, and to remain unimpaired down to his death in 1878. It was impossible for her to be married to him, as he had a wife still living from whom he was separated, but not legally divorced. The only bearing of the irregularity of her union with Lewes which has relevance is the fact that it somewhat warped her outlook, and gave an undue prominence to ethical diatribe, to those moral and philosophic asides, which are apt unduly to burden her novels. But the union was unquestionably, upon the whole, a fortunate one for Lewes, for his children, for George Eliot, and not

FROM RAJON'S ENGRAVING OF THE DRAWING BY SIR FREDERICK W. BURTON

GEORGE ELIOT

least, for her art. Amusing, half Alsatian, miniature Voltaire that he was, Lewes would have seemed the least likely companion in the world for the gravely serious and majestical tenth Muse, whom he was to domesticate for a quarter of a century. But Lewes soon discovered that his *amie* was a genius, no mere talent, and after a little experiment, misinterpreted in 1854, he realised two years later the precise direction in which her genius lay hid. Now Lewes, with all his faults, reverenced genius; he encouraged and at the same time protected the sensitive nature of its possessor. George Eliot, as she was now to call herself, was just upon thirty-seven when she began the serial publication (in *Blackwood*) of the three provincial tales which first opened wide for her the doors of fame and fortune. Her union with Lewes had been a union of poverty. There was an urgent need to make money, and it appears to have been agreed between the pair that there was at least no harm in the lady's trying her hand at a story. *Amos Barton,* of which a fragment had been tentatively sketched in 1854, was accordingly finished, and appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in January, 1857, and Blackwood sent £50 and some very cordial praise in return. The three tales were issued collectively early in 1858. A fortnight after completing *Janet's Repentance* she commenced *Adam Bede.* The best judges received the *Scenes* with much cordiality, Dickens enthusiastically: he alone had the insight to perceive that they were the handiwork of a woman. In these *Scenes from Clerical Life—Scenes of Provincial Life* would have been a more correct title—George Eliot strikes a characteristic note at once—the moral significance of small actions, the interest that underlies the most ordinary characters if observed with imagination, sympathy, compassion. Even more than with Dickens or Thackeray, compassion is the master spring, though it is counterbalanced by the grim figure of Nemesis, a sacri-

fice to a spirit more modern than that which concludes every volume with merry chimes. George Eliot changed little as a writer except that her interest for abstract morality, apart from characterisation, seems to increase. Her method and expression were already mature in her first book, at any rate in *Janet's Repentance,* which is a story of greater depth and significance than its two predecessors. A born novelist as much as Cromwell was a born general, she produced nothing immature. And no great work is more original than hers. Alone among novelists of her sex she stands meek-eyed under the bitter reproach of mankind—a woman of superior intellect. The publication of *Adam Bede* on February 1st, 1859, made an immense and widespread sensation. Nothing like it had been known since Charlotte Brontë, also writing under a masculine pseudonym, took the town by storm with *Jane Eyre.*

Faulty as the ending is, and unfair as we feel the writer to be in her analysis of the superficial beauty of Hetty, *Adam Bede* is almost unrivalled among novels for its truth to nature and to ethical cause and effect. The midland village, the farm and the hall with its surrounding park and plantations, can almost be reconstructed from its pages. Mrs. Poyser's few words with Squire Donnithorne are unsurpassable, and impressive in the extreme the lesson of the inevitable consequences of action as brought home to the pleasure-loving but not ungenerous spirit of Arthur. To know that there is a sort of wrong that can never be made up for, and that in some degree all wrong is of this sort, is to know one of the deepest lessons of social morality, and it is this lesson which is burned into the mind by the forcible pathos of *Adam Bede.*

It is not, however, in *Adam Bede,* but in her next novel, or at least the first five books of it (five-sevenths of the whole), that George Eliot seems to us to have reached the

highest point of her artistic and moral achievement. And the story of *The Mill on the Floss* (the title is Blackwood's amendment of the authoress's *Sister Maggie*) is especially interesting to lovers of George Eliot, for the same reason that *David Copperfield* is so exceptionally precious to lovers of Dickens. It was published on April 4th, 1860, and the press was by no means so unanimous in its praise as it had been in the case of its predecessor. The intimate psychological truth of the characterisation is not by any means of the obvious kind; the beauty of Maggie's chivalric, passionate, love-craving nature is not to be gauged at sight; but the book is one of those few which *insensibly* wear a deep channel in the mind. The incongruity of the idealistic Maggie falling in love with a white-handed specimen of the walking gentleman genus ("a hairdresser's block") has been much exaggerated, though it is true that the author hardly seems to realise what a paltry mannikin she has made of this Stephen Guest. One disquieting symptom we admit in the book is the growth of scientific slang. But such symptoms are wholly absent from her next production, the short, harmonious, and symmetrical story of *Silas Marner* (1861), in which she worked off some of the surplus material of her deep research into forgotten past. For quiet humour our recent literature has few happier scenes than the fireside at the Rainbow with Macey and Winthrop, the butcher and the farrier, holding their immortal controversy as to the reality of ghosts. The finish of *Silas Marner* is superior to that of its predecessors; it has much of the artistic unity of such an idyll as *La Mare au Diable,* and its only defect is a somewhat excessive dependence upon the long arm of coincidence. It marked the end of the first period of artistic impulse. Upon its completion George Eliot felt she had for the time exhausted this reservoir of homeland recollections, and she turned towards foreign observation

and historical research to assist her towards a composition of a more independent order. The result was the romance of the times of Savonarola to which she gave the name of *Romola,* and which marks a clearly defined watershed in her career. She began it a young and completed it an old woman, so she said herself in a gloomy retrospect of the libraries she had wrestled with in the agonising throes of this production. Overwork on her books was her besetting sin, as constructive and stylistic ambition was Dickens's, over-emphasis Kingsley's, and a Feste-like masquerading as "Master Parson" Thackeray's.

George Eliot's next novel, *Felix Holt the Radical* (for which Blackwood gave £5,000 in 1866), is a well-constructed tale and in many respects one of the least faulty of her performances. Its lack of abiding interest—and it is certainly the one of her books which takes the least hold upon the memory and imagination—is probably due in the main to its lack of spontaneity. It is the one of her books which approaches nearest to a successful piece of book-making and is consequently the nearest approach to a mediocre performance.

Middlemarch (issued in parts 1871-2), in which she returns to her recollections of mid-England in pre-reform and pre-railroad days, occupies the largest canvas George Eliot ever employed, and it is in many respects the greatest, as it is undoubtedly the most intellectual, of all her novels. It contains sufficient characters and enough material to furnish forth five or six ordinary novels, and as much fundamental brainwork in it as would make the fortune of four score. The book is in a sense an aftermath of that rich harvest of midlandshire memories which had already borne *Adam Bede,* "Sister Maggie" and *Silas Marner,* and this being so one can only be amazed at the abundance of the yield—the extraordinary richness and variety of the characters thus evoked telescopically from the distant past—the Garths, the Vin-

ceys, the Bulstrodes, the Brookes, the Farebrothers, the Cadwalladers and the rest. So thickly did these characters crowd upon her fancy that she felt constrained to over-complicate her plot badly in order to provide them all with accommodation.

George Eliot never surpassed in profundity or subtlety the characterisation of Gwendolen and Grandcourt in her last novel, *Daniel Deronda* (1875-6). Gwendolen is in some respects a feminine counterpart of Philip Beaufort in Lytton's *Night and Morning,* but how enormously superior in delicacy of conception! The development of Gwendolen from the scene in which she first consults Klesmer on an artist's vocation to that in which she tells Deronda of Grandcourt's death, after she has traversed the whole gamut of humiliating experience, is a masterpiece of living organic portraiture. Grandcourt is living too, a somewhat scenic figure of a grand seigneur, it may be, but vital too, though of him we get merely a glimpse. The fault of *Deronda* is that of *Middlemarch* emphasised, a laborious over-concatenation, with a misplaced wealth of essay-writing. The Jewish part of Deronda is disappointing for the same reason that the Italian part of *Romola* is unsatisfactory—it is suggestive of hard study in the British Museum, rather than of actual observation.

Prostrated by the death of Lewes, in November, 1878, she did little further in the way of writing save a volume of laborious gnomic pleasantries already projected; she called it *Theophrastus Such.* In April, 1880, being always much dependent upon the sympathy and affection of one particular person, she decided to marry John Walter Cross, an intimate friend of the Leweses, who had been most helpful and sympathetic during the crisis of 1878. On December 22nd following, she died somewhat suddenly, aged sixty-one, at the newly occupied house, 4, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. She was buried by the side of George Lewes in Highgate cemetery.

CHAPTER V

TENNYSON

"In perfect sincerity I regard him as the noblest poet that ever lived."—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

"Milton never made a verse unconscious of Urania by his side. Wordsworth never lost the sense that he was a consecrated spirit. And Tennyson never forget that the poet's work was to convince the world of love and beauty; that he was born to do that work, and to do it worthily."—STOPFORD BROOKE.

Juvenilia—*Poems* of 1832—The "Elegies"—*Poems* of 1842—*The Princess*—*In Memoriam*—*Annus Mirabilis*—*Maud*—The Arthurian circle—Last years—Coventry Patmore.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the fourth of twelve children of the rector of Somersby in North Lincolnshire, was born in that village, in the quaint and rambling rectory, on August 6th, 1809. Darwin, Lincoln, Gladstone, and Mendelssohn were all, as it happened, born within a few months of the poet. His grandfather, George Tennyson of Bayens Manor, had been a county magnate with a large estate, but his father the rector, though the eldest son, had been disinherited in favour of a younger brother, which may have been to some extent the cause, or at any rate the aggravation, of a naturally stern and somewhat gloomy temperament. The poet's mother, however, Elizabeth, daughter of Stephen Fytche, vicar of Louth, was sympathetic from the first with the poetic ambitions of the youthful Alfred, who felt himself consecrated to the vocation of poesy with the same unalterable conviction that had characterised Milton, Pope, Thomson, Wordsworth, and Keats. To her he owed a large portion of that in his

disposition which was corrective of the inherited "black blood" of the Tennysons.

Between the age of fifteen and seventeen, with the collaboration of his brother Charles, Alfred wrote the larger part of a small volume of precociously imitative verse, for which he was lucky enough to obtain the sum of twenty pounds from a local bookseller. On the afternoon of the publication,[1] which was amiably reviewed in *The Literary Chronicle* and *Weekly Review* of May 19th, 1827, the two boys hired a carriage, and driving over to the sea-shore at Mablethorpe, shared their triumph with the wind and waves. In February next year, the poet matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He regarded the University curriculum with cold indifference, precisely similar to that of Wordsworth, but his remarkable contour and distinctive personality soon excited the interest of a notable group of young men, including J. R. Spedding, Monckton-Milnes, R. C. Trench, Alford, G. S. Venables, Brookfield, Charles Buller, the historians J. M. Kemble and Charles Merivale, and Henry Hallam's youngest son, Arthur—most of these belonged to a secret society called "The Apostles," which debated social, political, and literary topics. In June, 1829, he won the Chancellor's prize for English verse, with a poem of 250 lines on the subject of Timbuctoo.

In 1830 Tennyson prefixed his name to a thin duodecimo of 154 pages, entitled *Poems, chiefly Lyrical,* now a very rare volume, for in addition to such familiar poems as *Claribel, Oriana, Mariana, The Dying Swan,* and the splendid *Ode to Memory,* it contained twenty-three pieces which have entirely disappeared from the Tennysonian

[1] "*Poems*, by Two Brothers. 'Hæc nos novimus esse nihil.' —MARTIAL. London: Printed for W. Simpkin & R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; and J. & J. Jackson, Louth. MDCCCXXVII."

canon. The volume was joyously welcomed by Leigh Hunt, and criticised with solemn approval by Arthur Hallam in the moribund *Englishman's Magazine;* Christopher North cudgelled the slender portions of the volume with a superfluous bluffness often verging upon downright vulgarity in the pages of *Blackwood.*

In the summer of 1832, however, Tennyson and his "more than brother," Arthur Hallam, went touring on the Rhine together, and the poet was persuaded to commit another volume of poems to the press; it was published by Moxon about Christmas, 1832, as "*Poems,* by Alfred Tennyson," but was dated 1833, and contained thirty poems, of which a third have since been suppressed, and most of the remainder partially rewritten by the fastidious author. This volume marks a highly significant advance upon the somewhat cloying sweets of 1830, and first indicates a great poetic destiny for the writer; it contains *The Lady of Shalott* (which shows that Tennyson might have been the baptist of the pre-Raphaelites), *The Miller's Daughter, Œnone, The May Queen, The Lotus Eaters,* and *A Dream of Fair Women,* most of them subsequently recast. All in all, a more original and beautiful volume of minor poetry never was added to our literature. The Tennysonian manner here was clearly developed, largely pruned of mannerisms. The command of delicious metres, the rhythmic susurrus of stanzas whose every word is as needful and studied as the flower or scroll of ornamental architecture—yet so much an interlaced portion of the whole, that the special device is forgotten in the general excellence, the colour, which, like the dawn, "flows over the horizon from his pencil in waves so rich that we do not miss the central form," the vibration of that music which is a passion in itself, the scenic pictures which are the counterparts of changeful emotions—all are here, and the poet's work is the epitome of every mode in art.

The volume was well received by three or four hundred lovers of poetry, though a brutal criticism in *The Quarterly,* in which he was pleasantly alluded to as a particular star in the milky way of poetry, of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger, cut Tennyson to the quick. A deeper sorrow by far, however, was now to fall upon the poet, and to tinge the whole colouring of his life and thought for a period of well-nigh twenty years. In the course of a journey taken with his father to Tyrol and Salzburg, Arthur Hallam, his dearest friend, died suddenly at Vienna, on September 15th, 1833.[1]

The event plunged the poet into abysmal gloom, his sorrow seemed for a time to have blotted all joy out of life, and made him long for death. The loving admiration for the youth of twenty-two, which had inspired so many of Arthur Hallam's eminent contemporaries, became in the successive forms of eager hope and ardent regret the master passion of Tennyson's manhood.

After the poems of 1830 and 1832, which had opened before him a brilliant career, he let ten years pass before he again addressed the public, and much of this time was devoted to the elegies which he consecrated and slowly elaborated, with a gradually defining purpose, to the memory of his dead friend. Some of them date from the winter of 1833, others were successively added during the following years. The epithalamium which brings the poems to conclusion was written in 1842; the prologue, half a prayer and half a declaration of faith, is as late as 1849. Viewed as a whole, the fragmentary elegies, eventually woven into a connected poem, portray to us

[1] He had been seized with a slight fever, from which nothing serious was apprehended; one afternoon his father returned from his daily walk, and found his son asleep, as he supposed, upon the couch. A blood-vessel near the brain had suddenly burst: it was not sleep, but death.

the emotions and the mental speculations which the death of Arthur Hallam evoked in Tennyson. The period of time covered by the memorial poems (as they were first called) is divided by the three Christmas eves; the first concludes a period of unmitigated gloom and staggering faith with section XXX., the second concludes a calmer yet sadly speculative mood with section LXXVIII., the third terminates softened and tranquillised memories and regrets of the deepest beauty, with a more hopeful prospect of what the new year's bells may ring into the world (CIV.); while in the concluding sections the poet's revolt against a hopeless negation is complete, and the poem concludes with a nuptial song in which he celebrates the bridal between his youngest sister Cecilia and Edmund Lushington.

Apart from "the elegies," he had been composing every day and revising his earlier work: old and new together appeared respectively in the two volumes of English Idylls and other *Poems* of 1842. These contain a representative selection, of the kinds of poetry at which Tennyson specially excelled, of the lyric and idyllic, while in it we see the ripening of blank verse, which was to be one of Tennyson's greatest contributions to modern poetry. His poetic fortune was now made; he was seen at Holland House, and his greatness was recognised by the first of his contemporaries in literary genius—Dickens, Emerson, and Carlyle. He had joined the "Anonymous Club" in 1838; in 1845 he got a pension of £200.

Overlooking the surpassing excellence and variety of the two volumes of 1842 (which were to Tennyson's total output very much what the two volumes of 1807 were to Wordsworth's) people were in 1847 echoing Wordsworth's complaint of the previous year, that Tennyson ought by this time to have done "greater things" than he had yet achieved. The judgment of posterity will probably be

that he had by this time, at the age of thirty-eight, written at least four-fifths of the poetry by which he will eventually be remembered; and in this very year he published *The Princess: A Medley,* the most elaborately finished of his larger poems, in which, with a delightful mixture of seriousness and badinage, he dealt with a theme already touched upon by Aristophanes and by Shakespeare (and subsequently expanded by Tolstoi)—the folly, namely, of a conception which regards Woman as the rival rather than as the complement of Man.

The year 1850 may justly be styled Tennyson's *annus mirabilis.* In it he was married,[1] published the elegies of that Victorian Book of Job which he called *In Memoriam,* was made Poet Laureate, and recast *The Princess* with those intercalary lyrics which women sang—

> Between the rougher voices of the men,
> Like linnets in the pauses of the wind.

In November, 1852, upon the morning of Wellington's funeral, appeared his great Ode, the first of his poems on behalf of the nation, and a worthy tribute to the great man it commemorated. The boom of cannon and clash of bells can be heard at measured intervals throughout. Like the splendid antiphonal chant written to celebrate the Jubilee of 1887, the metrical form of it is original, and the originality of the conception rendered it obnoxious to the Press.

Another topical poem which attained at once an almost Byronic popularity was the famous *Charge of the Light Brigade,* suggested by a phrase of the celebrated war correspondent (Russell), "Some one had blunder'd." It first appeared in *The Examiner* for December 9th, 1854,

[1] At Shiplake Church on June 13th, 1850, to Emily Sarah Sellwood.

and like most of the Laureate's most cherished pieces, was born again in the process of revision. As a vindication of the cult of Mars it was followed in September, 1855, by the most passionate of Tennyson's poems, and his own favourite among them, the spasmodic lyrical monodrama of *Maud*. This was primarily an expansion of the beautiful "stanzas" commencing

> Oh, that 'twere possible,
> After long grief and pain,
> To find the arms of my true love
> Round me once again,

contributed to a keepsake miscellany called *The Tribute* in 1837. The excellence of *Maud* does not reside either in the story or in the denunciation of a cankered peace in which "the shopkeepers" detected an objectionable tendency, but in the magnificent lyrics which form the nerve centres of the poems, and reach a climax in "Come into the garden, Maud," in which the pulse of the lover thrills and throbs through all created things. As a masterpiece of rhythm, too, *Maud* must rank among the wonders of art; the short lyrical metres with a double beat are alternated with long anapæstic measures in which language-shaping is carried to a point of perfection to which no predecessor and but one successor of Tennyson's can at all claim to have attained.

Tennyson was henceforth to apply the most faultless technique that any modern poet has ever achieved to works primarily of decoration and design. The period of the *Idylls of the King*, commencing with *Enid, Vivien, Elaine,* and *Guinevere,* had in the autumn of 1859 commenced. It was varied by ballads and by the later stories and idylls of consummate workmanship, such as those contained in the most popular of all his volumes, the *Enoch Arden, etc.*, of 1864.

Yet the smoothness of his academy verse, as we may almost call it, was varied from time to time by poems of a manlier fibre, instinct with power, sometimes humorous, more rarely stern in truth, frequently quite perfect in form—*The Death of Lucretius* for instance, the *Hymn to Virgil,* and *Frater Ave,* the dialect poems, the *Epilogue to The Charge of the Heavy Brigade,* or that miraculous blossom of an aged oak, *Crossing the Bar.*

The criticism of Tennyson's later works, his great epic upon the Arthurian legendry, and his dramas, has consisted too largely of ephemeral attempts to find superficial reasons for a positive failure in work which is a failure not positively but relatively in comparison with Tennyson's best work. Both were the works of a great lyrical poet and a supreme master of description, metre and imaginative phrasing, who sought in vain to transform his best energies from the lyrical to the epical and dramatic sphere. Tennyson was perfectly justified in transporting the legend into a modernised cloud-cuckoo-land such as that in which the doings narrated in the *Princess* had been transacted. The fault was not that in a Victorian poem dedicated to the memory of Prince Albert the type idealised was meek and quite other than mediæval, but that when Tennyson leaves lyric, Theocritan idyll and description for character drawing, dramatic situation and dialogue, he tends to become languid, tedious, and obscure. His ineradicable *dolcezza,* so fascinating in love-lorn lyrics and strains of tender regret for the beauty of things past, is out of place as the staple of epic or drama, where poetising around, however exquisite, can never compensate for the lack of directness and rapidity.

The Arthurian cycle was practically finished in 1872; and during the next twelve years, spent largely at his second home of Aldworth, near Haslemere (built 1868), Tennyson laboured industriously at a series of historical

dramas in blank verse, designed to some extent apparently to fill the gaps in the Shakespearean series of chronicles. That the experiment was almost a complete failure was owing not so much to any defect of power or poetic adaptability on the part of the poet—although action and spirited dialogue were manifestly not his *forte*—as to the circumstances in which the attempt was made. Historical dramas *per se,* especially of a serious tendency, are seldom anything but extremely dull from the reader's point of view: they need the stage, and the wretched dramatic taste and stage organisation of the time made it almost impossible for a good dramatic work either to be written or to be produced upon the popular stage. The same kind of apologetic treatment cannot be extended to his minor pieces—*The Falcon, The Cup,* and *The Promise of May*—which have but little of dramatic vigour or interest to commend them.

In 1880, in his seventy-first year, he published a volume of *Ballads and other Poems,* which contains little of permanent value except *The Revenge.* This volume illustrates in a striking manner the decay of his poetical faculty. His lyrics are no longer those of sentiment, emotion, or passion, but those of event—in other words, ballads, the subjects of which were often suggested by the papers. The best known of these are *Rizpah, The Revenge, Lucknow.* Compensation may be found in the dialect (Lincolnshire and Irish) pieces, of which the virility, true observation, and rich humour astonished even the most robust of the Laureate's admirers.

During the summer of 1883 Tennyson went for a cruise in the North Sea on the *Pembroke Castle* in the company of Gladstone, who offered him a peerage, with which he was invested in January, 1884. Next year appeared *Tiresias, and other Poems* dedicated to his old friend "Fitz," and containing, with the autobiographical

Ancient Sage, two dialect poems of merit and the noble lines *To Virgil,* written in a seventeen-syllable metre of the greatest subtlety and beauty:

> All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a single word.

In 1886 he suffered a cruel bereavement in the loss of his dearly loved Lionel. In 1888 he had a severe illness. In December, 1889, appeared *Demeter, and other Poems*; these were wonderful productions for a man of his age, though not particularly memorable in themselves—unless, indeed, we exclude, with one other, *Owd Roä,* the suggestive *Merlin and the Gleam,* and the melodious echoes of *Far, Far Away.* In October, 1889, he had written *Crossing the Bar* on a day when he went from Aldworth to Farringford; he made it in his mind and wrote it out after dinner. A few days before his death he told his son that it was always to come at the end of all editions of his poems. It is a lyric which is on a level with his best work —such lines as

> But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
> Too full for sound and foam,

are of the eternal stamp.

He had felt Robert Browning's death in December, 1889, deeply, but with something of the quiet resignation of age. At this time he amused himself by carving and painting in water colours. He still went walks and entertained callers, reading many novels, and still working; of *Clarissa Harlowe,* which he read at this time he said: "I like those great *still* books"; of Jane Austen, too, he was always very fond. The whole record of his last days is full of quiet interesting talk, not great, but showing a

lofty and active mind. In 1891 he wrote a Robin Hood drama, *The Foresters,* containing fragments of song as tunable as of old, for production in New York. In 1892 he went for a last cruise to Jersey, and in September looked over the proofs of his last volume, *The Death of Œnone,* which was to appear posthumously. But by Michaelmas he was lying seriously ill at Aldworth. Six days later the signs of fatal syncope appeared, and in the moonlight of the early morning that followed, October 6th, 1892, the great poet of our time passed quietly away. On October 12th he was buried in front of Chaucer's grave in Westminster Abbey. His wife survived him barely three years.

No poet since Pope can have enriched our language with so many memorable phrases. Take away the felicities for which his work found utterance during a brief period of about twelve years, and how vastly poorer must our English tongue seem in consequence! How long must not the world have been on tiptoe to hear these melodious outbursts of elemental song! Orpheus with his lute can hardly have worked greater wonders in savage places than has Tennyson with the haunting refrains of his song-snatches, the yearnful music of his love-plaints, the forlorn sadness of his elegies, or the "mellow lin-lan-lone" of his evening chimes.

Of the miniature Parnassus of poetry inspired by Victoria's laureate, the most interesting unit by far is Patmore's *Angel in the House.*

Coventry Patmore was born at Woodford on July 23rd, 1823. His father, P. G. Patmore, was literary adviser to Colburn, editor of *The New Monthly* between Hook and Ainsworth, and the friend of Lamb and Hazlitt, of whom he left some anecdotes of considerable charm in a book called *My Friends and Acquaintances.* The Patmores lost their money in railways, but through literary friends, the Procters and Milneses, Coventry got a nomination at the British Museum

under Panizzi in 1846. Not a bibliographer or a linguist, but an assiduous worker and something of a mystic and a recluse with very exclusive views on subjects of art, he made a furrow of his own, with deep ideas and a few friends. Many early sections of his chief poem were written on Museum slips after composition on his way to his work from his rooms in North London, and talked over with a congenial colleague, the late Dr. Richard Garnett. His marriage took place in 1847, to the lady who looked like a medallion—one of the perfect wives whom Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Carlyle, J. S. Mill were so eager to exalt. The coral-reef construction of *The Angel in the House* (1854-62), in honour of this wife with a Norman face and "large sweet eyes, clear lakes of love," is evident from the languor which one cannot escape in turning from *The Morning Call* to *The Violets*, and so to *Going to Church*, *The Dance*, *Love in Idleness*, *The Wedding*, etc., etc. A succession of tiny episodes in courtship interrupted by "preludes" which give an opportunity of a slight variation of theme, but all linked together by "the coupled bells of rhyme"—such is the composition of this popular poem. A certain psychological insight with isolated details of rare charm, and with occasional beauties of simplified and unified image—all this it has, but much that is overwrought, mawkish, even flatulent; the whole distinctly sub-Tennysonian (the Tennyson of *Dora* and *The Brook*). Patmore had a veneration for Tennyson and his art which that master can never be said to have quite seriously reciprocated, and after the laureate's marriage they drifted quite apart. Patmore never travelled so far in any other man's territory. He was a Sir Willoughby Patterne, and could see little merit in any opinions, ideas, or literature that came into being outside his own premises and preserves. Some tolerance he had for Keats, the study of whom made him a pre-Raphaelite before his time; but his odes are Keatsian in ambition rather than accomplishment. The delicate love idyll of *Amelia* (1878) is perhaps the happiest of his poems. His beautiful wife had died in 1862, and soon after he joined the Roman Church, from which her influence had alone restrained him. But, happily, angels' visits to Patmore were neither so few nor so far between as might have been anticipated. He was twice subsequently married. In 1877 he brought out *The Unknown Eros and other Odes*, and in 1895 some very interest-

ing meditations in prose, *Rod, Root, and Flower.* His second wife had brought large means. He left the Museum (to which he later presented a sumptuous vellum copy of Thomas Aquinas) and dwelt in Sussex and then at Lymington, where he died on November 26th, 1896. The seizing portrait by Sargent in the National Portrait Gallery excites an interest in the man which his poetry alone might possibly fail to excite in us, and all seem agreed that underneath the semblance of regulated calm a curious welter of stormy elements was commonly brewing. He was a concatenation of contrasts. Far from an insipid amicability, his dominant characteristic was a rugged angularity, steeped in Rembrandt-like contrasts of light and gloom. His sardonic tongue excited fear. His self-centred talk came to fill a larger and larger segment in the circle of his conversation. As a critic he was deep, serious, and quite remorseless—without pity, upon occasion, even for himself (*Principle in Art,** 1889). "He had no perception of the sublime in other men's writings, or of the ridiculous in his own." Yet he had qualities of a capricious greatness—almost magnanimity—and of all the minor poets of his time his hold upon posterity is not unlikely to prove the most tenacious.

CHAPTER VI

ROBERT BROWNING

"His problem is always to show what are the really noble elements which are eternally valuable in spite of failure to achieve tangible results. . . . Like Carlyle, he protests, though rather by implication than direct denunciation, against the utilitarian or materialistic view of life, and finds the divine element in the instincts which guide and animate every noble character. When he is really inspired by sympathy for such emotions, he can make his most grotesque and his most far-fetched analyses subservient to poetry of the highest order. It can hardly be denied that his intellectual ingenuity often tempts to deviate from his true function, and such deviations are not to be excused simply because they result from an excess instead of a deficiency of intellectual acuteness."—SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.

ROBERT BROWNING, the son of a clerk in the Bank of England who married the daughter of a small Dundee shipowner named Wiedemann, was born in Southampton Street, Camberwell, May 7th, 1812. He was precocious as a boy in physical activity, in languages and in music, wrote Byronic verse at twelve, and at fourteen was steeped in Keats and in Shelley, the star and the sun-treader of his first published poem, *Pauline*. He was also influenced by the Greek lectures of George Long at University College, and by a friendship with Alfred Domett, the poet, subsequently, of New Zealand scenery and adventure, and the Waring of Browning's life-like sketch which goes by that name. Before he was twenty, a discussion between the son and his father, who was in possession of a competency, had led to an agreement that Robert should live a life of pure culture out of which art might spontaneously

arise. By December, 1832, when he was yet in his twenty-first year, he had already completed his first poem, *Pauline* (1833), the fragment of a confession by an ineffectual poet to the woman whom he loves, written in Shelleyan blank verse, and full of descriptions, charged with lyric emotion and exquisite fancy. The beauty of the phrasing so impressed the youthful Rossetti that he transcribed the whole poem from the copy in the British Museum. During 1833-4 Browning commenced his travel education, visiting St. Petersburg and North Italy, and in the spring of 1835 was published *Paracelsus,* in the composition of which he had been absorbed two years.

The character of *Paracelsus,* as a pioneer of scientific thought, is developed in the form of a dialogue between Paracelsus and friends, Festus and his wife Michal, and Aprile, an Italian poet, who vaguely foreshadows Sordello. It is noted for individual lines of extraordinary power, for four interspersed lyrics of much beauty, and as illustrating the fondness for learned subjects and out-of-the-way reading which became so characteristic of the poet. In this year Browning became acquainted with Macready, and the result was a striking manifestation of his rapidly growing analytical power in the form of a five-act drama in blank verse, *Strafford.*[1] This was followed in 1840 by the confused and difficult psychological epic of *Sordello.* The confusions that sprang from too great rapidity and incoherence of thought are here shown to be much the same in the event. The fault of rapidity alone was Browning's, yet towards the end of his career we find him speaking of *Sordello* (only half ironically) as "quite unintelligible."

We now come to the rare and exquisite masque-like drama of *Pippa Passes,* and by almost general consent the most perfect of Browning's longer and more ambitious efforts. The leading motive, that of the little silk-winder of Asolo, Felippa or Pippa, passing from one scene to

[1] Performed at Covent Garden, May 1st, 1837.

another and unconsciously influencing the conscience of one group after another by means of the seed-pearls of songs which she carols in the new year's sunshine, is said to have flashed upon Browning as he was walking in a wood near Dulwich. Content with her life of toil and her one annual holiday, Pippa springs up from bed in her garret resolved not to squander a mite of her twelve hours' treasure.

Pippa Passes was issued in 1841 as No. 1 of a series of volumes of poetry to be called *Bells and Pomegranates,* sixteen double-columned pages of close print for sixpence. Later volumes were increased in number of pages and raised in price. In rapid succession appeared other numbers of the series: *King Victor and King Charles* (1842); *Dramatic Lyrics,* which included *Cavalier Times, My Last Duchess, Johannes Agricola, The Pied Piper,* etc. (1842); *The Return of the Druses* (1843); *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* (1843); *Colombe's Birthday* (1844). *The Blot in the 'Scutcheon* was a three-act tragedy produced by Macready at Drury Lane. The poet and the manager quarrelled over it; and Browning thought that not half enough had been done to ensure its success. Yet, according to Browning, "If applause means success, the play thus maimed and maltreated was successful enough." Phelps, who with Miss Helen Faucit had taken the leading part in it, revived it in 1848 at Sadler's Wells, again with applause. Yet it ran only a few nights. *Colombe's Birthday* was not put on the stage till April, 1853, when Miss Faucit produced it at the Haymarket.

In the autumn of 1844 Browning paid his second visit to Italy. Next year he published the seventh number of *Bells and Pomegranates*—the admirable volume called *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics* (1845). This, like the *Dramatic Lyrics* of 1842, consisted of short poems, and included many of those most frequently reprinted in

selections, *e.g.* the stirring ballad *How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix, The Italian in England, The Englishman in Italy, The Tomb at St. Praxed's, The Lost Leader, Time's Revenge, Pictor Ignotus, Home Thoughts from Abroad.*

It was in 1845 that Browning met his future wife, Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett (1806—1861), herself a poet of high rank, known already as the author of *The Seraphim* (1838) and *Poems* (1844).

She was a very delicate woman, who spent most of her life on a sofa. Her father had discouraged a more active life; he apparently made up his mind that she must die, and was unwilling to let her marry or to travel for her health. He said afterwards of Browning: "I have no objection to the young man, but my daughter should have been thinking of another world!" It was useless to hope that he would ever consent to the marriage, and the two were secretly married at Marylebone Parish Church (September 12th, 1846). A few days afterwards they left England together. Not even the remarkable improvement in Mrs. Browning's health and her perfect happiness would reconcile "papa" to the marriage. Her letters to him were unopened. The two poets went first to Pisa, then to Florence, where, after some changes, they settled down in the apartments in the old palace known as Casa Guidi. Here their only child, the painter Robert Browning, was born in 1849.

In the year of his marriage Browning published the last number (the eighth) of *Bells and Pomegranates,* containing two of the most popular and beautiful of his longer poems, *Luria* and *A Soul's Tragedy.* In 1850 followed *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day,* and two poems which deal with the Judgment and Resurrection and other Christian beliefs in a novel way, but in no sceptical spirit.

It was not till 1855 that Browning published his next

FROM A DRAWING BY FIELD TALFOURD

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

work, *Men and Women,* a collection in two volumes of short pieces of the same type as the *Dramatic Romances* and *Lyrics.* Here he reached, perhaps, his highest level of sustained achievement. A more wonderful gallery of soul-pictures has never been produced. Artists, musicians, philosophers, statesmen, lovers, and men of the world unveil their characters, as it were, unconsciously. Nothing more picturesque, more incisive, more full of insight into character, has ever been written. Notably among these recreations in monologue we have the pathetic story of a divine painter, Andrea del Sarto, whose aspirations are dwarfed and stunted by his beautiful soulless wife, and the incarnation of a casuistical divine of high standing and no definite belief worth speaking of, in Bishop Blougram's Apology. These are in blank verse, but the little drama of *In a Balcony* and the strangely entitled *A Toccata of Galuppi's* and *A Grammarian's Funeral* are all in lyrical measures. The second of these linked subtle emotion to musical sound in a manner only too rare in Browning. *The Grammarian's Funeral* is a penetrating tribute to the Renaissance spirit working in the mind of the close students who, in the persons of such men as the Etiennes and Scaligers, restored classic texts to the modern world.

In 1856 Browning lost the good friend of his early life, John Kenyon, who had been a school-fellow of his father, and to whom Mrs. Browning had dedicated *Aurora Leigh.* Legacies to the poet and his wife left them more than comfortably off. Much of the next three years were spent in Italy, at Florence, the baths of Lucca and Siena, and at Paris and Rome, where the Brownings saw a good deal of Hawthorne and Leighton and other artists. Here he wrote *Sludge the Medium.* During the spring of 1861, Mrs. Browning's health suddenly declined and she died at Casa Guidi in the poet's arms on June 29th—thus end-

ing one of the most devoted and romantic alliances between a man and woman of genius that the history of literature affords. In 1861, greatly crushed in mind and spirit, Browning came to settle in London, at 19, Warwick Crescent, to be near his father and sister. In 1863 he emerged from the doleful seclusion of a life of retrospection and regrets, and began to mix more and more freely in the intellectual society of the capital, among whom at dinner-parties, private views, and concerts he gradually became a most familiar figure. Meanwhile, during summer vacations in Brittany at Pornic, he wrote most of the important volume of *Dramatis Personæ,* containing much of his finest and most characteristic work. Published in 1864, this volume, like *Men and Women,* is a collection of dramatic monologues or soliloquies of persons introduced to us in some revealing situation. It contains besides *Mr. Sludge,* at once an exposure and an extraordinarily subtle apologia for the mediumistic pranks of Home and other spiritualistic mediums, and *Caliban upon Setebos,* suggesting a process of development in religious ideas of primitive man, *Abt Vogler,* and *Rabbi Ben Ezra,* exercises of vicarious thinking on behalf of the modern German composer and the mediæval Jewish philosopher, the beautiful Italian vignette, *A Face,* and the noble but strange and abrupt defiance to Death in the long lines of *Prospice.*

In November to December, 1868, January to February, 1869, was published, in four successive monthly volumes, *The Ring and the Book.* The reception of *The Ring and the Book* was a triumph for the author, who, now close on the age of sixty, for the first time took his proper place in the forefront of living men of letters. The sale of his earlier works, which had been so fluctuating that at one time not a single copy of any one of them was asked for during six months, now became regular and abundant, and the night of Browning's long obscurity was over. A

second edition of the entire *Ring and the Book* was called for in 1869. It consists of twelve "melodramatic" monologues, each dealing with a different aspect and point of view of a famous Roman *cause célèbre*—a murder case in which the views of the prisoner, of Rome by sections, of the advocates, and, finally, the summing-up of the Pope, the final court of appeal, are heard in turn (in a very rough and unkempt blank verse for the most part). The poem was held to be a *tour de force*, and to have read it through was justly held in exclusive society to be a considerable achievement.

Browning's volumes after 1870 show in general a marked falling-off in metrical finish and coherence, though no diminution of psychological subtlety or analytic power. *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau* (1871) and *Fifine at the Fair* (1872) are two curiously sophistical pleadings respectively for *laissez-faire* and opportunism in politics and libertinism in conduct which the poet puts into the mouths of Napoleon III. and a Don Juan of modern Pornic. In these volumes, most of them long, and in the elvish and ugly sensationalism of *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* and the chaotic welter of *Pacchiarotto*, the purely intellectual elements are rapidly overcoming the imaginative. The contest went on steadily, with the result that sweetness was more and more ousted by a bizarrerie which passed for strength, and which reached its climax in *Parleyings with Certain People*. Whoever will work hard at such poems may find much recondite learning and mental activity in them; they are a sort of quarry of ideas like *Sordello* and *Paracelsus*, but the ideas are in such a jagged, ugly, and useless shape that little use can be found for them. The poems seem to have been written almost exclusively for the benefit of the Browning Society, and it is difficult in poems ranging from five to twenty-one thousand lines in length to find a rare oasis of lucid, intelligible, artistic

finish. Nor is it much consolation to learn as in *Pacchiarotto* that the poet is whistling and not even attempting to sing.

In 1887 appeared the *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day,* an undeserved compliment as far as most of these *obscurissimi viri* are concerned. At length, on the very day of the poet's death, appeared his last volume, *Asolando*: *Fancies and Facts,* dated from Asolo on October 15th, 1889. During this period it is too perceptible that the subtle imaginative and psychological power was degenerating into a mechanical and hair-splitting acuteness, the copious verbosity into an endless garrulity. At the time of the *Parleyings* it must be noted that he was already seventy-five, and the self-complacency produced by the adoration of a coterie was seriously infecting the quality of his work. He died in the presence of his sister and his son at the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice, on December 12th, 1889, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the last day of that year.

If he is not a great dramatist, Browning is a great intellectual interpreter of the mind of man as he approaches action. He dramatises the movement of thought and feeling psychologically. The very fact that he lacks sentiment and is deficient in mood—the tender melancholy of Gray, for example, the passionate yearning of Shelley, the meditative rapture of Wordsworth, or the infinite regret of Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears"—is probably to the advantage of the positive clearness and nice definition of Browning's interpreting intellect in dealing with human character. Browning cannot ecstasise us by poetic *tendresse*; he cannot excite us by depicting action; he can exhilarate us by his nimble appreciation of character and motive. It would seem almost as if what Browning's poetry primarily attracted was the curiosity of highly intellectual people. It fails to haunt the memory; it fails to throw a spell over us by its grace, its perfume, or its lingering music. The points wherein Browning does succeed in striking the imagination hot are, first, his power of entering into the mental

raptures and aspirations of men whose culture and environment have separated them widely from our own; and secondly, the tonic quality of his joy in existence, which enables him to dive, as it were, in his thought into the very centre of the glow of youth and of life.

Dickens may perhaps be described as the Eye of Victorian Literature (his was one of the most piercing in any literature); Tennyson was the Ear, attuned to the subtlest melodies of Nature; Thackeray, the Koheleth or Preacher in the wilderness, lamenting over the Mataiotes Mataioteton; Eliot, the impending brow; Browning, the psychologist, expounding some far-off point of view. Tennyson was essentially and ostensibly a poet, in his life, his blue cloak, his mind and his study, stored with intaglios of the thought of all ages, always sounding and remodelling his verses so that they shall attain the maximum of sweetness and symmetry. He was a recluse. Browning dissembled his poethood, successfully disguised his Muse under the semblance of a stock merchant, was civil to his fellow-men, and, though nervous with bores, encountered every one he met as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. In Tennyson's poetry we are always discovering new beauties. In Browning, contrariwise, we are continually finding new blemishes. Why he chose rhythm and metre for seven-eighths of his purpose is still a profound mystery. But there are circumstances in his life to invest it with a legend which the commonplaceness of his later years and of much of his poetry can by no means efface. It is well said of Browning that he missed the morbid over-refinement of the age. The processes of his mind were sometimes even a little coarse and always delightfully direct. The vibration of his loud nasal voice, his hard fist on the table, would make very short work with cobwebs. In the very prime of his years, at thirty-three, this robust, masterful, strong-fibred man fell violently into the pangs of a first love with the mind and expression of an invalid poetess of forty, who wrote him sympathetic letters from her couch. With infinite difficulty, owing to the singular Turkish propensities of the "indulgent" father, he procured a personal introduction, and the sight of this frail woman with the fine long hair and pathetic eyes of a King Charles spaniel, "hardly embodied at all" and as "shy as some soft brown bird," caused the cup of his mystic love to brim over with enthusiasm. At first she repelled further advances. A faded

invalid, with sad memories of her best-loved brother's death, a blind poet, as it were, with books for teachers and visions as sole company, she felt that this brilliant youth, with a rich future before him, was prepared to sacrifice all for an imaginative dream. Some months of correspondence of a volubility perhaps without precedent even in the annals of lovers, in which all the ritual of vows and protestations is as solemnly performed as if for the first time, were needed to convince "Ba" (as the future Mrs. Browning is known to her lover) that she was loved not for her attributes, but for herself alone. Then the letters are resumed on a tide of lyric love more full and overwhelming than before. Both sets of epistles are highly characteristic with it all. Miss Barrett, with her irrelevant learning, her Greek and Hebrew quotations, her garrulous epistolising round, above, and under each tiniest lover's incident from every point of view; Browning, turbid with thought, throttling each sentence in the middle with some parenthetic torment, and all the time standing as an angel by the door of his lady's dungeon and proffering the key of Good Counsel by flight—stealthily the while preparing the escape from the tyrannical and worse than Edgeworthian "papa." This singular romance of the union of two such rare and poetic natures has few episodes to match it—so vivid and gracious and tender. Each poet seemed raised to a higher power by the association: Elizabeth Barrett to write *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, in which autobiography is for once in her life united with strong original emotion (and to catch some of Robert's tricks both of vigour and incoherence in *Aurora Leigh*); he to write *Men and Women*. Some of her new enthusiasms were not less hectic, nor alien to her husband than those revealed in her *Early Poems*. But the enlargement of life to both was far more than compensation. And at the end they were wholly one, in perfect sympathy and trust.

CHAPTER VII

THE BRONTËS

"A case of popularity, a beguiled infatuation, a sentimentalised vision, determined largely by the accidents and circumstances originally surrounding the manifestation of their genius . . . the romantic tradition of the Brontës has been essentially helped by a force independent of any one of their applied faculties—by the attendant image of their dreary, their tragic history, their loneliness and poverty of life. That picture has been made to hang before us as insistently as the vividest page of *Jane Eyre* or of *Wuthering Heights*. If these things were stories, as we say, and stories of a lively interest, the medium from which they sprang was above all in itself a story. . . ."—HENRY JAMES.

HEREDITARY and local influences were both potent in forming the Brontë sisters: on that all are agreed. In blood they were probably of Celtic or Iberian origin on both sides. The father, Pat Prunty, as an Irish Churchman, was of course a staunch Protestant; he came to England, took a Cambridge degree, and, to avert the stigma of hedge-priesthood, by a clever stroke of the pen converted his name to Brontë. The Rev. Patrick Brontë abjured his native bogs forever, served four curacies in the eastern and northern counties of England, married a Cornish lady, Marie Branwell, in 1812—he was then thirty-five and his bride twenty-nine—cherished literary ambitions, published little books of rustic morality, buried his wife in 1821, and died parson of Haworth, after twenty years' incumbency, in 1861. Charlotte was born during one of the curacies, at Thornton, in the parish of Bradford, on April 21st, 1816. Emily followed Patrick Branwell, on July 30th, 1818. In February, 1820, the

new incumbent brought his wife and six weakly little children to the parsonage of Haworth, the village some four miles above Keighley on the road leading up towards the moors, which was to the genius of the Brontës that which Nohant was to the genius of George Sand.

After their mother's death in September, 1821, the children, still and demure by nature, knowing no other children, precocious both in imagination and intellect, were indeed solitary. A year later, a fragile, quaintly attired, snuff-taking old aunt came from Cornwall to superintend the household. Two years later these delicate children were transplanted to a rough charity school; the small reserve of strength they had was undermined by the lack of nourishment due to sluttish cooking, and the two elder sisters, Maria (the Helen Burns of *Jane Eyre*) and Elizabeth, died in 1825. The motherless daughters became more reserved than ever, and more devoted to their intoxicating hero-worship, day-dreaming on the moors and secret scribbling in the schoolroom.

Each of the Brontë sisters had a desk full of novels, romances, and plays in miniature. Charlotte, Emily, and Anne clubbed together, and printed a collection of verses in 1846. But the first thing of genius to emerge from these secret repositories was the astonishing novel of *Wuthering Heights,* commenced in 1845, before Emily was twenty-eight, and published in December, 1847. The strangely self-centred and somewhat morose girl had never heard of *Manon* or *André,* and knew little, if anything, we may be sure, of *La Nouvelle Héloïse,* or *The Sorrows of Werther,* yet she produced a story of love, love *in excelsis,* love its own exceeding great reward, love transcending the ordinary limits of time and space, which marked it out as a book of absolute originality and sphinx-like power: a tale, too, of tragedy in which from the first we breathe the "fresh dark air of tragic passion and presage." *Wuthering Heights,* in fact, by reason of its

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. RICHMOND

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

sincerity, its freedom from affectation, triviality, or verbiage of any kind, is, despite its imperfect or embryonic art, an almost unique book. In strangeness and weirdness it is doubtful if there be anything in the Radcliffe, Fouqué, or Hoffmann schools to rival it; yet the greater part of the plot might have been enacted in many a lonely moorland farm in Britain. As for the three figures of Heathcliffe, his Cathy, and Hindley Earnshaw—where shall we match them? The eerie creations of R. L. Stevenson appear of puny construction by the side of the rude pastels of this hectic, untutored governess.

There is nothing perhaps of Charlotte Brontë's quite so suggestive of immature genius in the throes of self-deliverance as this solitary novel of Emily's. But it was Charlotte, after all, in virtue of her stronger health, firmer character, and more irrepressible energy, who made the half of Europe responsive to those heart-throbs of the Haworth schoolroom. She had a stronger and more contriving brain than any of her sisters, and it was her design that they should emancipate themselves from "going out" by setting up a school of their own. As a preliminary step to this she carried off Emily to learn French in a school at Brussels during eight months in 1842; she herself returned in 1843 for another whole year, in the course of which that "Napoleon de Pensionnat," M. Heger, instructed her, to her great benefit, in the laws of composition and rhetoric. Master and pupil were alike twenty-six, and they had strong intellectual affinities, no more than this, at least on Heger's side, though on Charlotte's it must be premised that admiration shaded into a somewhat warmer sentiment. The platonic attachment that sprang up between the pair was eventually frozen by Madame Heger's total lack of sympathy. But the emotional experience which she had gained, the intensity of feeling from which she had suffered, could hardly be expected to find a normal expression in the career of Charlotte Brontë.

Stifled and repressed from her earliest schooldays, those passions and fevers of the blood struck inwards, and kindled an answering fire in that deep, smouldering imagination.

At sixteen she was already at home in the practice of literary composition. At twenty-six, the torch with which the proximity of Heger threatened her emotional being was applied unhesitatingly to her literary style, rendering it terse, vivid, energetic. We must, by the aid of some such considerations as these, try and find an approach to an explanation of the miracle by which, as much in defiance of ordinary plausibility as was the case in 1748, when a fat little printer of Fleet Street thrilled the whole of Europe, and excited a perfect frenzy of admiration for *Clarissa,* this prim little sister of the moorland parsonage, with the incredible tale of her love for her "master," took possession of the reading world as with a whirlwind, and rattled the bones of all the stones in Christendom.

The first book she completed for press about the same time that Emily was putting final touches to *Wuthering Heights* was *The Professor.* Brown paper was scarce at Haworth and the book made many peregrinations in publisher-land in the self-same wrapper. In July, 1847, as a forlorn hope, she sent it to Smith, Elder & Co. Their reader, W. S. Williams, detected enough stamina in the book to request a regular three-volume novel from the same hand. Anything from "Mr. Currer Bell," as Charlotte called herself (Emily was Ellis Bell), would, in the consecrated phrase, "receive careful attention." Accordingly, on August 24th, 1847, Currer Bell sent to Cornhill, "per rail, a manuscript entitled *Jane Eyre,*" which was accepted and published in three volumes by October 16th.

Despite the lack of humour and the ignorance of life and the world which the book reveals, the glow and energy of the narrative fully suffice to explain its success. This

amazing little governess was not astonished by this in the least, but she was rendered indignant by the attacks which soon began to be heard against the morality of *Jane Eyre*. There was much outspokenness and much unconventionality about the book, but it was not this that caused the outcry.[1] For the first time the voice of a woman was heard without concealment, pleading a passionate tale of love; not the fiery heat and ardour of a man's passion, but a woman's subdual of all other faculties and feelings to the sway of intense love. Since *Othello* was produced in 1610, it is doubtful if certain of the cries that come from the heart of passion had been so faithfully rendered. The *sève originale* appeared to be well-nigh exhausted in this one effort, for when her second novel of *Shirley* was launched to meet the favouring gale in October, 1849, it was found to be strong in satire, description, and observation; but in the distinctive and intensive qualities comparatively weak, and consequently dull. Before it appeared the two sisters Emily and Anne had followed Branwell into the churchyard which opened out from the parsonage garden at Haworth. Charlotte, upon the appearance of her second book, had to make another visit to London (a first had been undertaken with Anne in 1846), and, shy as she was, to submit to some of the penalties of successful authorship. Her literary hero was Thackeray (successor in 1852 to the Iron Duke's throne in her affections), whom she considerably embarrassed by her solemn dedication of *Jane Eyre*. But she tried in vain to fathom the great snobologer. His irony

[1] Lady Eastlake, indeed, in *The Quarterly*, December, 1848, went so far as to say that if *Jane Eyre* were written by a woman, it must be by one who had forfeited the right to the society of her sex. G. H. Lewes once at lunch had the temerity to say to Charlotte, "We ought to get on; we have both written naughty books!"

baffled her, and he was consummately bored by her *grand sérieux*. Her third novel, *Villette*, appeared almost simultaneously with Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth* at the commencement of 1853, and in it we have a reincarnation of the great Brontë qualities, with several interesting additions. Lacking none of the intensity and audacity of *Jane*, it has more of subtlety and style.

The character of M. Paul Emanuel is a more finished portrait than anything in *Jane Eyre*—*Villette* is inferior, if at all, only in a certain ruggedness and bigness of ensemble. More even than its predecessors it is a transcription of actual experience. Lucy Snowe is the authoress, Emanuel is M. Heger; her publisher and his mother are among the characters, and there is a vivid description of the actress Rachel, whom Charlotte had met in London. Her father urged that Heger and Lucy should marry and be happy, but Charlotte was inflexible. Her fame was now assured, and the £1,500 which she received for her book was to her a gold-mine. A life of more tranquillity seemed in store for her, but she was depressed by loneliness, and haunted by sad memories. In the year before her death she allowed herself to be persuaded to marry one of her father's curates who had long been deeply attached, and whose constancy touched her—and this union undoubtedly brought her a brief Indian summer of restful happiness. But it was ruthlessly cut short. Charlotte died at Haworth on March 31st, 1855; she was not quite thirty-nine years of age. Her literary achievement will always have an historical interest as marking a new phase of intensity and introspectiveness in English fiction.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, daughter by his first marriage of William Stevenson, a clever, unsettled kind of man, tutor for some years at the Manchester Academy, Unitarian preacher, farmer, editor, Edinburgh Reviewer, Annual Registrar, and finally Keeper of the Treasury Records, was born

in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on September 29th, 1810. In 1837 she first saw herself in print, and in 1844, partly to distract her mind from the loss of an infant son, she began in earnest upon *Mary Barton*. The book was thus originally the solace of a mother's sorrow. Few books have had a more immediate success than had *Mary Barton* upon its anonymous appearance (October 14th, 1848), and the gratification of this was enhanced by the warm sympathy of the first novelist and the first critic of the day, Dickens and Carlyle.

When Dickens was projecting *Household Words* in 1850, he asked her to contribute, and the result was the story of *Lizzie Leigh*, followed by that inimitable series of pictures of middle-class society in a little country town—collected in June, 1853, under the title of *Cranford*. There is very little plot here, no serious purpose, and none of the melodramatic shadow which has contributed in some measure to the general effect both of *Mary Barton*, a story of misery and "clemming" among the Lancashire operatives during a great strike, and of *Ruth*, her second long narrative, a rueful tale of seduction (1853); but the *milieu* of *Cranford* exactly suited the peculiar faculty of Mrs. Gaskell.

The intensely shy and finch-like little figure of Charlotte Brontë had become familiar to Mrs. Gaskell from 1850, when the two authoresses met at the Shuttleworths' in the English lakes. Less than three months after Charlotte's death on June 16th, 1855, Partick Brontë (the father) wrote and asked Mrs. Gaskell to undertake an unauthorised biography of her friend. The task was performed with the most assiduous care and thoroughness and the result was a specimen of pure biography which will perhaps survive to rank with Southey's *Nelson* and Lockhart's *Burns*. Her next serious attempt in fiction was deferred until 1863, an interval of six years; this was *Sylvia's Lovers*, an "auld Robin Gray" type of story, thrown into a Whitby whale-fishing setting, and most admirably done, showing an enhanced ripeness of humour and maturity of style. And these qualities are even more manifest in her last unfinished novel of *Wives and Daughters*, which contains her two subtlest delineations of femininity in the characters of Clare and Cynthia. It appeared in *Cornhill* during 1864-5, and when she was preparing the last instalment, the authoress was suddenly stricken down by a heart attack, and died on November 12th, 1865, at Holybourne (the Helstone of *North and South*) near Alton.

CHAPTER VIII

NINETEENTH CENTURY HISTORIANS

"Within the last fifty years History has been simultaneously lengthening (Egypt), widening (Japan), and deepening (Origins). We need more comprehensive plans, more able historians, the inclusion of sociology, the study of the secret movements of society. The nineteenth century has witnessed the self-recognition of History; the twentieth, without a doubt, is to witness its development and reorganisation as a study—second only in dignity and honour to the study of Poetry itself."

Froude—Buckle—Lecky—Sir H. S. Maine—Sir J. R. Seeley—Bishop Stubbs—Freeman—J. R. Green—S. R. Gardiner—Lord Acton.

SINCE MACAULAY, no historian has re-peopled the silent past with such innate power as James Anthony Froude. Born in Devonshire in 1818, under the shadow of a parish church and parsonage, thoughtful and passionate, but sombre and self-contained, he got profoundly excited over the Catholic Renaissance at Oxford, and the currents of opinion which produced the "Credo in Newmannum" of 1840—his state of mind during the period is reproduced in his two early volumes, *Shadows of the Clouds* (1847) and *The Nemesis of Faith* (1849); but after a sharp struggle he shook off his Romish tendency and his Catholic ideas, and turned to history to justify his position. "Oh, how I wish I could write." He became one of the greatest, though most careless, masters of English prose. The same craving after an autocrat that had hypnotised Carlyle into his panegyrics on Frederick and Cromwell made Froude a votary of a still stranger idol in Henry VIII.

—the "majestic lord (of 'blood and grease') who broke the bonds of Rome." Incidentally it became the object of his life to counter the Counter-Reformation—to expose sacerdotalism and to denounce "the Papa, or Pope of Rome," with a fervour unsurpassed even by George Borrow. He derided the notion of History as a science, and treated it rather as material for allegory, in which he took the best care possible that the sacerdotal dogs should not get the best of it. The sermon to him was ever more important than the text. The drama is the thing in his eyes, and his last volume, *History of England* (from fall of Wolsey to 1588, twelve vols., 1856-70), with the execution of Mary and defeat of the Armada, makes a fifth act with a catastrophe, artistically at least, completely satisfactory. The attacks made on him by Freeman (who regarded himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence for Froude's chastisement) and others for mistakes in elementary points of fact were not only in the main unfair, pedantic, and incompetent, but essentially absurd.

Similarly beside the mark, to prove increasingly unintelligible in the lapse of time, are the attacks on his other books, his memorable *Short Studies, Oceana* and *Erasmus* (a fine work of interpretation most unjustly cavilled at by Dryasdust), above all, his masterly biography of the man he knew and understood best, Thomas Carlyle. The future can allow for inaccuracy or bias—it may even find a place for stupidity and prejudice if sufficiently extravagant: what it cannot tolerate is mediocrity of talent and the pretended omniscience of ephemeral "professors." That men in the future will read Froude for the attraction of his sinewy and masculine style is almost certain; whether they will sympathise with the despotic remedies he prescribed for humanity is another question. Temporarily the fact that he uttered no *Apologia* has made against Froude's reputation. But he always held aloof resolutely

from "authorism" of any kind. He despised writers who "bark back," and he vouchsafed never a reply to his maddened assailants. In revenge they spread the reports of his work which crystallised in "Froudacity," the "maladie de Froude," and the usual jokes about his *Hic jacet.* In 1892, by one of the ironical turns of Time's whirligig, Froude succeeded his old tormentor as Regius Professor of History at Oxford, and nowhere was the appointment so loudly applauded as in *The Saturday Review,* which had contained all the bitterest of Freeman's attacks. A colossus among the small fry of University fellows and tutors, Froude fulfilled his duties with dignity and applause. His vacations were spent in his Devonian retreat at Kingsbridge, and there he died on October 20th, 1894.

Henry Thomas Buckle (1821—1862), the son of a wealthy shipowner, was born at Lee, in Kent, on November 24th, 1821. At seventeen he seemed to be outgrowing a congenital delicacy and was placed in his father's office, from the hated routine of which his father's death in 1840 released him. He spent the next year in foreign travel with his mother, to whom his devotion increased in intensity. His travels developed him from a Low Church Tory into a Radical Freethinker. A meeting with the Hallams aided in fixing his ambition to be an historian. During 1842-3 he was steadily buying and reading a miscellaneous historical library.

Back in London he lived and worked in his library of nearly 20,000 volumes quite unknown to the literary world, an eccentric outsider, bursting with ambition and curious erudition in eighteen languages. His idea was to eclipse Macaulay, and he varied research by the most elaborate exercises in literary style. The main lines of the "book" had been laid down by 1853, if not a good deal before, but Buckle, more and more fastidious, felt obliged to go over it, purging and rewriting again and again. His

memory was almost as retentive and as accurate as that of Macaulay, and was often displayed in action with the same "overpowering" effect. During the whole of 1855 he was copying the *magnum opus* for press and incorporating new notes. No publisher could be got to take a sufficiently responsible view of his obligations in bringing out such a book, so Buckle determined to issue it himself. The book finally came out in September, 1857, and achieved an almost instantaneous success. Its "intellectual splendour" made it the talk of London, and eventually of Europe. The rolling vigour of Buckle's style, the pomp of his generalisation, and the high confidence with which he stepped along, driving whole ages and nations before him in flocks, and like some great general disposing of his vast miscellany of fact and inference with consummate ease—this dazzled the reading world, and left few, even among the reflective, to echo the ferocious verdict of the Sage of Chelsea, "Long-winded, conceited blockhead, full of barren, empty formulas about the progress of the species, progress of this, progress of that, progress of science!"

William Edward Hartpole Lecky was born at Newton Park, near Dublin, on March 26th, 1838, the descendant of an old landed family in Ireland. At the early age of twenty-seven he brought out his first book, on *The Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe,* an astonishing work, no less for its daring manipulation of Buckle's views and methods, than for its wide research, and for the maturity and sobriety of thought which it displays. The writer's tendency to a somewhat pompous and inconclusive balancing of contrary opinions is also manifest, and provoked a rather stinging review from George Eliot, in which Lecky is specially accused of vagueness. In this book, and in his *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* (1869), Lecky exhibits tastes, opinions and methods of expression all completely formed. His pe-

culiar style and mode of thought as a writer found its best expression in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (8 vols., 1878-90). In this great History he has nothing to say of Blenheim or Culloden, but dwells at great length, and in a very impartial way, upon the rise of Methodism, social changes under the Georges, and the American War. In Vol. II. he commenced a tableau of society in Ireland which is almost worthy to rank with Macaulay's third chapter. The space devoted to Ireland becomes more and more disproportionate until it finally occupies the whole canvas. The parasite conquered the plant to which it clung. The title had all along been a misnomer; eventually recourse was had to a surgical operation, the Irish portion was more or less skilfully disengaged and published separately as *A History of Ireland during the Eighteenth Century* (5 vols., 1892). His later books were *Democracy and Liberty* (1896), a survey of contemporary political methods which, if not pessimistic, is at least deeply imbued with mistrust of Demos, and a keen sense of the danger of political and journalistic appeals to popular passion, ignorance, and prejudice. Some pungent criticism of political "promises" drew a repartee from Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* review. His *Map of Life* (1900) on moral problems of every-day occurrence and his *Poems* (1891) are both extremely pleasing and well-written exercises in the elaboration of the purely commonplace. Lecky, who married the daughter of a Dutch general, was nominated to the new Order of Merit in 1902 and received many other honours.

One of the severest critics of what he regarded as the loose generalisations of Buckle was Sir Henry Sumner Maine (1822—1888), who was himself one of the clearest thinkers in the new sphere of sociology. Of Scottish descent, he graduated in journalism on the newly founded *Saturday Review* (1855), produced an epoch-making book

on *Ancient Law,* and was adopted into the Indian official hierarchy as a legal member of the Council in India, and afterwards sat upon the Indian Council at home, eventually becoming Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and Professor of International Law.

The son of a publisher, L. B. Seeley, who wrote, among many religious essays, a book of merit on Edward I., Sir John Robert Seeley (1834—1895) conceived history exclusively as a training ground for the man of affairs by means of a series of exercises in the history (*i.e.* the politics) of the past of such a kind as to aid him in shaping the politics of the present, that is, the history of the future. "History the school of statesmanship" was his watchword. In his book called *The Expansion of England* (1883) he exhibited a practical application of his ideas. Seeley was perhaps the first historian to "think imperially" in the modern sense. The Cambridge School as represented by Seeley, especially in this book, thus co-operated in a striking manner with the new trend which Disraeli had given to English polity in 1878. *The Expansion of England* served above all to give precision to ideas already in the air—an appearance of scientific and historical corroboration to a vague theory or aspiration, which the journalists as soon as ever they tasted pronounced very good.

The most characteristic representatives of the Oxford school are Stubbs, Freeman, Green, and Gardiner, forming a most remarkable constellation of interdependent historical talent. Mandell Creighton, the versatile Churchman, courtier, and man of the world, who ended his career as Bishop of London (January 14th, 1901), occupies a position somewhat aloof from this group, more catholic and cosmopolitan, less insular, better equipped for enduring the buffets of Time. The fine temper of his historical sense is shown in his *History of the Papacy during the*

Reformation (1882-94), left in mid-career, a torso which is almost Thucydidean in its concentrated pith, its sharply cut portraits, and its severe agnostic reserve.

William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford (d. April 22nd, 1901), the son of a Knaresborough attorney, was born on June 21st, 1825, and was educated at Ripon and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he entered as a servitor in 1844. "Stobæus," as the pompous Dean Gaisford called him, became a sub-librarian at the college, got a first, and a fellowship at Trinity, and soon became well known for his churchmanship and for the learning which he was to make illustrious. He was Professor of History at Oxford 1866-84.

Like Freeman and Green, Stubbs undoubtedly overstressed the predominance of the Saxon or Germanic element in English history and English institutions. His *Constitutional History of England,* which first appeared in 1873-8, far outstripped anything else on the subject, and was for many years a semi-sacred book at Oxford. But the ground had not really been sufficiently prepared by the antiquarians for his earlier studies. He was not fully aware of the treachery of the ground that he traversed.

Edward Augustus, youngest child of John and Mary Anne Freeman, was born at Mitchley Abbey, Staffordshire, on August 2nd, 1823. In 1860 he settled at Somerleaze, a house with a small park near Wells, in Somerset. There, with a fine collection of books about him, he began on the series of historical works (he had previously written nothing but reviews for *The Saturday* and some architectural studies) which made his reputation, notably his *History of Federal Government,* his *Old English History, Historical Geography,* and his *History of the Norman Conquest* (1865-9), too lengthy and tautological, but full of vigour and enthusiastic historical erudition. The reputation

which his books had gradually won for him led to his appointment to succeed Stubbs in 1884 as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, where, though his lectures were unattended, his fitness to "inculcate the rude manners of our Saxon forefathers" was unquestioned. Henceforth he produced some interesting *Essays and Lectures*, and three and a half volumes of a *History of Sicily* (1891-4) upon a large scale. He died at Alicante on May 16th, 1892. His most representative work was his *Norman Conquest* and its sequel, *William Rufus*. The subordination of the Saxon to the Norman-French factor in English history was to him an anomalous fact which rankled in his imagination.

Born of an old Oxford family, his father and grandfather both robe-makers and parish clerks, John Richard Green was born in St. John Street, Oxford, in 1837, and in 1854 gained a scholarship at Jesus from Magdalen College School. From Oxford he plunged into an East-end London parish, and for years was well-nigh totally immersed in Broad Church philanthropy, earning a little extra money, however, by journalism. In 1865 Green obtained an incumbency, with a small stipend, but one which, together with his journalistic earnings, enabled him to travel—his voyagings with Freeman were a great encouragement to him, and heartened him for the task of national historian, for which he had always been preparing in the back of his brain. A few years later he gave up his work at Stepney, his health necessitating his sojourning abroad. He now abandoned his idea of a book on England and the Great Charter, and concentrated upon "Little Book," as he called it—a book which made an epoch by its appearance in 1874 as *A Short History of the English People*. A vivid and earnest presentment of English history, conceived in a pictorial spirit and making almost a religion of the progress of the Angle-kin or the

English folk, as Freeman loved to call it, this was a book the national tone and spirit of which took England by storm. But its freshness of presentation is purchased at too high a price. There is a note more of a tribal pæan than an historical narrative pervading the whole book—blurring the lines, sacrificing definition to strong lights and vivid colours.

No historian has ever cross-fertilised the pamphlet literature and other documentary evidence of an epoch to such good purpose as Samuel Rawson Gardiner (d. February 23rd, 1902) in his monumental *History of England 1603-48,* followed by his *History of the Civil War* and *History of the Protectorate, 1649-56* (17 vols. in all). As Lord Acton said, with his plenary knowledge Gardiner has done the work in such wise that "we are content, and could never wish it to be done over again." From the too frequent accompaniment of content, satiety, Gardiner's *History* is not wholly free. He lacked that higher imaginative power which is closely allied to the mythopœic faculty—a dangerous possession, it may be, to the historian, but one without which a great history cannot breathe freely as a work of art. The possession of this in connection with his grand style will make Froude live as an historian, while its absence, and that of its concomitant prose power, will relegate the much more accurate and painstaking Gardiner to the twilight of standard books of reference.

As an accumulator of historical information—he can hardly be called an historian, for he wrote no history—Lord Acton was probably without a rival since 1859; he resembled several contemporaries and begetters of legends who wrote nothing quite commensurate with their reputation for enormous learning, notably Benjamin Jowett, Mark Pattison, and F. York Powell. Born in South Italy on January 10th, 1834, John Dalberg Acton was the son of an English baronet by a German countess. A great traveller and linguist, he spent half his

life on the continent, and more than half of his waking hours in reading. From 1859 to 1872, the golden age of book-reviewing, he did valuable work in this department, for a time as editor of *The Rambler* (1859-62) and of *The Home and Foreign Review* (1862-4), both periodicals chiefly known through Newman, and afterwards as contributor to the weekly *Chronicle*, *The North British Review*, *The English Historical*, *Edinburgh*, and *Quarterly*. Beyond these reviews he has left merely some acute and learned letters (*Letters to Mary Gladstone*, 1904; *Lord Acton and his Circle*, 1906), and a few *Lectures* (1906). Unlike Freeman, who took universal history as his province, Acton took Modern History only, from 1500. Keen, lucid, and diplomatic in his talk, as soon as he put pen to paper Acton becomes expostulatory, allusive, and obscure. His epigrams are generally enigmas, the meaning of which is further obscured by a footnote. He was certainly overweighted with learning, and his liberal Romanism, his cosmopolitan politics, his idolatry of Gladstone as a writer, his fanatical enthusiasm for George Eliot, his affluence of inedited anecdotes, plunge him further and further into paradox. To be intelligible is to be found out, might have been his motto. But like his grandfather, the Minister at Naples in Nelson's time, he remains a puzzle. He accepted the Chair at Cambridge which Macaulay had pushed aside, and died, the most popular professor of his day, in June, 1902.

CHAPTER IX

THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT IN VERSE AND PROSE

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wings against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay
Lull'd by the singer of an idle day."

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

D. G. Rossetti—The P. R. B.—John Ruskin—William Morris—The new Social Creed—Christina Rossetti—J. A. Symonds—P. G. Hamerton—F. T. Palgrave.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI was the eldest of the four children of the Italian patriot and Dante symbolist, Gabriele Rossetti, who settled in London in 1825, and married Frances, daughter of Dr. Polidori—the medical attendant upon whom Byron vented a good deal of contemptuous satire during his sojourn on the Lake of Geneva in 1822. Born in Charlotte Street on May 12, 1828, Rossetti was sent to King's College School, where he showed remarkable precocity in verse, but was attracted by youthful ambition to become a painter, and was accordingly admitted to Cary's Art Academy about 1843. Neither there nor at the Academy School was his progress especially remarkable; he never mastered the mysteries of freehand and perspective. He was already, nevertheless, a master of pictorial as well as of poetic motive, and had written *The Blessed Damozel,* when, in 1848, he applied to Ford Madox Brown for instruction in painting. Through Madox Brown he came under the

influence of Ruskin's ideas, and got to know some of the most original and talented painters among the younger men. As a draughtsman he was one of the least of these, but as a colourist, both on canvas and in speech, he had many original theories and a mystical poetic (which he revealed to his choicest intimates) of his own. Rossetti soon obtained a dominant influence among this coterie. This influence could only be felt to its full extent by an artistic coterie. Rossetti had the great advantage in addressing them that he was an artist by profession. Like Blake, Ruskin, Morris, and to some extent like Pugin and later Freeman, Rossetti gained enormously by his rare gift of alternation between two Arts, and these the most sublime, Poetry and Painting. And he early acquired the power of illumining the one by the light of experience gained in the proper dominions of the other.

The seminal influence of pre-Raphaelitism was brought about by a contact between the revolt from the smooth conventional technique and composition (with monticles, broken columns, and brown trees in regular perspective) which obtained the nickname of Raphaelesque and the profound enthusiasm for Keats, which the mercurial Rossetti imposed upon all his circle as the price of his friendship. His proselytising power and the inexhaustible personal magnetism of the man at this period enabled him to set all his associates at work to draw the coverts which he pointed, and to disdain the authority of the Academy. In the autumn of 1848 at Rossetti's studio in Newman Street seven of this group banded themselves together as the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

We can imagine the delight that Rossetti's ardent and sanguine young temperament must have felt in organising his revolt against the accepted critical canons of the art world of that day, and the P.R.B. (as they signed themselves) must have been superhuman had they also

not experienced a certain grim delight in outraging the corrupt Corinthian taste, the subdued tones, conventional gestures, and generalised types of expression and colouring which were then predominant. Everything in their work was the opposite of this—bright colours, minute details microscopically drawn from life, strange gestures, individual expression, esoteric and symbolic as opposed to the tame and generalised treatment of historic and mediæval subjects which was then in vogue. A paper was started to embody the propaganda of the new brotherhood. It was called *The Germ* and ran to but four numbers, Rossetti's contributions far outweighing those of his associates in importance. The brotherhood achieved some remarkable work in painting, but gradually diverged in aim and fell asunder.

Of his marriage with the beautiful model, Lizzie Siddal, whom his comrade Deverel had first espied in a bonnet shop, and whom Millais painted as Ophelia, of her rapid progress as an artist and tragic death in 1862, of Rossetti's passionate decision to bury his poems (already much circulated among his private friends) with her dead body, and of the unpleasant necessity to which he was reduced of disinterring the said poems in 1869 for publication in the ensuing year, enough and more than enough has been written. What is equally clear is that, after the death of his wife in 1862, Rossetti's hegemony proved too exacting for any of his old friends and followers. His temper grew morose, querulous, and uncertain. His habits became more and more shrouded and nocturnal. The insomnia which he had so long tempted became habitual and led to his drugging himself without regard to consequences. But he was cheered even during the darkest moments of this disordered dream of genius by some bright, genial, and critical periods, and by the devoted tenderness of one or two friends who succeeded at

length in breaking him of the chloral habit and humouring him into a state in which he composed a few of his finest ballads and sonnets. These were published in a second volume of poems, named *Ballads and Sonnets,* in 1881, which was received with great respect by the comparatively small circle of cognoscenti: at the same time the 1870 volume of *Poems* was reissued with some omissions and interpolations. A short period of almost unnatural cheerfulness now ensued, but his health was radically undermined. A touch of paralysis affected him towards the close of 1881. He was taken to Birchington-on-Sea near Margate, and died there on April 9th, 1882.

The mysterious clutch which Rossetti has over the emotions when he is dealing with the uncanny, the wonderful palatte which he has at the disposal of his wild and desolate ballads, are seen at their best in such pieces as *The King's Tragedy* (written 1881, relating through the mouth of Catherine Douglas, known as Kate Barlas, the assassination of James I. by Sir Robert Graeme), *The White Ship* (1880), *Sister Helen* (1852, the calm, inexorable revenge of a betrayed and deserted girl who burns a waxen image to blight her false lover by witchcraft) and *Rose Mary* (1870, another weird ballad of sin detected by second sight) in which the poet recaptures much of the very witchery of *Christabel.*

It is a strange and significant fact that the middle of the nineteenth century should have conducted the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and John Ruskin by quite distinct though converging routes to two contiguous promontories in the domain of Art and to a common admiration of the primitive masters who preceded the great Florentines of the fifteenth century. The paths of approach to this common ground were in the main quite distinct. The P.R.B. sought primarily to fulfil the literary legacy

of Keats; they reverenced the primitive Tuscans, partly because of their mediæval quaintness, partly because they discerned in them a desire to counterfeit nature by minute observation, a desire which they shared while revolting against the prevalent conventions and smugness of such colourists as Grant, Eastlake, Ary Scheffer and the contemporary school. Ruskin's method of approach, on the other hand, was through adoration for Turner, a passion for making direct memoranda from nature in the open air, and a fresh study of the early Italian masters. They shared a common love for a simplicity of aim upon which no corrupting influences had yet had time to work. Directly the brotherhood drew little inspiration from Ruskin (whose profounder aspirations were not theirs), though they certainly owed much to his championship of their eccentricities at a critical point in their career.

The only child of a prosperous wine-merchant, John Ruskin was born on February 8th, 1819, at 54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, then comparatively open towards the north. In his early youth, however, his parents moved to Herne Hill, where tutors were engaged for him, as for one too delicate for the rough and tumble of Harrow or Rugby. Growing older, he travelled far and wide with his parents in a post-chaise over the length and breadth of England and Scotland, and, later on, on the Continent. In 1836 he became a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, already fancying himself something of poet, savant, and genius, though his education had been of the most desultory—the best part of it consisting of readings by his father in the English classics, Scott and Cervantes, and by his mother (who was of a somewhat stern and Puritan nature) in the Bible. His one exploit at Oxford was to win the Newdigate Prize Poem (1839). He had already written a paper on *The Poetry of Architecture* for *Loudon's Magazine* in

1838, and in 1841 an essay in exposition of Turner, whose work in water-colour and sepia he endeavoured to emulate, directed his attention more and more to the distinguishing merits of this master—hence the theme of his first volume of *Modern Painters* in 1843. A second volume in 1846 greatly increased his reputation, and established a position for Ruskin both as a stylist and as an apostle of beauty. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* with Ruskin's own drawings more than confirmed his reputation in 1849. His glorification of the pageant of the sky, of the steel framework of the earth in the Alps, and of the employment of external surfaces in architecture will always live among the most animated and inspiring passages of English prose.

In 1851 Ruskin came forward to champion two of the pre-Raphaelites (Hunt and Millais) from the ignorance and insolence of the Press attacks upon their work; but he was only half a convert to the technique of the brotherhood, though he was prepared to carry many of their half-abandoned ideas to all lengths. Nearly all his art theories, indeed (many of them strangely inconsistent), came to be regarded by him eventually as vehicles for the conveyance of ethical theory. After intense study in Italy, in the course of which he produced a vast number of exquisite drawings, sketches, and pictorial memoranda, Ruskin produced the two quarto volumes of *The Stones of Venice* in 1851 and 1853.

Extravagant as the thesis often is in its denunciation of the Renaissance and its works, it is, on the whole, a magnificent testimonial of the beauty and sincerity of mediæval workmanship, embodying with other features a concrete expansion of the idea in *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* that the buildings and art of the people are the expression of their religion, their morality, their aspirations and social habits. Among a number of minor

works, including manuals and lectures, his great æsthetic manifesto in *Modern Painters* was brought to a close with its fifth volume in 1860. It embodies the development of Ruskin's thought from his seventeenth to his forty-first year. But a new era in his life was now commencing.

Ruskin came under the influence of the fiery propagandism of Carlyle, whom he henceforth looked up to as his "master." Carlyle applauded his veracity, and spurred him on to the conflict with social shams. The result of this new direction of thought and energy was embodied in a series of more or less detached homilies in *Unto this Last* (1860), *Munere Pulveris, Time and Tide* (1867). Ruskin's *sans gêne* in dealing with vested interests and class prejudices caused so much consternation by their novelty in the early 'sixties that Thackeray had to eject his contributions from *The Cornhill Magazine.*

The organ of the Ruskinian propaganda and the receptacle of all his discontents and divagations during his active crusading period, was a monthly letter (priced at 10*d.*), addressed to the workmen of England, to which he gave the baffling name of *Fors Clavigera.* But the incessant labours of his long ministry were drawing to an end when, in 1884, he resigned his Slade professorship and withdrew to Brantwood, a house in a beautiful position overlooking Coniston Lake, which he had bought and embellished between 1871 (when his mother died) and 1874, and where he lived henceforth upon the proceeds of his books, for he had spent all his patrimony upon others. Fortunately his literary income was ample to support him, with a large margin for almsgiving. Even now he was occupied intermittently in articles and in autobiographical papers of the utmost naïveté and charm, not without a certain specific egotism appropriate to the *genre* to which he gave the name of *Præterita.*

During the last ten years of his life his mind was often clouded, his brain seemed benumbed, and the conversation, which was held by those who heard it to surpass in beauty even the periods of his cadenced prose, was seldom or never heard. He died peacefully among his Turners at Brantwood on January 20th, 1900, and was buried in Coniston Churchyard (sepulture in the Abbey having been declined). So passed away one of the greatest of England's irregular men of genius. The beauty of his prose style, its quality of measure, the power which it exerts over the emotions—these things have seldom been surpassed.

William Morris (1834—1896), the son of well-to-do-parents, of Worcestershire origin (his father was partner in a firm of bill brokers), was born at Walthamstow. He was brought up within range of Epping Forest, save for three years at Marlborough, and at eighteen entered Exeter College, Oxford. His tastes, already strongly romantic, "Gothic," and antiquarian, were confirmed by intercourse at Exeter with Burne-Jones, the painter, and his set. He was influenced also in turn by the Oxford Movement, by Ruskin and Maurice, and then more potently by Rossetti and Swinburne. Meanwhile, in 1856, he entered the office of G. E. Street, the eminent Gothic revivalist in architecture. In 1859 he married the beautiful Jane Burden, who had sat as a model for him at Oxford, and whose striking face appears in so many of Rossetti's finest works. Before this, in March, 1858, he published his *Defence of Guinevere, and Other Poems*, which he dedicated to Rossetti—an extraordinarily melodious medley of mediæval suggestions and experiments in a variety of styles. *Sir Peter Harpdon's End*, a dramatic sketch of siege warfare in Poitou under Henry VI., is one of the most vivid and direct things Morris ever wrote. He was already much addicted to Botticellism. After his marriage Morris abandoned poetry and painting for a time, and was occupied with a scheme for the design and manufacture of really artistic decorations for household purposes—chintzes, wall-papers, glass and metal work, carpets, painted windows, tiles, dam-

asks, tapestries, and the like. A company was formed, a propaganda was set on foot, which was much helped by the Exhibition of 1862, and progress was fairly rapid towards the pre-Raphaelitising of the English interior. Between 1866 and 1870 Morris resumed literary work, and poured forth in one long series *The Life and Death of Jason* and the analogous legendary narratives which fitted together in a flowered design of the most harmonious beauty and delectable contrivance to form the 50,000 lines of *The Earthly Paradise* (1867-76). This, in some sense following Chaucer and Boccaccio, is a thesaurus of some twenty-four legends and folk-tales, two for each month, half smacking of the North Sea, and half of the Mediterranean. In decorative and narrative skill they certainly approach Chaucer, but in personal and human interest, in variety, and, above all, in humour, they are wholly deficient. The language is a most pure Saxon, the metre harmonious, smooth, and flawless even to monotony (though a variety of metres—rhyming pentameters, octosyllabic, Chaucerian stanzas, etc.—are essayed); the descriptions are of singular felicity, rich and sweet, yet not lacking in vigour. A restful, unimpassioned, somewhat fatalistic and pagan charm, as of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, is over the whole. Yet there seems to be something lacking. It seems to be a feast of beauty without soul—deficient in the haze and shadow of mystery and the higher imagination.

In 1875 the decorating business which Morris had initiated was reconstructed, and he became sole manager of the concern. Two years later his Icelandic studies produced the epic of *Sigurd the Volsung*. He was now drawn away from his old pre-Raphaelite associates into a more Ruskinian zone. For a time he attempted to lead the Socialist party in London. Whither he intended to lead them it would be difficult to say, probably to "Nowhere," his favourite Utopia in the clouds. At any rate Morris jibed at anarchism and returned from quasi-political life about 1889 to follow up his Utopian *Dream of John Ball* (a fantasic prose-picture in a strictly Teutonic English of a regenerated society) by two highly original, elaborate, and polychromatic prose romances, *The House of the Wulfunge* and *The Story of the Glittering Plain;* also to set up on Hammersmith Mall his celebrated Kelmscott Press, whence issued the Kelmscott Chaucer and other noble examples of typography. In 1895 Morris's health began to decline, and

a voyage which he took to the Arctic Circle wearied rather than revived him. He returned to London to sink and die on October 3rd, 1896.

A bond may be found between Morris and Rossetti in a discipleship, for a brief space at any rate, to the leading ideas of Ruskin, and a common enthusiasm for Keats and mediæval antiquities. Rossetti, however was the real initiator in the neo-mediæval movement. Morris diffused the new doctrine, and traced out applications of it in applied art, handicrafts, language, and politics. The palpable ugliness and unfairness and the hidden iniquities of modern life created in him a yearning to retrace "the path of progress" as the optimists conceived it; to go back before Protestantism, commercialism, mill-hands and machine-made commodities, and try to build up society anew upon a somewhat cleaner, more equable, and more beautiful foundation. Much of this was in harmony with Ruskin's ideas. Much of Morris's best literature, however, is as much coterie decoration as his chintzes, his windows, his printed books, his tiles, and his textiles. The pulsations of work-a-day human life are as rigidly excluded from it as are animal forms from the arabesque. It has just about as much of the stress and passion and life no more and no less than the most cunningly devised and woven tapestry. One is delighted to know that such a beautiful and costly fabric can be made and to see it now and again. One acquiesces also without any very keen regret in the obvious reflection that such a luxurious product must necessarily be restricted to the use of the leisured and excessively rich. By a fine irony, then, it seems that the one indisputable effect of all these converging revolutionary currents, æsthetic and socialistic, is to tickle the palate of the decidedly rich, to whet the rage and hunger of curio-hunters of all kinds, and, in competition with the new art products of Nippon, to give a new inspiration and fresh impetus to the design departments of the leading decorators, upholsterers, and cabinet-makers in the United Kingdom.

Of the verse that sought to reflect the hark-back of Rossetti and his circle, with a combination of Morris's own purity of diction, there is nothing to equal the lyrics of *Goblin Market*, Christina Rossetti's chief bid to fame, produced early in 1862, when she was thirty-one and her famous brother two years older. Unlike most of our modern poetesses, such as Mrs. Browning and Jean Ingelow, Christina excelled not in the

ballad, but in the song. Like other poets of her sex she lacked creative power, but her character was so interesting, her religion so sincere, and her feeling so intense, that few of her lyrics lack some redeeming touch of the imaginative faculty. She died in London the victim of a long-torturing malady in 1894. Of the lesser disciples of the æsthetic gospel in prose two brilliant essayists seem likely to remain pre-eminent. John Addington Symonds (b. Bristol, October, 1840; d. Rome, April, 1893) is a typical product of our classical hothouse system, ending in a fellowship from Balliol. Self-confessed "an ugly duckling" at Harrow, Symonds was at any rate a very precocious one. At nineteen he was already accused of being worn out with premature culture. The sphinx-like influence of Jowett spurred him on to the highest honours: yet he complained, not quite fairly, that he was left a mere amateur, with no grasp of serious business. Unlike Swinburne, Burne-Jones, or Morris, he had no positive determination to creative art. Also he had leisured means. Meanwhile he coruscated as a letter-writer, lectured or wrote æsthetically on Dante, Greek poetry, or Elizabethan drama, wrote an essay-history of the Italian Renaissance, and excelled in magazine sketches and travel descriptions. In every literary figure he was elegantly accomplished and fluent, but he was an incorrigibly florid writer, never quite satisfied with the natural hues, always "laying it on thick" and painting his sunsets the colour of blended liqueurs. He will survive, though, as the incomparable translator of Cellini, Gozzi, M. Angelo, and Campanella; while his curious, almost morbidly introspective personality is revealed in an interesting autobiography worked up with admirable skill by his friend and correspondent, Horatio F. Brown.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton was born near Oldham in the heart of the grey cotton country on September 10, 1834. His childhood was exceptionally lonely and miserable, for his mother died when he was an infant, and he was brutally treated by a drunken and dissolute father. The father dead, he was sent to a large public school, where his morbid sensitiveness and lack of strength precluded healthy, normal development. Then came a brief and unpleasant career as a soldier—a career for which he was wholly unfitted—and it was not until after 1854 that he found his career as an art critic, shading off into an essayist and delineator of the pleasures of *The Intellectual Life*

(1873), which had a greater success at first in America. He attempted two romances, *Wenderholme* (1869) and *Marmorne* (1878), which are strong in tonality, with some of the quiet quality of Fromentin. He excelled in his essays and those charming books defending everyday French manners against English misconstruction, *French and English* (1889), *Round my House* (he lived at Autun), and *Modern Frenchmen*. His writing is diffuse, a little deficient in central heat or intensity, but it is finely balanced, suggestive, indefinably graceful, and insensibly convincing by reason of its very restraint. Many of its qualities are reproduced in Lecky's *Map of Life* and by many imitative works since. Hamerton died in 1894, leaving a fragment of *Autobiography* to be completed in a *Memoir* by one who was much too good a wife to be a very good critic.

Much of the best poetical criticism of the Victorian era has been expressed in the form of anthologies of the English poets. And prince of our English anthologists by general consent is Francis Turner Palgrave (1824—1897), the son of the historian of *England and Normandy* and brother of W. Gifford Palgrave, the famous Arabian traveller. From Charterhouse and Balliol, where he was a prophet of Tennyson in the early 'forties, he obtained a fellowship and a snug official post, which enabled him to develop into a semi-professional taster, connoisseur, and appraiser. Scott, Wordsworth, and Tennyson were his favourite idolatries. He first met Tennyson in 1849, and henceforth was a frequent Christmas visitor at Farringford and a fellow traveller with Tennyson on more than one expedition. On the rock-bound coast of Cornwall Palgrave was commissioned by Mrs. Tennyson not to let the short-sighted bard out of his sight, and the "old gentleman," as Tennyson was playfully entitled (it being high treason to call him by his name lest publicity should ensue), grew as restive and querulous as a child under the persecution of his youthful mentor. But for all their incessant bickering Palgrave stuck to him nobly, and it was during this period that the plan of *The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* (1861) was submitted to the great laureate, and the inclusion of almost every item canvassed and debated, often with considerable warmth. The result was a Selection of Shorter English Poems, not only the most successful in winning the suffrages of Englishmen of every school, but also intensely interesting as representative of the most catholic taste of a period. England has ever since

been prolific in anthologies, many of them of considerable excellence, and a few worthy of comparison with the choicer Elizabeth song-books, such as *England's Helicon.* We can mention as among the most noteworthy those of Allingham (*Nightingale Valley*), Amelia B. Edwards, Henley, Quiller-Couch (*The Oxford Book of Verse*), Bullen, W. J. Linton, Arber, Ward, A. H. Miles, Mowbray Morris, Beeching, M. A. Woods, R. Ingpen, Mrs. Meynell, and E. V. Lucas (*The Open Road* and *The Friendly Town*).

CHAPTER X

SECONDARY VICTORIAN NOVELISTS: THE KINGSLEYS, CHARLES READE, AND ANTHONY TROLLOPE

I

"He knows God's will, and it always harmonises strangely with Mr. Kingsley's objects and opinions. He speaks of Him and to Him with the simple directness, the confiding but not direspectful familiarity now of Moses and now of Uncle Tom. When he issues his commands to the world of sinners, it is as if he had just come from an interview with the Most High on Sinai. When he prays, it is (to use Mrs. Stowe's language) as though he knew God were listening behind the curtain. He is unpleasantly fond of introducing the Great Name on all occasions: it is always 'God's work,' 'God's feats,' 'God's heroes,' 'God's bells,' 'Good news of God'; expressions which, just and fitting enough when sparingly, solemnly, and appropriately used, produce almost a profane effect by their incessant and uncalled-for recurrence; appear to be dictated chiefly by an appetite for strong language operating on a gentleman in orders; and are in fact, we believe, Mr. Kingsley's way of swearing."—W. R. Greg, *Literary and Social Judgments.*

"Our recent novel literature seems to me to be our great glory in literature since Bulwer's reformation. They are nearly all respectable except Currer Bell and Kingsley."—Lord Acton, 1861.

Charles Kingsley was born at Holne Vicarage, "on the brow of Dartmoor," on June 12th, 1819. A West countryman born and bred, he felt himself a stranger and a sojourner in a foreign land the moment he got east of Taunton Dean and the Mendips. Both his father and mother were exceptionally gifted persons: his mother

highly imaginative, of West Indian seigneur descent, his father the descendant of an old gentle family impoverished by reckless extravagance. Charles was precocious, especially in regard to natural history and poetry. From Helston in Cornwall, where he was at school, he went to King's College, London, and then to Magdalene, Cambridge, where his popularity and versatility did not prevent his obtaining a first in classics after six months' real work. In 1842 he was ordained to the curacy of Eversley, the then forlorn Hampshire parish on the borders of Windsor Forest, with which his name was to be associated. He was at this time an enthusiastic, if somewhat incoherent, disciple of F. D. Maurice, Carlyle, and Dr. Arnold. Later on he called himself a Platonist in philosophy, and had a taste for the mystics, liking to recognise a divine symbolism in nature, while at the same time his scientific enthusiasm (he was an excellent practical zoologist, geologist, and botanist) led him unreservedly to praise and to admire Darwin, Lyell, and especially Huxley, whom he came in later life singularly to resemble. He settled down into practical discipleship of Maurice, as Broad Churchman, Christian Socialist, and Co-operator, and he remained steadfast, amidst all his energies and employments, as a kind of college tutor to the English working man.[1]

Kingsley's three historical novels have surpassed his

[1] There was no lack of honest sincerity in the two books, by many thought to be his best, in which he preached his social doctrines: *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*. Like *Sybil* and Mark Rutherford's *Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, they represent the undersong of British industrial greatness, the bitter cry of the "hand" to be regarded as human. Alton Locke, the tailor-poet, is a well-sustained character, and Kingsley has crept into the very brain, so to speak, of an artisan, and has found a path scarcely ever trodden before in fiction to the view-point of the slum. Sandy Mackaye is life-like; his Scottish dialect

earlier and more intimately felt novels in popularity. *Hypatia* appeared in 1853, *Westward Ho!* in 1855, and *Hereward the Wake* in 1866. The descriptive portion in all of them is first-rate, as it was in his later novel of *Two Years Ago,* and his record of the long-wished for West Indian visit in *At Last.* The boyish ardour of his partisanship in *Westward Ho!* aids him in recovering some portion of the spirit of the great Elizabethan seamen and voyagers. In *Hypatia* Kingsley attempted a picture of the antique world at the period of its deliquescence, an era of seething and of decadence corresponding in some respects to the age of Louis XV. The task was beyond his strength, though the work contains some of the noblest, most suggestive, and most ideal writing that he ever accomplished. But *Westward Ho!* is a perfect boy's book, abounding in the most vivid narration and description. The Protestant heroes, it is true, are preternaturally heroic and chivalric, the Catholics are painted with all the darkest dye with which Protestant imagination has ever invested Pope and Inquisition. But, in spite of the same monotony of invective which mars the picturesque pages of Motley, the reader is swept forward by the verve of Kingsley, and one can return without any stint or abatement of admiration to those wonderful chapters on "The True and Tragical History of Mr. John Oxenham" and "The Capture of the Gold Train," and the dream of Amyas, or the episodes of the death of Parracombe and the loss of the *Santa Catherina.*

evoked the amazement of Carlyle; but most of the other characters lack individuality, and the plot is even more deficient in plausibility. The sage spoke of a fervid creation still left half chaotic: "The book is definable as crude; by no manner of means the best we expect of you—if you will resolutely temper your fire. But to make the malt sweet, the fire should and must be slow!" Never spoke Chelsea with deeper insight or keener foresight.

Westward Ho! greatly added to Kingsley's reputation. The odium against him was diminishing, and in 1860, on the death of Sir James Stephen (father of Sir Leslie) he was elected to the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. He was not specially fitted for an academic chair, and his extraordinary versatility had begun to tell upon him. As it was, since *Westward Ho!* he had produced *The Heroes* (1856), an unrivalled collection for children of the best of the myths of Hellas, containing the stories of Perseus, the Argonauts and Theseus, and the *Water Babies* (1863), a little classic which, but for a few quite unreadable passages, had obtained for itself almost as many clients in the schoolroom as *Alice in Wonderland* itself. When he turned to write natural history for young readers in *Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Seashore,* and *Madam How and Lady Why,* he captivates by the same old swamping originality and individuality of treatment, though he often irritates scientific men by his reservations. The best of his songs and ballads—so tender and true, as plaintive as *rispetti,* or mournful as the sea that beats against his own North Devon coast that he and Hawker [1] loved so well—are in *Andromeda and other Poems* (1858). This contains *The Three Fishers, The Sands of Dee, Airly Beacon,* "My fairest child, I have no song to give you," "It was Earl Haldan's daughter," "Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high," "Welcome wild north-easter," "The merry brown hares came leaping"; in addition to *Andromeda*

[1] Robert Stephen Hawker, parson of Morwenstow, who lived in that cliff corner of the Devon and Cornwall frontier facing the Atlantic surges and tempests between Hartland and Bude, a mixture of anchorite and scald, with the faith of the thirteenth century and a strange faculty for university epigram of the nineteenth, wrote a number of stirring ballads—*The Silent Tower of Bottreaux* and *The Song of the Western Men* ("And shall Trelawny die?"—the burden of which alone is

itself, a poem of 490 lines, containing the finest hexameters known to English verse, some of them going far to justify the selection of such a metre. Subsequent to *Andromeda* came a few more ballads, the playful invitation to Snowdon, "Come away with me, Tom" (Hughes), the delightful songs in *The Water Babies,* including "When all the world is young, lad," and the strange, successful witchery of *Lorraine Lorree.* Achievement this for a minor poet!

Henry Kingsley, his brother, was born at Barnack Rectory, a fourteenth-century house with a famous haunted room, in January, 1830, and educated at King's College and Worcester College, Oxford (1850-53); there he diverted himself on the river and at the "Fez," a college coterie, but took no degree, and sailed away, with two friends, to make a fortune in Australia. It was doubted whether he was even alive when, in 1858, after nearly two hours' hesitation in the immediate vicinity of the front door, he walked into the rectory at Chelsea. He followed in the wake of his parents to the neighbourhood of his famous brother at Eversley, where he took a cottage, and in 1859 wrote *Geoffry Hamlyn.* His other big book, bigger than its predecessor, *Ravenshoe,* followed in 1861. In 1864 he married and went to live at Wargrave. *Austin Elliot* appeared in 1863, and the autobiographical *Hillyars and Burtons* (containing many allusions to the Chelsea life) in 1865. The Australian episodes in this, as in *Geoffry Hamlyn,* have made these two books popular in the great island continent, while they still interest Europe as truthful

of ancient origin). He also wrote a fragment in blank-song on *The Quest of the Sangreal* (1864), the precious goblet containing the blood from the side of Christ which Joseph of Arimathea had treasured in secret. He oppressed impartially wreckers and votaries of the old Cornish lay,

> "A billowy sea and a shattering wind,
> The cliffs before and the gale behind,"

Methodists and Bible Christians—John Wesley, he said came to Cornwall and changed the vices of the country. Born at Stoke Damerel in 1804, he died at Plymouth in 1875.

presentations of early colonisation. Henry Kingsley's power of delineating striking types of individual character was undoubtedly superior to that of his better-known brother, and in *Ravenshoe* he combines a few of these outstanding figures with the idea of a code of aristocratic obligation and honour, which—despite a certain amount of bluster and coarseness—is felt to be fundamentally an ennobling conception.

In 1856 appeared Charles Reade's first popular and largely planned novel, built up on the dossier or blue-book system (which he pursued in common with G. A. Sala, Zola, Sardou), and entitled *It is Never Too Late to Mend.* The dramatic power, sensational description, and didactic value of this work were widely held to outweigh its faults of taste and construction—many and numerous though these were. The type of the Reade novel was thenceforth settled. It consisted of a succession of stage dialogues embedded in a medium of newspaper reporting (of the sensational "special commissioner" order), the machine being so constructed as to serve as a formidable guillotine to some lurking abuse in our social system. Thus *It is Never Too Late to Mend* was designed to expose the cruelties practised in provincial prisons. *Hard Cash* (1862, serially), similarly gibbeted the abuses of private asylums, *Foul Play* (1879) the cruelties of coffin ships and the iniquities of ship knackers, *Put Yourself in His Place* (1869-70), the terrorism practised by trade unions. He thus anticipated, to a large extent, the type of book that Zola gave to the world in *Germinal* (though Reade certainly lacked Zola's large and serious earnestness of purpose), and he gave Zola's work the sanction of his approval when he dramatised *L'Assommoir* in the melodrama (which the impersonation of Charles Warner rendered so appalling) of *Drink.* Reade, however, is seen at his best, not in his regular type of reformatory novel, but in two remarkable works which fall outside this groove: the problem novel of *Griffith Gaunt* and the archæological yet vivid and intensely human romance of *The Cloister and the Hearth.*

II

Anthony Trollope, son of Thomas Anthony Trollope, a Chancery barrister, who married in May, 1809, Frances Milton (she blossomed out at fifty as a popular writer),

was born in Keppel Street, Russell Square, on April 24th, 1815. In an evil hour, the father invested most of his money in a farm in Harrow Weald, and his failure entailed an exceptionally wretched childhood and youth upon the future novelist. He was sent to Harrow school as a day-boy; his appearance was neglected; he never had any pocket-money. The result was that he was treated by the boys as a pariah, and the masters were snobs (and cads) enough to follow the lead of their pupils. The result was that Anthony Trollope was taught nothing, and was cruelly disheartened and discouraged. Even Mrs. Trollope's notorious satire on the domestic manners of our American cousins was unable to restore the finances of her unfortunate husband, who had long renounced practical farming for a chimerical encyclopædia dealing with the whole range of ecclesiastical learning. The Trollopes had to achieve a hasty flight to Bruges, where the father and one brother died.

Anthony was in 1834 pitch-forked as a clerk into the Post Office, on a salary of £90, and remained for seven reckless and uncomfortable years, haunted by duns, undesirable acquaintances, and constant fears of dismissal, on a lofty stool at St. Martin's le Grand. In 1841 he was moved to Ireland (as P.O. Surveyor's clerk) and a complete change came over his career. Outdoor life, with plenty of riding, interest in the work, and a newly awakened sense of responsibility (accentuated by his marriage in 1844) developed his business aptitudes, and gave him a new zest. The family instinct for story-telling found a congenial soil for development. Trollope challenged his pen, and began that habit of weaving life-histories to suit the more or less prosaic characters he encountered in his travels—a habit from which he only desisted on his death-bed. The results of his secret toil were first made manifest in 1847, when T. C. Newby (publisher

of *Wuthering Heights*) brought out his *Macdermots of Ballycloran*. Two further novels achieved the honour of print, and not much more. Meanwhile, Trollope was inspecting rural posts in England, and on one summer evening, at the end of June, 1852, he was wandering round the close of Salisbury, and the beautiful lanes adjacent, when the idea of *The Warden* came into his head. It was quite a small canvas of the kind that, in his normal working trim, Trollope would easily have covered in six weeks; but it contains some of his freshest colours and, though its success was small, it attracted the attention of connoisseurs. The remaining stories of the Barchester series followed at intervals: *Barchester Towers* (1857), *Dr. Thorne* (1858), *Framley Parsonage* (1861), *The Small House at Allington* (1864), *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867). By this time he had widened his range considerably, and worked his way up to £3,000 for a fully developed three-volume novel. He had also settled near London, and entered literary society mainly through the connection he formed with *The Cornhill* and its first editor. *The Cornhill* was to appear in January, 1860, and every kind of arrangement had been made in advance to ensure a complete triumph. But Thackeray, characteristically, had omitted to provide the new argosy with its heavy ballast in the shape of a first-class serial, and it was not until November that, under the greatest pressure of urgency, Trollope was induced to furnish the serial under the onerous conditions (to any ordinary writer) that 20,000 words were to be in the printer's hands by December 12. But Thackeray was a man of genius, and his intuition had guided him to the very man he required in such an emergency. For Trollope is the most systematic writer of whom authentic record exists—not even excluding Emile Zola. Every morning he rose at 5.30, corrected previous work for half an hour, and then pro-

ceeded to cover ten sheets of quarto paper, 250 words on each sheet (to prevent mistakes, he had them counted). Thus, omitting Saturdays and Sundays, he produced, roughly, 50,000 words a month with the utmost regularity. It became a kind of fixed ambition with him to excel all his contemporaries in *quantity*. Excessively practical and matter-of-fact in almost every relation of life, in this single particular Trollope was an idealist.

Trollope's novels are a secondary product of the literary forces which produced the great fiction of the 'fifties. The *grand sérieux* and indignant satire of Dickens, Thackeray, and Eliot had created a vacuum, as it were, in the lower atmosphere of fiction, where the more humdrum and material ideals of the great middle class awaited an explorer capable of a patient appreciation of the usual, and of keeping his nose close down, dog-like, to the prosaic texture of life. Trollope's insight, humour, pathos, are all sufficiently ordinary. He has breadth rather than depth, clearness rather than delicacy of perception and delineation. His special gifts are perhaps twofold. The feminine one, inherited from his mother, that Scheherazade [1] faculty of spinning an interminable tale out of what seems a very trivial and everyday imbroglio. Secondly, a kind of objective imagination, with the help of which he pictured to himself all the ordinary combinations and middle levels of life, while carefully avoiding alike both the summits and abysses, whether social, moral, intellectual, or psychological. Trollope had been in a position to observe all sorts and conditions of middle-class life, and his mind had that kind of average shrewdness in deduction, which, given a small clue, enabled him to reproduce ordinary middle-class conditions with minute detail and a most

[1] The term "Scheherazade" was appropriated by Dickens to Mrs. Gaskell.

extraordinary fidelity. Beyond this he scarcely ever got. Between 1855 and 1869 Trollope created a number of unforgettable scenes in his great novels.[1] In 1864 he gave up his official work, and edited a new magazine called *St. Paul's,* which eventually failed. He went on writing all kinds of books, many of them very indifferent (for he was a poor critic, and hated reconsidering an opinion or rewriting a sentence), until his death at his Sussex house at Harting, on December 6th, 1882. He had made, roughly, £80,000 by his writings. His later life was as contented and optimistic as his early life was wretched. Few were found to envy his good fortune, for he was one of the kindest-hearted and most generous, as he was also one of the most boisterous, tactless, and unmetaphysical of writing men.

[1] First the five of the Barchester series, or six if we include *The Small House of Allington,* which by means of the De Courcys and Pallisers links this group to *Can you Forgive Her?* (1864), and so to the political series including *Phineas Finn* (1869) and *Phineas Redux* (1874), its slightly inferior sequel. The striking figure of the Old Bailey lawyer Chaffanbrass connects these two admirable though lengthy works with *The Three Clerks* (1858) and the sensational and melodramatic *Orley Farm* (1862). Lizzie Eustace forms another link between *The Eustace Diamonds* (1873) and *Phineas Redux. The Claverings* (1867) and *The Way we Live Now,* to which some would add *He Knew he was Right,* are the only outstanding novels in the first line of Trollope.

CHAPTER XI

MATTHEW ARNOLD, WALTER PATER, AND OTHER CRITICS; NEWMAN AND SPENCER; THE CONFLICT OF VICTORIAN THOUGHT.

I

"Matthew Arnold's melancholy and his resistance to that melancholy appear only in his verse. As a prose writer, while he is at heart serious, his temper is buoyant, his spirit is high, his intellectual confidence is entire; he has charming airs of condescension, and can employ with a grave purpose mockery, banter, irony."—PROF. DOWDEN.

BORN at Laleham, near Staines, on Christmas Eve, 1822, Matthew Arnold was taken to Rugby by his father, the famous Dr. Arnold, on his appointment to the headmastership in 1828; but he soon returned to Laleham, to his uncle's school there, until, in 1836, he was sent to Winchester, where, after a year he was removed to the schoolhouse at Rugby. In 1840, with a school prize poem to his credit, Matthew Arnold won an open scholarship at Balliol; he won the Newdigate with a poem on *Cromwell* in 1843 and, graduating next year with second-class honours—was elected Fellow of Oriel in 1845. After acting as private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, and as a master at Rugby he accepted an inspectorship of schools in 1851—an irksome post at first, but attached to a salary which enabled him at once to marry. He held the post until 1885. In the meantime he had served the four years' term of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford (1857-61), had lectured in the United States, and been presented with a civil list pension of £250 in recognition

of his services to literature. He died suddenly of heart-disease (exacerbated by a rash attempt to jump a hurdle) at Liverpool, on April 15th, 1888, and was buried in the little riverside church of Laleham, which he had long regarded with a pious affection. A disappointing, somewhat meagre and innutritious selection from his *Letters* appeared in two volumes in 1895.

His first little volume of poetry, *The Strayed Reveller and other Poems,* was published in 1849 under the initial "A." In 1852 followed *Empedocles on Etna and other Poems,* containing *Tristram and Iseult,* the third canto of which revealed a new master of descriptive poetry. *Sohrab and Rustum* first appeared in 1853 in *Poems,* by Matthew Arnold, containing most of his best verse up to this date. The *New Poems* of 1867 contained *Thyrsis, A Southern Knight,* and almost all that he wrote of the highest quality in verse subsequent to 1853, with the exception of *Rugby Chapel.*

His appointment as Professor of Poetry at Oxford prompted two of his most valuable efforts in literary criticism—*On Translating Homer: Three Lectures* (1861), and *On Translating Homer: Last Words* (1862). It was followed in 1867 by an equally fascinating, academic, and unauthoritative[1] essay *On the Study of Celtic Literature* (1867). His critical abilities were shown to better advantage in the epoch-making *Essays on Criticism,* of 1865, of which a second series appeared only in 1888. Arnold's crusade against English Philistinism culminated in *Culture and Anarchy,* more essays, in 1869, and a diatribe on the backward Hebraism of our religious beliefs in *Literature and Dogma: An Essay towards a better Apprehension of the Bible* (1873). Aberrations from the higher vocation to be the *vates sacer* of his

[1] "With bricks of ignorance and mortar of assumption you can build no citical house" (Saintsbury).

generation, to which he had responded from 1852 to 1862, these essays are brilliant excursions in style—more gracious, direct, and perspicuous, than had hitherto been known in England.

Few men could have openly unfurled the standard of crusade against the bad civilisation of the middle class (the class to which he essentially belonged) without leaving a reputation of unbearable priggishness of condescension behind him; but Arnold did it, and more than that, he never was quite a prig, even in his most youthful and least tolerant moments. He was saved by two delightful qualities—kindliness and humour. After Charles Lamb, it is doubtful if any man of letters of the nineteenth century is more justly celebrated for his smile—so cordial, so encouraging, so heart-winning. His recognition of beauty, of good spirits, of felicity of any kind, was similarly generous and beneficent. It extended even to a sally of his own that he had forgotten with the lapse of time. "Did I really say that?" he would interject, "how good that was!" High-minded, sincere, pious, kindly, and broad-hearted, a better man in the ordinary human relations has seldom been portrayed in the letters or testimonies of those who best knew him.

From a very early period Arnold's master passion was the vindication of the ideal human type (as he conceived it) against perverting influences of every kind. He tended, as time went on, to be more and more insistently critical. The claims of good citizenship and other such malign influences led him to consecrate to his own time and to those around him what was meant for poetry and the times to come. His style, the animation of which was continually rising, undoubtedly lightened and simplified English prose, and his prose penetrated the literary thought of his time. But his poetry had in it elements and possibilities of greater value to

humanity. The one thing that it lacks is that complete fusion of rhythmic and metrical harmony with the general harmonic scheme based upon the sense, which is so indispensable to the true greatness of poetry. In his best passages he attains it by a kind of hazardous felicity, but more often than not the emphasis of sound and the emphasis of sense coincide but in a halting and desultory manner. That an artist who in *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar Gypsy* [1] had recaptured so much of the magical illusion and rhythmic beauty of Keats's finest odes, would not have achieved an even surer measure of success, is, to our thinking, highly improbable. But what happened was that in 1862, or thereabout, for reasons which we can explain, but must, as lovers of fine poetry, continue to deplore, Arnold decided to ramble away in ever-enlarging curves from the banks of his Helicon. He renounced the higher vocation, not for Gray's reason, but in obedience to some atavistic instinct which constrained him to exchange the lyre of Apollo Musagetes for the serpent of Æsculapius.

As a poet Arnold owed a good deal unquestionably to Goethe, to Heine, and to Gautier, whose views about the sanctity of artistic form he shared to a large extent; but, in the main, he stands between Wordsworth (in his "The world is too much with us" mood) and his other favourite Sénancour, sharing the spiritual force of the one with the reflective melancholy of the other. His best descriptions are tinged with melancholy. The infinite desire of what might have been, the *lachrymæ rerum*, inspires *Resignation*, one of the finest pieces in his early volume. We see it again in the touching close of *The Church of Brou*. It determines the poet's preference for pale colours, soft lights, and subdued sounds; for moonlight effects, and for the hum of "brooding mountain bees." In the deeply sighed lines of *Dover Beach*, it is asso-

[1] "Such *English-coloured verse*," says Swinburne very finely, "no poet has written since Shakespeare."

ciated with his sense of the decay of faith. Even in the lyric rapture of the sea-caverns in the *Forsaken Merman*, the melancholy abides. But this same thoughtful melancholy renders him a supreme elegiac poet. *Thyrsis*, the memorial poem of his Oxford friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, is generally ranked with the masterpieces of Tennyson, Shelley—even Milton; nor does it stand alone. *The Scholar Gypsy*, the Obermann poems, *Rugby Chapel*, *A Southern Night*, belong to the same class of this scholarly species. Judged by his own unmeaning, "criticism of life," test, it must be admitted that Arnold's poetry is profoundly unsatisfactory. The combination of moral truth and natural magic is only to be found in an unusually negative and reflected state in what we must consider his best poetry. For nature never took the pen out of his hand and wrote for him, as it did sometimes for Shakespeare, or Marlowe, or Spenser, of Wordsworth, or even for the despised "peasant" Burns, or Shelley, and that "set." The flowers from the lap of nature (as in *Winter's Tale*) are few, and, substituted for them, we feel at times, are pot-herbs, cultivated and sheltered by the grey wall of an Oxford garden. The open-air drawing, the vivid sketch, have no place beside the photograph from the Hermes of Praxiteles or the Graffito portrait of Dante in the don's study. There are, however, striking exceptions; the scenery of the Oxford valley has never been expressed before, and will never be painted again, as in the two famous elegies —in *Thyrsis*, for instance:

So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry
From the wet fields through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.
Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,

Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening star.

This can surely challenge comparison with the passage the memory of which it evokes in *In Memoriam*, and, exquisite as it is, it is rivaled in every respect by strophes in the *Scholar Gypsy*, by the opening strain in *Bacchanalia*, by the first song of Callicles in *Empedocles*, or the long description by Æpytus embedded in the tragedy of *Merope*, a description worthy of that by the messenger at the close of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides.

II

THE literary celebrity of Walter Pater is a creation of the modern critic. Looking around the field of our literature after the deaths of Newman, Matthew Arnold, and Mark Pattison, the purveyors of picturesque criticism became sensible of the fact that there was a highly eligible vacancy for a cloistered, exquisite, and, if possible, pre-Raphaelite Oxford don. The result was the discovery of Walter Pater, who added to his other pre-eminent qualifications that of being a bachelor and also, in a very mild way, an eccentric. There was in him, together with a species of unworldly isolation which is even now by no means so very rare in Oxford, an ardour for the pursuit of Culture in one of its classical and more recondite forms which is still, as the rawest of Rhodes scholars would admit, a not uncommon characteristic, and by no means an unamiable or unworthy one, of the beautiful city of the dreaming spires. A refined and *plusquam* perfect rather than pellucid style was another elegant peculiarity which Pater shared equally with several tribes of the great donnish race. In other respects he was almost preternaturally donnish—as dons were in the sweet simplicity of the eighteen-seventies. He wore a top hat and a silken tie of a pallid æsthetic hue in which he walked down the High every afternoon about a quarter before five on his way to read the papers at the Union, looking neither to the right nor to the left, supercilious to undergraduates, and cutting his most intimate colleagues with a coolness that appeared positively *farouche* to those who were unaware that he was extremely short-sighted. Reserved alike to colleagues and pupils, he knew how to make respected the sanctity of his study, where he worked gently every morning in the society of his plaster casts and autotypes. His pale face and heavy mous-

tache were the delight of amateur caricaturists, and cleverer than they the satirist who wrote *The New Republic*. The pagan Mr. Rose has always been considered one of its most felicitous burlesque figures. "What an odd man Mr. Rose is," said Lady Ambrose; "he always seems to talk of everybody as if they had no clothes on." It was this oddity that secured to Pater his outside fame. Many of his coevals at Oxford had ability and talent fully equivalent to his; but they overlooked this incentive to *réclame*. It must be said greatly in Pater's honour that he did not make his pose of Art for Art ridiculous by extravagance. He did not read the lessons in chapel holding a lily in his hand; nor did he profess his despair at his inability to live up to his blue china. From another infirmity, alike of the amateur and academic author —the desire of being printed and published as expensively as possible—he was conspicuously free.

In the few words proclaiming him a college don of Oxford from 1864 to 1894, who wrote two or three essays annually in the leading reviews, travelled largely on foot in Southwest Europe, spent a winter in Rome, lectured on Plato and published a novel of culture dealing with the psychology of an epicurean under the late Empire, Pater's biography is told, well-nigh exhaustively. It is needful only to add that he was born in Shadwell, in East London, on August 4th, 1839, brought up at Enfield—Charles Lamb's last home—under the roof of his father, a doctor, educated at Marlowe's school at Canterbury, and at Queen's College, Oxford, wasted time over Ruskin and Goethe, obtained a second-class only in "greats," but secured a fellowship at Brasenose in 1864. He died in his rooms at Brasenose on July 30th, 1894, aged fifty-four. His *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, mainly gleanings from previous essays in *The Fortnightly*, was published by Macmillan in 1873 (second edition 1877); *Marius the Epicurean*, begun in 1881, was issued in 1885. A resident in Kensington during the next few years, Pater was in request as a reviewer in extraordinary for outstanding books, Amiel's *Journal*, *Robert Elsmere*, *Dorian Gray;* he also wrote on Style, Sir Thomas Browne, Flaubert, Bruno, Raphael, Mérimée, and Pascal, essays which appeared again for the most part either in *Appreciations* (1889) or *Miscellaneous Studies* (1895). Some of his most suggestive and perhaps of his best work is contained in *Imaginary Portraits* (1887) and *Greek Studies* (1894), con-

taining essays on Dionysius, the Bacchanals of Euripides, Demeter and Persephone, Hippolytus, early Greek sculpture, the Æginetan marbles, and "The Age of Athletic Prizemen." In the *Imaginary Portraits* and *Marius* he is seen struggling after an impossible perfection of style. The result is often a studious confusion, but it conveyed to Pater a remarkable power of divination as to the crevices and joints in other artists' work. This was communicated, to some extent, in all his critical writing. The faculty in question is capable of suggesting the most elusive and advanced elements in criticism as a fine art; but it also opens the door to a dangerous Grand Lamaism in criticism which expresses itself oracularly and hermetically, engendering a novel type of euphuism destructive to the primary needs of lucidity and clear meaning in letters.

At the other extreme of the critical range to Pater are the two critics, *par excellence*, of common sense and cold masculinity, as opposed to æsthetic enthusiasm—Walter Bagehot (1826—1877) and Sir Leslie Stephen (1832—1903). As literary critics they have a good deal in common. Both like to get at the man behind the book, and deduce a good deal from how he lived, what he made, and how he spent. Both are inclined to be cynical, and to blow sharply across the froth of sentimental adulation. Their hero-worship was kept well in leash by humour. Both are free from the pedantry of literary experts (with their "objective," "romantic," realistic, and the rest) and the cant of criticism. What Stephen says of Bagehot applies almost equally to himself: "His mind was so alert, his interest in life so keen, and his powers of illustration so happy, that he could give freshness even to talk upon the British Constitution and liveliness to a discussion of the Bank Reserve. He could not, that is, be dull or commonplace even on the driest or tritest topics." The balance between the extreme schools of sensitivism and common sense was admirably held by Hutton.

R. H. Hutton, theologian and critic, was born at Leeds in 1826, and was the son and grandson of Unitarian ministers. His parents removing to London, he was sent to Univeristy College, where he distinguished himself in philosophy and mathematics. After semesters at Heidelberg and Berlin, he studied under James Martineau for the Unitarian ministry. His preaching was unpopular, and he gave himself to journalism and teaching. In 1855 he joined his friend Bagehot in

conducting *The National Review*, which lasted till 1864. The *Review* contained many brilliant articles from W. C. Roscoe, James Martineau, and others, but never achieved a pecuniary success. Hutton, under the influence of F. W. Robertson and Maurice, became a member of the Church of England, and continued his theological studies. But he found his true place when in 1861 he became joint editor and part proprietor of *The Spectator* with Mr. Meredith Townsend. Hutton thenceforward devoted himself to journalism, and preached through the press. His influence became very great. In *The Spectator* he handled political, theological, philosophical, and literary subjects with continued industry and much grasp. Theologically he fell under the sway of Newman, and came near to the Roman Catholic position, although he maintained himself that he was never a sacerdotalist, though ultimately a strong sacramentarian. In his literary criticisms he addressed himself chiefly to the ethical and theological position of his authors. For the literary side he had a true appreciation, but it was overshadowed by his dominating interests. In *The Spectator* he fought the battle of a spiritual faith against Huxley and Tyndall. Most of his books were reprints of articles. The most important is his *Essays, Theological and Literary*, printed in 1871. They are mainly taken from *The National Review*, but with considerable modifications. He found time to contribute a volume on Sir Walter Scott to the English Men of Letters Series, and he wrote a study of Newman into which he put a great deal of very hard work. Several volumes of his *Spectator* essays were published before and after his death, and he wrote memoirs of his friends Roscoe and Bagehot. In another style he published a bright book of travels, *Holiday Rambles in Ordinary Places, by a Wife with her Husband* (1877). This was wholly written by Hutton, and gives a good idea of his few recreations. His life went on in an almost unbroken round of labour till he died in 1897. It cannot be said that Hutton was in any marked degree an original writer. He had three masters in his life, and in a measure he remained faithful to all. These were Martineau, Maurice, and Newman. No one did more to popularise the thoughts of these men than Hutton, and to Maurice in particular his services were unique.

CHAPTER XII

NINETEENTH-CENTURY THOUGHT

"Nearly all our powerful men in this age of the world are unbelievers . . . our popular authors either set themselves definitely against all religious forces, pleading for simple truth and benevolence (Dickens, Thackeray), or give themselves up to bitter and fruitless statement of facts (Balzac), or surface painting (Scott), or careless blasphemy, sad or smiling (Byron, Bulwer, Béranger). Our earnest poets and deepest thinkers are doubtful and indignant (Tennyson, Carlyle); one or two anchored, indeed, but anxious or weeping (Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning); and of these two the first is not so sure of his anchor, but that now and then it drags with him."—RUSKIN, *Modern Painters.*

Bentham—Mill—Newman—Maurice—Spencer—Darwin —Huxley.

APART from the important development of historical science during the nineteenth century, the thought-movements of this period may be tentatively grouped under four chief heads: (1) The movement connected with the philosophical radicals, which reached its climax in 1832, and began to decline soon after the middle of the century (Bentham, Mill). (2) The counter-reformation known as the Oxford Movement, the indicating number of which amidst a group of comparative ciphers was the great personality of John Henry Newman. (3) The Broad Church Movement, represented in its various phases by Coleridge and Thomas Arnold, by F. D. Maurice, Robertson of Brighton, and Dean Stanley, which attempted to find an anti-dogmatic basis for a revival of English Church activity. (4) The attempt

made to supply a literary *novum organum* which should represent the expansive claims of physical science to formulate a philosophical system of its own (Spencer, Darwin, Huxley).

The movement which had for its object the perfecting of human institutions by substituting logic for tradition, and common-sense system for the casual and somewhat chaotic structure under which vested interest sheltered itself in the name of "ancient authority," can be traced back pretty clearly to John Locke. It owed much, however, to the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, and through them in part to the early apologists of the French Revolution, such as Tom Paine, Priestly, Price, Mackintosh, to whom should perhaps be added the names of Horne Tooke and Benjamin Franklin. But a large proportion of these and kindred thinkers shaded imperceptibly into orthodox Whig partisans, and were commonly prepared to compound with aristocracy if only they would abandon their superstitions, their sinecures, and their war taxes. The radicalism of Horne Tooke, for instance, a comfortable old gentleman with a good cellar of Madeira, and a garden full of wall fruit, approximated to that of a sturdy retired tradesman, who wanted to get rid of five or six flagrant abuses, and then to repose in the enjoyment of a liberty grafted upon a rich stock of national tradition.

The most thorough-going of these theorisers, who was prepared to reorganise (on paper) the whole existing code of morals and jurisprudence, and the real founder of the school, was Jeremy Bentham. The son of a well-to-do London merchant, Bentham was born in Houndsditch on February 4th, 1748. Extraordinary precocity was the mark of all these philosophical radicals, and at three years old Jeremy ran away during a dull walk, and was found by his parents on their return poring over the

pages of Rapin's History. School and college routine at Westminster and Queen's College, Oxford, proved extremely distasteful to him, and he complained bitterly at the cruelty of school and of the laziness, vice, and horse-play that were rampant at Oxford. His precocity procured him companions older than himself, among whom his natural diffidence took on a morbid excess. He was impressed, however, by the lectures of Blackstone, and became an ardent student of Locke, Helvetius, and Beccaria; for these and kindred studies he neglected his legal career, lived like a youthful hermit among his papers and note-books, and in 1776 put forth his remarkably precocious *Fragment on Government,* which gained him the friendship of Lord Shelburne, who invited him to Bowood and treated him as a full-fledged philosopher, and later on that of his eminent disciple, the great pioneer and reformer of our criminal law, Sir Samuel Romilly. A visit to his brother, a great pioneer of Western industries in the south of Russia, considerably widened his horizon, and after extensive literary preparations, including some pamphleteering, he commenced upon his synthetic philosophy in 1789 with his *Introduction to the Principles and Morals of Legislation.* In this epoch-making work starting with the postulate that nature has placed mankind under the governance of two sovereign masters—pain and pleasure—who indicate clearly enough when questioned what men ought to do and what they ought to avoid, he defines the end of government to be the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and the means of obtaining this a properly regulated system of justice. In spite of the care with which he dissociated his aims from those of the Jacobins, and repudiated the theory of abstract rights as embodied in the American Declaration of Independence, or as developed by the sentimentalists and followers of Rousseau,

his schemes of legislative reform were to a large extent submerged in the tide of reaction induced by the excesses of the French Revolution. But, in the meantime, as condensed and clarified by his great French interpreter Dumont, his schemes attained to an extraordinary celebrity abroad, and fragments of his system are to be found buried in many of the continental codes, notably in Spain and Russia. In England, too, as the tide of reaction began to ebb, Bentham's theories, mainly through the agency of his disciples, began to permeate the minds of legislators.

The new school of radical reformers and politicians were interpenetrated with his ideas. Bentham himself, in April, 1824, supplied funds for *The Westminster Review,* which supplied the platform of the more advanced school of political thought to which the philosopher had gradually approximated. Most of the radicals of that day were in close contact with Bentham's scheme at one point or another of its large circumference, and by most of the leaders, including such diverse types as Romilly, Burdett, Place, Hunt, Edgeworth, Cartwright, Wooler, Hone, Owen, Brougham, Ricardo and William Allen he was regarded with more or less of distant reverence. Of close intimates among his disciples he had but few—hardly any, in fact, except Romilly, besides Bowring, his biographer, and James Mill, his right-hand man on *The Westminster,* and one of the chief exponents of his views. And so living for the most part in strict retirement, the life of a most methodical savant, whose habits of work had acquired the sacredness of a ritual, at Ford Abbey, near Chard, "codifying like a dragon," and aspiring to the position of acknowledged codifier-in-chief to all the states of Europe and America. Absorbed in the rational presentation of a theory, with a practical application of which he had no concern, almost

entirely ignorant of human character and of the world of men outside the close area of his own statistics, calculations, and inductions, Bentham remained to the end in many respects a scientific and erudite child.

John Stuart Mill (1806—1873), the eldest son of James Mill, author of *The History of British India,* was born on May 20th, 1806, at 13, Rodney Street, Pentonville. He was educated entirely by his father, and at the age of three began to learn Greek, and by his eighth year had read many Greek prose authors, starting with Æsop's *Fables* and Xenophon's *Anabasis,* and continuing with Herodotus, parts of Lucian, Socrates, Diogenes, Laertius, and six dialogues of Plato. From 1810 to 1813 the Mills resided at Newington Green, where, in their daily walks before breakfast, the child used to give his father accounts of his readings in Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, and his favourite Watson's *Philip II. and III.* In his eighth year he commenced learning Latin, teaching it to his younger brothers and sisters as he went on, and by his twelfth year had read a considerable part of Virgil, Horace, Livy, Sallust, Ovid, Terence, and Cicero; and in Greek *The Iliad* and *Odyssey* through, parts of the dramatists, historians, and orators, and Aristotle's *Rhetoric.* For private reading his taste lay in the direction of history, but chiefly ancient history; and during his eleventh and twelfth years he wrote a history of the Roman Government, with the assistance of Hooke, but in contempt of his childish efforts destroyed it a few years later. Between the ages of eight and thirteen he acquired elementary geometry and algebra thoroughly. In 1818 appeared his father's *History of India,* which impressed him greatly, and in 1819 he went through a complete course of political economy. A child-classic, a boy-logician, at thirteen he went stolidly through Ricardo's tracts on the Bullion controversy. He makes little com-

plaint of this inhumanity, though it seems as if the fibres of his emotional being were strained to the utmost by it. The tension was relieved by visits to Bentham and to France, whence he returned with aspirations to be a Girondin in an English revolution. On his return he progressed very rapidly and became a friend of John Austin, a Beccarian in hostility to the "chaos of barbarism" called English law, a fluent speaker, the Rupert of Rationalism, and the rising hope of the philosophic radicals. Secured as to revenue by a post under his father in the India House, he was soon contributing ably to *The Westminster Review* and surrounded by a group of brilliant acquaintances, Charles Austin, Sterling, Maurice, Carlyle, and Macaulay. In a slightly altered form he was editor of this organ from 1836 to 1840, and in 1843 he put forth his great book, *The System of Logic.* In this, as opposed to the German, or *à priori,* view of knowledge, he derives all knowledge from experience, and all moral and intellectual qualities principally from the direction given to the associations. The success of the book was very great, and to its author surprising, as was that five years later of his *Principles of Political Economy,* in which the study is related to the larger science of Social Philosophy. His later work could scarcely add to his fame as the most attractive and humane of the radical school of thinkers. But his book *On Liberty* is at once a literary monument and a fervent and stimulating appeal for the largest amount of freedom attainable without licence or anarchy in the mutual dealings of men. In 1865 he entered Parliament, where he "raised the tone of debate," and he died at Avignon in 1873, leaving an *Autobiography* (ascribed by Carlyle to a steam-engine) which affords a moving portrait of one of the most thoughtful and benevolent minds of the epoch.

Newman's is one of those romantic figures which give

an infinite picturesqueness to English letters—clearly a born genius of diligent scholarship and clear expression. An isolated and almost grandiose product of an age producing its Byron, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt, its Mills, Macaulays, and Carlyle—the Carlyle who never imperilled his soul more than when he ascribed to this same Newman the brain of a rabbit. The star of Newman's early manhood, like Mark Pattison's, was pre-eminence at Oxford. Born in the City of London on February 21st, 1801, his father was a partner in a banking house, his mother of a not undistinguished Huguenot family—the Fourdriniers. His brother Francis William was a distinguished scholar, his two sisters Harriet and Jemima were his frequent correspondents. Patted on the head as a child by Richard Cumberland, whose delightful *Memoirs* range so far back into the preceding eighteenth century, John Newman was carefully educated at Ealing (Dr. Nicholas); at Trinity (Oxford) he easily eclipsed his contemporaries, and, though he was barely sixteen—that is, two or three years younger than the ordinary age—he obtained a nine-year scholarship, and worked with an unremitting seriousness with a view of taking a high class (class lists at all were a novelty in those days). He went up for examination in November, 1820, and having overtaxed his powers broke down badly, obtaining merely a pass degree. The gravity and expression of his letters home in connection with this, to him, overwhelming event were extraordinarily beyond his years. A fellowship was the desired haven of his career. He was undeterred by a failure which he knew himself to be no measure of his intellectual powers, and resolved on trying for an Oriel fellowship, the blue ribbon of Oxford in those days and the object and ambition of all the most promising men.

Troubled about his eyesight, devoted in brief hours of recreation to music, to Crabbe, and to Sir Walter

Scott, we get an idea of Newman from the *Apologia,* from *Loss and Gain,* and from his vivid and wonderfully modulated *Letters.* But his most serious preoccupations were already religious, even though we find him trying to take the edge off his intellectual curiosity by projecting studies in mineralogy, chemistry, and Persian. Far more to him than Sir Walter was Thomas Scott, of Aston Sandford (to whom humanly speaking, says he, "I almost owe my soul"), Jones of Nayland, and Keble. From early days he was an imaginative believer in eternal punishment, who crossed himself whenever he went into the dark. To live and die a fellow of Oriel had always been and, in a sense, it always remained the height of his ambition, and on April 12th, 1822, at the first attempt (mainly by aid of his Latin composition and mathematics) he achieved it. Who can forget his "Thank God," in the letter to his father, or the vivid description of the excitement in his autobiographical sketches? So hard did he work at this time that he often quite trembled on retiring to rest at his own exertions. It seems marvellous that he could have worked so hard without serious injury, but the spirit of a seventeenth-century scholar was in him.

In September, 1824, came the touching letter on the death of his father with this self-revelation: "When I die, shall I be followed to the grave by my children? My mother said the other day she hoped to live to see me married; but I think I shall either die within college walls, or as a missionary in a foreign land. No matter where, so that I die in Christ." He was much influenced intellectually by Whateley, and onwards from 1826, when he became tutor at Oriel, by Pusey and R. H. Froude. He completely shed his early Calvinism and evangelicalism, and got stronger and stronger in his anti-Erastian feeling, a brief tendency to liberalism being checked for ever in 1827 by illness and bereavement. Vicar of St. Mary's in

1828, he came out of his shell, and remained out until 1841; his sermons caused him to be regarded as the leading influence at Oxford.

In 1828 Newman was partly responsible for the unfortunate selection of Dr. Hawkins, rather than Keble, as Provost of Oriel in succession to Copleston—an election which, according to Pattison, marks the beginning of the transference of the hegemony among Oxford colleges from Oriel to Balliol. One of Hawkins's early measures was to quarrel with three of his ablest tutors about a delegation of authority, and in 1832 the three chief buttresses of that college (Newman, Wilberforce, and Froude) resigned their tutorships. The whole of the subsequent transformation sprang from this miscalculated choice. Newman went abroad with Hurrell Froude, was dangerously ill in Sicily, and on his return voyage, while becalmed within the straits of Bonifacio, wrote "Lead, kindly light." On July 9th, 1833, he reached his mother's house at Iffley. Five days later Keble preached his assize sermon at St. Mary's on "National Apostasy," which Newman considered the start of the Oxford Movement.

The first cause of the movement was, of course, the anomalous position of the Anglican Church, which had become a province of the oligarchy officered by younger sons. It stood apart from foreign Protestantism; its ignorance of Rome, and consequently of what it protested against, was colossal, it was conscious of itself only as an establishment—it had produced some very great men since the days of the non-jurors, when it had mislaid its historical conscience, but these had either been great scholars in their studies, such as Berkeley, Butler, Warburton, Thomas Scott, or revivalists, evangelicals, and missionaries, such as Wilson, Wesley, Newton, Romaine, Cecil, Venn, Martyn, who were essentially Congregationalists rather than historical Churchmen. A new spiritual bea-

con was to be raised, an attempt was to be made to realise the historical and cosmic position of the English Church, to examine its connections, its descent, and its title-deeds. In this attempt Newman was to spend the best years of his life.

The growth of liberal opinions and the denudation of the English Church of spiritual and historical ideas, leaving "only pulpit orators at Clapham and Islington and two-bottle orthodox" to defend it, seemed to involve the continued existence of Anglicanism in any form in considerable doubt. Swift had said at the commencement of the eighteenth century that if an Act was passed for the extirpation of the Gospel, Bank Stock might decline 1 per cent.; but a century later it is doubtful if the passing of such a Bill would have left any trace, however evanescent, upon the stability of the money market. The Anglican *via media* had enemies not only in the philosophical radicals, but also in the new caste of men of science. (The first meeting of the British Association took place at Oxford in 1832.) Perhaps, as J. A. Froude suggests, these combined enemies, *The Edinburgh Review*, Brougham, Mackintosh, the Reform Ministry, Low Church philosophy, and the London University were not so very terrible after all. The Church was a vested interest which had a greater stake in the country and was harder to eradicate than they imagined. But it had nothing to give to the historian and the idealist. They were right to fight for what their soul craved after and found in the church of Andrewes, Herbert, Ken, and Waterman. Belief in the divine mission of the Church lingered on in the minds of such men as Alexander Knox or his disciple Bishop Jebb; but few were prepared to answer the question—"What is the Church as spoken of in England? Is it the Church of Christ?"—and the answers were various. Hooker had said it was "the nation"; and in en-

tirely altered circumstances, with some qualifications, Dr. Arnold said the same. It was "the Establishment" according to the lawyers and politicians, both Whig and Tory. It was an invisible and mystical body, said the Evangelicals. It was the aggregate of separate congregations, said the Nonconformists. It was the parliamentary creation of the Reformation, said the Erastians. The true Church was the communion of the Pope; the pretended Church was a legalised schism, said the Roman Catholics. All these ideas were floating about, loose and vague, among people who talked much about the Church.

One thing was persistently obvious—namely, that our nationalist Church had become opportunist in every fibre, and that it had thrown off almost every semblance of ecclesiastical discipline. The view was circulated that the Church owed its continued existence to the good sense of the individuals who officered it, and to the esteem which possession and good sense combined invariably engendered in the reigning oligarchy. But since Christianity was true—and Newman was the one man of modern times who seems never to have doubted this, never to have overlooked the unmistakable threat of eternal punishment to the wicked and unbelieving—modern England, with its march of intellect and its chatter about progress, was advancing with a light heart to the verge of a bottomless abyss. By a diametrically opposite chain of reasoning Newman reached much the same conclusion as Carlyle. Keble and other leaders of the new historical Church movement had looked into no lines of thought but their own. Newman, on the other hand, had read omnivorously; he had studied modern thought and modern life in all its forms, and with all its many-coloured passions. He knew, of course, that many men of learning and ability believed that Christianity was not a revelation at all, but had been thrown out, like other creeds, in the growth of

the human mind. He knew that doubts of this kind were the inevitable results of free discussion and free toleration of differences of opinion; and he was too candid to attribute such doubts, as others did, to wickedness of heart. He could not, being what he was, acquiesce in the law of the land because it was there, and because the country had accepted it, and because good general reasons could be given for assuming it to be right. The Protestant was satisfied with the Bible, the original text of which, and perhaps the English translation, he regarded as inspired. But the inspiration itself was an assumption, and had to be proved; and Newman, though he believed the inspiration, seems to have recognised earlier than most of his contemporaries that the Bible was not a single book, but a national literature, produced at intervals, during many hundred years, and under endless varieties of circumstances. Protestant and Catholic alike appealed to it, and they could not both be right. Newman began feeling for this in the direction of the Catholic Church, and in July, 1833, by his sermon at St. Mary's, Oxford, on National Apostasy Keble gave the signal for the movement that was to lead him. This movement was the direct result of the communing between Keble, Hurrell Froude, and Newman from 1826 to this point. Keble inspired and Froude fanned the flame which Newman kindled to a blaze in the ninetieth of the celebrated "Tracts for the Times." It proved the turning of the ways, leading Keble and Pusey to Anglican ritualism and Newman to Rome. All his great works henceforth are incidents in the Catholic campaign (just as J. A. Froude's great *History* was a pamphlet of Protestant defence) and in hostility to the liberal doctrine that one religion is as good as another, positive truth residing in no single creed. The conversion of Newman was a source of profound irritation to Protestants. Kingsley

expressed this sentiment in a magazine of 1864, when he remarked, and tried to illustrate by recent events, that veracity was never one of the virtues of the Roman clergy. After preliminary sparrings, in which he showed an irony as mordant as Pascal's, Newman was stung into writing what he deliberately called *Apologia pro Vita sua.* He had shown his mastery of dialectic in the tracts, of exhortation in the *Sermons,* of exposition in *The Idea of a University* (1852), and of narrative in *Loss and Gain* (1848), a story of his Oxford days, and *Callista* (1856), a sketch of the third century. In the *Apologia* a volume of autobiography is made a chapter of general history, unsurpassed in its kind since the *Confessions* of Augustine, combined with a perfection of form, a precision of phrasing, and a charm of style peculiar to the genius of its author, rendering it one of the masterpieces of English prose. The secret of its success, which was so complete that Newman, from being one of the most unpopular, became at a bound one of the most popular of living Englishmen, was due in the first instance to the genius of the writer; in the second to the sincerity, the manifest candour, and the beauty made visible in the mind that unfolded itself thus; but more perhaps still to the conviction which every phrase and accent confirmed that, however much of a papist Newman might have become, he was still in sentiment, thought, education, and heart-strings an Englishman to the marrow of his bones. And so it came to pass that when he died at Edgbaston in 1890, in his ninetieth year, he was regarded probably with the greatest veneration of any English man of letters, as the writer of the most flexile and musical of any modern English prose, and as the author of three or four hymns, among them the hymn of Gerontius, "Praise to the Holiest in the height," and "Lead, kindly Light," which are among the most spiritual and inspiring that are to be

found in any hymnal, ancient or modern. And in the long tenure of his life the attitude of the average Englishman to the Catholic in his midst—regarded before 1845 as of a different stripe to the general, a figure apart, in the shade, and as it were suspect—has been almost entirely transformed.

The defection of Newman and his satellites, and a series of checks received by Puseyism at Oxford, left the field clear for the Low and Broad Church party. But it was no longer the sentimental pietism and blind evangelicalism of the early 'thirties. The Broad Church began at once to make its anti-dogmatic tendencies felt. It was plainly in favour of the complete subordination of Church to state. It began timidly, introducing German biblical criticism into England—an instrument soon to prove itself of explosive force. Jowett and Stanley were at the crises of 1845 deep in Hegel and Baur, and making Unitarian demonstrations, while Dr. Baden-Powell, after following up *Revelation and Science* with *The Unity of Worlds,* makes a determined frontal attack on miracles, and Colenso is pointing out fissures in the Pentateuch which involved him in a severe penalty of unmerited persecution. All the influences of the day, represented by F. W. Newman, A. H. Clough, Buckle, Lecky, and the Martineaus, were ranged in support of this liberalising tendency, which transported the Church from the sphere of positive to that of comparative religion. And of defenders on the mystic or metaphysical side, the old recruiting ground of evangelicalism had been so denuded that two contestants of really first-rate ability such as H. L. Mansel and F. D. Maurice may be said to exhaust the possibilities.

Frederic Denison Maurice (1805—1872), the son of a Unitarian minister, born at Normanston, near Lowestoft, left Cambridge without a degree owing to the difficulty about subscription which he felt as a nonconformist, and

began a literary career in London, writing for *The Westminster Review* in its palmiest days under Mill, and for a time guided the destines of the infant *Athenæum*. Profoundly influenced by the ingeminations of Coleridge he decided to abandon Unitarianism and to enter the English Church. Having obtained an Oxford degree he was ordained, and soon made his pulpit at Vere Street Chapel a well-spring of valuable ideas for the Broad or Liberal Church party who combated the intenser views of the Tractarians. Abandoning the Unitarians on account of their coldness and ultra-rationalistic view of religion, he was the first in England to represent theological formulæ, such as those of the Trinity and the Incarnation, as interpreting essential needs of the human heart and human conscience. The miraculous element in the sacred writings of Christianity was wholly subordinated by him to the ideal conception of a humanised God, whose sufferings found expression in views of charity and humility which appealed directly not only to the brain, but also the heart of a common humanity. In his *Theological Essays* of 1853 (which lost him Professorship of Theology at King's College) he appealed directly for a more tolerant hearing of the inner truths of Christianity, by the Unitarians, but his influence deeply stirred and attracted men of the most various types. Men such as Mill, Ruskin, and Carlyle, no less than his immediate disciples Kingsley and Tom Hughes, were sensible to the broad humanity of his religious thought, while he himself expressly disclaimed the inculcation of any hard-and-fast system or doctrine. His books, however, did more probably to save the inmost hold of Christianity from the onrushing tide of materialism and scientific speculation than those of any thinker of his generation; and his conception of Divinity, though far inferior to Newman's in intensity and magical attraction, was of infinitely greater

breadth and homogeneity with the whole trend of modern thought and discovery. His guarded defence of dogma was aided by a character the most winning. Kingsley called him the most beautiful human soul he had known.

Though he occupied a place in the Church to which the narrow and the rigid said he had no business to belong, he was one of the most scrupulous, diffident, and sensitive of men. Yet diffident and really humble as he was, he could be moved to vehement indignation and could be very sharp in controversy. And by an increasing number, especially of working men, he was regarded with the reverence due to a great spiritual teacher. His funeral at Highgate on April 5th, 1872, was followed by crowds, and his grave was a meeting-place of men who had not seen each other for years and were not likely to meet ever again.

Herbert Spencer, the Solon of the Scientific Age, was born at Derby (12, Exeter Row) on April 27th, 1820. His father, William George Spencer, who early in 1819 married Harriet Holmes, was a teacher of an original and unconventional pattern, and author of a highly ingenious book on *Inventional Geometry*. His mother was a good, religious, conservative, lower-middle-class woman, in whom, says the philosopher, altruism was too little qualified by egoism. He was not precocious as a lad, except in respect to an almost infantile passion for justice; and he did little to respond to his father's iterated desire that he should become a "useful member of society," though he showed a marked liking for science from an early age. In 1833 he was sent from a local school to be tutored by his uncle, Thomas Spencer, a rather prominent liberal philanthropist, and distinguished himself by running away and making his way home on foot (a boy of thirteen, he walked just upon 120 miles in three days!). He was soon dispatched back to Hinton, was "amicably" re-

ceived after his escapade, and continued his education there with fair success. As he remarks himself in his impersonal way, "a fair amount of mathematics had been acquired," in the acquisition of languages but trifling success had been achieved, there was no progress in general culture; but, on the whole, his *morale* and reasoning powers had been appreciably strengthened. After a short probation as a schoolmaster, he proceeded to London, having obtained a post on the engineering staff of the London and Birmingham line, and worked as a surveyor upon the line between Wembley and Harrow. In 1838 he was transferred to Worcester and undertook more responsible work, amidst surroundings which tended to the development of his critical and self-assertive tendencies, "already sufficiently pronounced."

Ambition to work out schemes of his own as an inventor led him to abandon his post on the Birmingham and Worcester Railway, in which a prosperous humdrum career lay before him. The immediate result was a blind alley, though but for the seeming failure he recognises that "what has since been done would never have been done." A kind of post-graduate visit to Hinton in 1842 (during which he modelled a bust of his uncle) was the occasion of animated political discussions which led to a series of letters to *The Nonconformist* on "The Proper Sphere of Government" in which we can not obscurely trace the reasoner of *The Man versus the State.* More surveying work following a brief experience as sub-editor of a struggling philosophic weekly was followed in turn by a period of suspense, until he returned to London in 1848 as sub-editor of *The Economist,* and began to write regularly, though already he had discovered that thinking was to him more pleasurable than either reading or doing. In 1850 appeared his first substantive work—a kind of "Natural History ethics" from an individualist point of

view, to which he gave the name of *Social Statics.* He was already feeling his way, ambitiously enough, to the discovery of some synthesis or organon which should at the same time comprehend his theories and carry off the accumulation of thoughts which oppressed him.

The next ten years were highly formative ones, and it was during them that Spencer was forming the friendships and the conceptions which supplied the basis of his great system. Prominent among the friends acquired at this time were George Henry Lewes, the Brays of Coventry, T. H. Huxley, George Eliot, "the most admirable woman, mentally, I ever knew," and John Stuart Mill, who offered to guarantee the philosopher's publisher against pecuniary loss, a proposal, indeed, which Spencer would not entertain, though he was profoundly touched by the offer. Since the challenge thrown down by his first book, with its fundamental idea that every man is free to do whatsoever he wills, providing he does not infringe the equal freedom of any other man, his ideas were rapidly classifying and developing themselves, under the heads of sociology, biology, psychology, and ethics; and towards the end of this period Darwin's principle of variation (for which Spencer himself invented the descriptive title "the survival of the fittest") supplied him with a link of the utmost value to his general theory.

Like Bentham, of whose mind his own was in some respects a replica, Herbert Spencer at little over thirty was harnessed to his life-work, the man of one idea, a philosophical Vitruvius, and at seventy he was still hard at work upon it, systematising like Bentham or any dragon. Huxley epigrammatised the foible of his friend when he said that Spencer's idea of a tragedy was a deduction killed by a fact. The heroic quality of Spencer's achievement is brought into relief, not so much by the magnitude of the undertaking, as by the physical and financial dif-

ficulties which had to be overcome. After writing his *Principles of Psychology* in 1855 he was afflicted by a severe nervous breakdown, which lasted intermittently all the rest of his life; he had no independent means sufficient to ensure the publication of his books, and had in consequence to depend entirely upon the precarious goodwill of a small body of subscribers. In 1860, nevertheless, he issued the memorable prospectus of his philosophic system, and from that date until 1896 he worked steadily at the completion of one segment after another of his vast circle of theory, in addition to a large number of abstruse papers on controversial themes, and his three popular tractettes, *Education* (1861), *The Study of Sociology* (1873), and *The Man versus the State* (1884). In few philosophers have the functions of thought been more specialised than they were in Spencer, and from few, if any, English lives has the philosophic type derived more honour than from his. He was a man of 5 feet 10 inches in height, with black hair, a broad but not very high forehead, with long passionless lips, suggesting a provoking obstinacy in argument, which he certainly did nothing to belie. His light blue eyes, it might be thought, bespoke a lack of emotional depth, and the tinge of colour on his cheek-bones attested an incorruptness of nature. In mind and habits he was certainly a nonconformist of the nonconformists, he not only refused a white tie, but went so far as to refuse an honorary degree; he prided himself rather than otherwise on being impervious to rote learning, he disliked reading of every kind, and only skimmed books dealing with subjects with which he was most nearly interested. Receptiveness was to his mind a cardinal fault of the age, which was badly deficient in critical and constructive imagination.

At a period when most human beings are occupied in testing their theories about nature and sensibility, Spencer

was already obsessed by the rhythm preserved between homogeneity and heterogeneity, and the discovery of a formula for the laws of growth and dissolution. He was not, however, a prodigy like his friend Mill or his prototype Bentham, but the man, accomplished in many directions as an inventor, draughtsman, modeller, musician, writer, and engineer, who would have probably excelled in many departments of life. Like so many thinkers, however, including Carlyle, Comte, Mill, and Darwin, among his contemporaries, Spencer was the life-long valetudinarian, his nervous invalidism was the immediate cause of his irritability, and so, in all probability, of the hypercritical and antagonist point of view which he was prepared to assume upon the slightest provocation.

What portion of Spencer's system will be salvaged by a future age it is impossible to surmise. The simple sum of his own creed can be uttered only reservedly as a statement of three probabilities: that consciousness represents a specialised and individualised form of the infinite energy; that it is dissolved by death; and that its elements then return to the source of all being. As for our mental attitude towards the Infinite Mystery, his advice is plain. We must resign ourselves to the eternal laws, and endeavour to vanquish our ancient inheritance of superstitious terrors, remembering that "merciless as the cosmic process worked out by an Unknown Power may be, yet vengeance is nowhere to be found in it."

As remarkable for intensive as was Spencer for comprehensive genius in scientific research was the great biologist of the Victorian era. Since the days of that great intuitive genius and pioneer of classification, John Ray, yeoman service had been done in zoology by a notable quartet of foreign savants—Linnæus, Buffon, Cuvier, and Lamarck. Much, too, had been contributed by the speculations of Erasmus Darwin, the great geologist Lyell, the astronomer

Herschel, the traveller Humboldt, the botanist Sir W. Hooker, and the popularising author of *The Vestiges of Creation* (Robert Chambers), a book which caused an immense stir upon its first appearance to qualify the crudity of an idea widely held by the pre-Darwinian ecclesiastic to the effect that Man was created on Friday, October 23rd, 4004 B.C., at 9 a. m. precisely. *The Vestiges of Creation* served to break the subsequent shock, but it was widely regarded as a dangerous book, and the theory of creation suggested in Genesis was believed on all hands to be substantially the true one. The anarch who was to shatter what the Higher Criticism and the Higher Evolution in conjunction were unable to shake was one of the most patient, unassuming, and methodical of savants. The son of a doctor and grandson both of Erasmus Darwin, the great speculative naturalist of Lichfield, and of Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter, Charles Darwin was born at Shrewsbury on February 12th, 1809. He was educated at the Shrewsbury Grammar School, in front of which, to the scandal of the local orthodox, his statue was erected a few years after his death, but his development was slow and irregular, and he was pronounced a disgrace to his school and to his family. A medical career was deemed beyond his powers, and a passion for beetles was accepted as pointing to a career of contented usefulness as a country clergyman. Like Huxley, he was in reality being efficiently self-taught, and the underlying soundness of his education was discerned at Cambridge by Sedgwick and Henslow. These good judges of innate talent recommended him in 1831 as naturalist in H.M.S. *Beagle* during a surveying voyage round the world, and in spite of the phrenological scruples of the captain, who had doubts about the firmness indicated by his nose, he obtained the appointment. The five years' voyage that ensued determined his whole career. Three years after

his return he published his deeply interesting *Journal of Researches* (1839), which supplied the scientific world at large with materials for ample thought, and gained him a foremost position at a bound. Before this publication he had propounded to himself the great problem of his life, and as early as October, 1838, there occurred to him, consequent upon reading Malthus *On Population,* and brooding upon the far-reaching struggle for existence which his investigation revealed, a leading clue to the centre of the labyrinth: the idea, namely, that under the circumstances indicated by Malthus favourable variations would tend to be preserved and unfavourable to be destroyed throughout the whole of the animal kingdom. The result would be the formation of new species. In 1842 he withdrew from London to the retirement of Down in Kent, a life-long invalid to the full as much as Spencer, but wholly devoted to and sustained by this fruitful line of research, piling up evidence for the evolution and against the immutability of species which matured after twenty years of steady work into the complete exposition of Natural Selection in the famous *Origin of Species.*

Thomas Henry Huxley, born on May 4th, 1825 (and by a stroke of luck named after that particular apostle for whom he always had most sympathy), was the son of George Huxley, a master of Dr. Nicholas's school at Ealing, the school from which Newman had proceeded to the conquest of Oxford in 1816. His father was a man of extremely tenacious will, his mother even more remarkable for her bright eye and rapid mental processes. He inherited to the full the pugnacity of the one and the mother-wit of the other. A pretty boy who preached to the maids in the kitchen, he was in a sense a born pulpiteer, and was often quizzed by Herbert Spencer in later life for his "clerical affinities." He was destined to be self-educated, for in 1833 the Ealing school decayed. He was instructed

in medicine under a brother-in-law, and in 1842 entered Charing Cross Hospital, where he ran a distinguished course. He qualified as a naval surgeon at Haslar, and was from 1846 to 1850 naturalist to the *Rattlesnake* on its tour, his papers home securing him his election as F.R.S. at the early age of twenty-six. After three years' unsettlement, battles with the Treasury, and unsuccessful candidatures, he was in 1854 appointed lecturer at the School of Mines and naturalist to the Geological Survey. He was soon a popular lecturer at the Royal Institution, he served on numerous Royal Commissions, and in course of time accumulated all the honours which British science is able to bestow upon its most distinguished votaries. From 1859 Huxley became an ardent apostle of Darwinism, and in particular of the light thrown by Evolution upon Man, and his history, to elucidate which he published several discourses in what proved an epoch-making book, *Man's Place in Nature* (1863). Among his other books, apart from technical treatises on Physiology and Morphology, the most noted were *Lay Sermons* (1876), *Physiography,* his profoundly excogitated study of *Hume* (1879), and various *Lectures and Essays,* many of them upon controverted questions.

Veracity of thought and action was his ideal, truthfulness the cardinal virtue about which no compromise was possible. Interpreted sometimes aggressively, this involved the subordination of distinction in research to the popularisation of science, to the development of scientific education, to endless skirmishes over evolution, and to "untiring opposition to that ecclesistical spirit, that clericalism which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science." For all these purposes Huxley was equipped as no other man of his generation. In an age of great scientific expositors his pen was the keenest and most trenchant.

Readiness of wit and an almost unrivalled turn for caustic phrase contributed to a very powerful controversial manner. Popular opinion was bitten again and again by the keen edge of his wit. He was the father of modern laboratory instruction—manner and matter alike admirable—and, as a popular lecturer, he was only surpassed by Tyndall. He was the eponymous hero of the numerous tribe of agnostics, and waged many bitter compaigns against orthodox beliefs—in particular against the miracles of the New Testament, the Hellenised Judaism of the medium through which we see Christ, and the ordinary moral conception of the cosmic order. Moral sense, according to him, was intuitional in origin, but thoroughly utilitarian in development. The reaction of his sanguine temperament alone protected him from sheer pessimism. But in actual life he was an eager liver, burning up his waste products with an indefatigable zeal, a most stimulating preacher, and in all his private and public relations one of the most lovable, impetuous, and disinterested of men. He died at Eastbourne on June 29th, 1895.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER—XIII

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN PROSE AND VERSE

R. L. Stevenson—Meredith—Hardy—Swinburne.

THE literary pilots of the last generation have excelled almost impartially in prose and verse. Like Scott and Thackeray, while paying their first devoirs to prose romance, Stevenson, Meredith, and Hardy alike have written lasting and memorable verse. Swinburne, again, has enriched English prose with some of the most inspiriting and incisive, if not the most judicial, criticism in the language. Three of these writers at least have shown themselves clever draughtsmen. Their literary output is all well above the elevated plateau created by the intellectual *massif* of an era of enormous contending energies, and from which a drop seems unmistakably to coincide with the concluding years of the nineteenth century.

I

ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON, son of Thomas Stevenson, a distinguished lighthouse engineer, and Margaret Balfour, was born at Edinburgh on November 13th, 1850. He was a delicate child, but observant, precocious in talking and writing, and ambitious of fame in the family groove as lighthouse builder. In 1866 and 1868 he had already essayed two trifling but not uncharacteristic papers called *The Pentland Rising* and *The Charity Bazaar*. In 1871 he exchanged engineering for the Scottish Bar, began his career as a talker, and became known to literary friends as "Louis," known also for his persistent attempts to acquire a great style, and became a limner of phrases, an artist in words. In his own phrase, he played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, Lamb, Browne, Defoe, Montaigne, and from them learned enough, at any rate, to teach his

generation valuable lessons in the plastic qualities of prose diction. In 1875 he began writing essays for Sir Leslie Stephen, then editing *The Cornhill,* and in the same year his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, introduced him into the cosmopolitan artist colony at Barbizon; the society proved most congenial to such a born Bohemian as "R. L. S." Some of his best work was done under this stimulus. For a short time subsequently he continued to walk Parliament House and to astonish Edinburgh society at evening parties in pepper-and-salt trousers, but he was already preparing for press *The Inland Voyage,* the record of a canoe journey from Antwerp to Pontoise, and his first published book (1878). Meanwhile, however, three books were in the making—*Virginibus Puerisque* (1881), a volume of the most sprightly and fascinating among modern essays, dedicated to his great friend W. E. Henley; *New Arabian Nights,* a set of fantastic modern tales; and the sub-Borrovian *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes,* rich in some incommunicable charm of cheery egoism of which Stevenson almost alone since Charles Lamb had won the secret. In August, 1879, he started off alone for California, collecting new materials and making notes even during the steerage passage, which he booked to save unnecessary expense. Having spent nearly a year in the Far West, he returned with his wife to Edinburgh. At Bracmar during the following summer, a period of great literary activity ensued, and most of *The Merry Men, The Child's Garden of Verse,* and *Treasure Island* were written. But the author was becoming a confirmed sufferer from tubercular trouble, and the quest of health during winters in the Engadine and on the Riviera was followed in September, 1884, by a settlement of three years at Bournemouth. Here he either wrote or planned all the surplus of his best work, the romantic comedy, *Prince Otto,* the Jacobite boys' story of *Kidnapped,* and the

weirdest and most popular of all his short stories, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* By this time, too, most of those riper essays of finest fruitage were written which subsequently found a place in *Familiar Studies* and *Across the Plains.*

Stevenson was indignant with those critics who were unable to recognise the progressive development of his art; but the fact is that he was already a finished artist at twenty-five (when he contributed *Victor Hugo's Romances* to *The Cornhill,* and was "received into the best society"), and that little remained except for him to become more than finished, to become, in short, that dread thing, finikin (a tendency by no means wholly absent from some of his later writings). From boyish days he had served a stern apprenticeship to the old masters. Like a young Reynolds or Landseer with his sketch-book, the young Stevenson had always his note-book with him and never let a day pass without setting his palette and experimenting with his colours. He set himself well-defined exercises, and marked his own blunders with the help of the crib—now Lamb or Hazlitt, now Macaulay or Meredith. Flaubert could hardly have schooled Maupassant more severely than this youth, but recently emancipated from the Edinburgh Academy, schooled himself. What was started as a hobby soon became an absorbing passion, until at twenty-five he found himself a young "master of wordmanship" (to borrow his phrase for Hugo), a stripling adept in the use of a weapon which so many literary giants have failed to master. We think of Hazlitt, that unrivalled hero of fluent writing, as he was to become, "vainly trying year after year to write a single essay, nay a single page," and we marvel at the expedition of this wonderful youth. The first purpose to which he bent his new weapons was the conversion of happy thoughts on life, and the happy ideas of a vagrant of letters—not into

journalese, not into laboured jocosities, but into a vesture of English prose so felicitously embroidered that artists such as Newman or Arnold might have set their names to it with impunity.

The same gifts—the same keen eye for effect, the same artistic cleverness of perfection and invention, the same flashes of insight into obscure doublings of the mind—served him in his short stories, grim and diabolic, such as *The Suicide Club* and *Jekyll and Hyde* (of the species which he himself defined as "crawlers"), blithely humorous and fantastic as *Providence and the Guitar,* pictorial as the *Sire de Maledroit's Door,* or psychological as *Markheim.* Stevenson's extraordinary technical skill naturally begot versatility, temptation to display which was to prove his particular failing. At Braemar at the commencement of his chronic invalidism in 1881 he turned from his appointed work as essayist and short-story writer to write clever verse, and to follow in the wake of Kingston, Ballantyne the Brave, and Fenimore Cooper as a writer of books for boys. He had all the "boymanship" of Kingsley, and he turned straight from *At Last* and Johnson's *History of the Pirates* to write the first twenty chapters of *Treasure Island.* Artificial books perhaps—both this and *Kidnapped*—but live books, volatile books, dangerous books to leave about—so inviting are they to "take up," so impossible to "lay down."

The later years of the novelist were spent in the Pacific, where he seemed for a time to be regaining the health which the cruel winds of Edinburgh had undermined: eventually at Vailima in the island of Samoa, where he exercised some of the functions of a little principate, and where he died suddenly on December 3rd, 1894. There was something rather Byronesque about the gyrations of his last years, and the almost roguish egotism with which he obtruded himself into the politics of his new hemisphere.

Nauseating doses of Stevensoniana, dealing mainly with this period of his career—legends, anecdotes, twaddling details and extravagant eulogies—have done something to endanger his reputation and veil the strenuous artist, whose letters are chips from the workshop of one of the finest literary artificers England has known, from the cordial gaze of old admirers. But the true corrective is Stevenson himself, not the versatile poseur of literary gossip and uncritical adulation, but the single-minded artist who gave to the world of his very best in half a dozen volumes such as *Virginibus, Modestine, The Merry Men, New Arabian Nights, Across the Plains.*

Stevenson's legacy has not been a very prosperous one for the English novel. There are two kinds of romance —the romance of incongruity and strangeness, which makes now an obscure appeal to the historical emotions of an ancient race, now a crude appeal to their sense of pity, wonder or repulsion. Psychologically it is commonly defective, lending a *panache* to acts of heroism which are usually performed in an unconscious and totally undramatic fashion, and attaching a sense of enjoyment to the performance of hazardous exploits which is very rarely experienced by the actual performers. The second kind of romance is the truer and profounder, dealing with the universal transfiguration of the ordinary non-heroic individual mind, however unromantic in the conventional sense may be its habitual environment, under the spring-born influences of youth and first love. The universal, not the accidental, kind of romance is the theme of the greatest masters. Stevenson helped to re-create a strong factitious taste for the romance of heaped-up and multiplied incident, the persistence of which has called into existence a vast host of "utility" romanticists, escrimeurs, costumiers, ferociously whiskered and long-spurred caballeros of the circus.

II

THE greatest exponent of the post-Dickensian novel—the novel which was entering upon a critical stage, somewhat similar to that of the English drama onwards from 1616—is George Meredith, whose earliest essays in verse bear a date anterior to that of *Adam Bede.* Sprung from the same class as his compeers, George Eliot and Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, like Hardy, is a native of South Wessex, having been born near Petersfield on February 12th, 1828. In other respects the Cymric and Hibernian blood that flowed freely in his veins separates him widely from the great race of Victorian novelists, if we except the Brontës; another distinction is to be discerned in his education in Germany and his early, intuitive appreciation of the literary art of modern France. His adolescent wit made the idea of a vocation to any other profession than that of letters seem little short of an impertinence; he was soon diverted from the law and became known in the literary circles of Rossetti, Swinburne, Thackeray, the Stephens, and the circle of contributors to *Once a Week, The Cornhill,* and *The Pall Mall Gazette.* He made his bow with a poem on Chillianwallah, which contains one or two typical lines, in *Chambers's Journal* of July, 1849, in which year he married a daughter of the eccentric and brilliant dialogue-spinning novelist, Thomas Love Peacock, and settled at Weybridge, whence he dedicated his *Poems* to T. L. P. in 1851. His beginnings in literature were somewhat erratic, for after the *Poems* he veered to the vividly entertaining arabesque called *The Shaving of Shagpat* (December, 1855), and two years later published his cold but delicately frosted Teutonic fantasy of *Farina: A Legend of Cologne* (1857). Soon after this he entered upon the post of reader to a publishing firm, in which capacity he first detected the "promise" of two of the

greatest masters of modern English fiction—Thomas Hardy and George Gissing. After Scott he is probably the most eminent man of letters who has ever served a big publisher in this somewhat thankless profession. At thirty-one he published his first novel proper, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (June, 1859), the transcendent merit of which was very soon recognised by the best critics of the day. There was about it an extraordinary mixture of lyrical fervour (amounting in one love scene to poetic ecstasy), of cynical audacity, of unconventional handling, and of what the French call *panache.* There was, however, a peculiarity about the author's style which rendered it almost as unfit a means of expression for universal popularity as the dot and dash system known as the Morse code. In 1860 the author commenced the publication of his second novel, *Evan Harrington,* in the pages of *Once a Week.* In fiction it is the *deuxième pas qui coûte,* and if ever a second novel from its very first chapter spelt unmistakable genius, it was this. The aphorisms and asperities which had tortured the surface of *Feverel* were kept under a stricter control, and the influence of Dickens and Thackeray is seen more clearly, while that of Disraeli and Peacock is hardly perceptible. The stage is crowded with comedy characters, such as confront us in *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes.* The intriguing countess, the secret of whose plebeian birth is the "Demogorgon" of the book, is worthy of Thackeray at his best. Her father, the unrivalled and marquis-like "Mel," is a tailor, unashamed alike of shears and shop, 193, Main Street, Lymport. This magnanimous "Snip" dies in the first paragraph and pervades the story to the last. Other writers have attempted to interest the reader in a character kept out of sight, but never with such success as Meredith in *Evan Harrington.* The whole of this wonderful book is full of an irony as hard to fathom as the

hopes of youth. Its satire on snobbery far surpasses that of Thackeray in edge. It is admirably written, with lightning strokes of insight, and episodes of a brilliant luminosity (the incident between Evan and the postilion, for example, the dinner-party again, or the cricket-match at Beckley), while the manœuvres of the countess indicate a surprising dexterity in the manipulation of detail. The public, with its usual perversity, failed to make any recognition of a truly chivalric effort to pleasure it, and cruelly has Meredith punished it for its dense stupidity. Just as Lamb said to himself, "Damn the Age! I will write for antiquity," so Meredith began to think, "Hang the public! I will write for Balliol and Trinity. I will keep my illumination for Benedick's college of wit-crackers or the scholars' cloister." The result has been a gulf greater than constructive differences need have created between Meredith and a popular audience. The determination to which we have referred, whether conscious or unconscious, is seen in full force after *Rhoda Fleming,* his great novel of 1865, sandwiched between *Sandra Belloni* and *Vittoria,* two stories of the Italian revolution of 1848. *Rhoda Fleming* is a study of elemental passions and of tragic fate worthy in some respects of the Elizabethan drama, marred to some extent by unreality and incredible language, but still very great. To have such work condemned by *The Athenæum* (which had been so favourable to his first novel) for its factitious sprightliness and *ponderous gaiety* must have been a sore blow to the sensitive artist. The result is soon manifest. In *Harry Richmond* (1871), which in respect of its real hero, Richmond Roy (that sublime architect in Cloudland), is one of the master's most brilliant creations, he takes a last fantastic farewell of the outer and nether world of men and women. His *personæ* are all henceforth brilliant projections of George Meredith, and speak with the *ore rotundo* of their

creator. The frost which seemed to have finally overtaken two books of such amazing originality and power as *Evan Harrington* and *Rhoda Fleming* drove his eccentricities inwards. As with Browning, he became unduly self-conscious, unduly contemptuous of popular appreciation. A spendthrift of intellect, he is apt to forget that an epigram is often like a proverb, only a half-way house to an idea. It must be said, however, that in addition to its epigrammatic wit his style has many other great notable qualities. Like a sword of Spain, it can in a moment bend like a bow and spring back again to the bright quivering, darting line that bears the insuperable point. These idiosyncrasies of his reach their climax in *Diana of the Crossways* (1885), a dangerous book to put into the hand of a neophyte, which has made many a would-be Meredithian throw up his hands in despair. But in the meantime he had produced one of his manliest and most complex novels, *Beauchamp's Career* (1876). He also produced that extraordinary piece of analysis in *The Egotist* (1879) which made an epoch in the fame of its author and converted the study of his novels into a species of scientific cult.

George Meredith attains to the highest intensity, and his idiosyncrasy as a writer is most felt, in such works as *Feverel, The Egotist,* and *Diana;* as master-builder of a modern novel, *totus teres atque rotundus,* he is in our opinion seen to best advantage in *Evan Harrington* and *Beauchamp's Career,* representing successively his early and late styles. His delineation of high-born ladies, the nineteenth-century successors of Olivia, Beatrice, Portia, and Desdemona, has often been celebrated. All his women are crucible-women—women by whom men and the world are tested. If men fail under the test, that which should be a lamp becomes a flaming furnace in the hand. "For women are not the end, but the means of life, and they

punish us for perverting their uses; they punish society." But he is never a sentimental slave of woman. He can laugh at her too, and over her quixotries and serious-faced patents for "emancipating" the sex is as merry as Adrian Harley. For the female faddist he has as little mercy as Dickens in *Bleak House*. "Relapsed upon religion and little dogs," is his caustic summing-up of Mrs. Caroline Grandison, into whose garden of girls Sir Austin Feverel carried "the Cinderella slipper" on behalf of his model son, and into the secrets of whose forcing-house we are allowed a peep—the gymnasium fitted up with swing-poles and stride-poles and newly invented instruments for bringing out special virtues: an instrument for the lungs, an instrument for the liver, one for the arms and thighs, one for the wrists—the whole for the promotion of Christian accomplishments. "Woolly negroes blest her name, and whiskered John Thomases deplored her weight." More concisely even than this "philanthropist" is the Baroness von Crepelot characterised and referred to her not unfamiliar species as "one of those persons who after a probationary term in the character of women have become men." Those two brilliant sayings, "Woman will probably be the last thing civilised by man," and "Man has rounded Seraglio Point, but has not yet doubled Cape Turk," are among his best remembered epigrams. Fine, however, as the woman characters are amply conceded to be, his conception of a patriotic English gentleman, which may be traced through so many of his works, seems to us to be a still finer and more ennobling one.

III

Thomas Hardy, the greatest exponent of the English novel of the generation succeeding that of George Meredith, was born at Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester,

on June 2nd, 1840, and he lives at Dorchester still. At sixteen he was articled to an ecclesiastical architect named Hicks in Dorchester, and afterwards worked under Blomfield in London, and at King's College. His first literary paper, *How I built myself a House,* a humorous sketch, appeared in *Chambers's Journal* in March, 1865. His first novel, the self-revealing but crudely constructed *Desperate Remedies,* was published, twenty-two years after *Richard Feverel,* in 1871, and was followed in 1872 by the delicious village idyll called *Under the Greenwood Tree,* describing how the tranter's son, Dick Dewy, won the belle of the parish from the rivalry of all the swains of Mellstock and Lewgate. It deserves its sub-title of "a rural painting of the Dutch school" of Teniers and Van Ostade. Next came a fully developed novel of whimsical courtship in *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (1873). In his first and third novels, as in the subsequent *Laodicean,* Thomas Hardy freely utilises his experience of a profession represented hitherto in English fiction only by the repulsive figure of Mr. Pecksniff. In 1874 he married, and issued *Far from the Madding Crowd,* which sealed his final vocation to letters. The descriptions in this powerful story of natural phenomena, winter starlight, and a sinister tempest created a new era in the natural history of English fiction. His next essay, *The Hand of Ethelberta* (1876), is an anomalous study in light comedy and society satire, in which the influence of Thackeray and Meredith seems to have led the author astray from his native and thoroughly known Wessex. Next comes a masterpiece, *The Return of the Native* (1878), preluded by a piece of descriptive writing which brings the contours of the moorland region ("Egdon Heath") to the south and west of Wareham before us with an almost preternatural solemnity and power. Hardy's imagination creates a perspective for us which carries the mind's eye back with ease to the remotest and

most primitive life upon the planet. His humour creates a group of grotesque and quaint country figures which symbolise a life that has changed but little in the course of centuries among the fields. He does for the peasants of South England exactly what Borrow does for the Romany; he rescues them from the obliteration to which the rapid locomotion and rapid education of our day have so inevitably destined our fine old rural stock. His books, moreover, seem to draw upon a reservoir of English peasant folk—the sly, unchanging, good-humoured and well-featured descendants of Gurth the Saxon, with whom our town populations have from day to day so increasingly little in common.

But Hardy's England, though to most of us elusive, is an essentially real one. The mead-drinking rustic folk of Wessex were in existence just as he depicts them thirty —nay, even twenty—years ago. Now "what with the parsons and clerks and school people and serious tea parties, the merry old ways of good life have gone to the dogs—upon my carcase they have." Three great novels of tragic character and import followed in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *The Woodlanders* (1887), and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891). The general effect of all is sombre, for that passion of love without which, in Hardy's philosophy, life is so utterly savourless is converted in all of them to a source of torment hardly less than it is represented in *Wuthering Heights*. The clear-eyed realism, moreover, with which he controls his incidents and abjures those happy endings so dear to the English novel-reader imparts a plaintive note, a melancholy tinge, to nearly all his best work. The general effect can be described in the words of George Meredith (speaking of the eyes of his French heroine)—a peep through dewy woodland on to dark water.

Hardy has gained something, it may be, from George

Sand and the Brontës, and from those pioneers of psychology in fiction, Hawthorne and George Eliot; but he is perhaps one of the most original, as he is also one of the most perfect and artistic, writers of English. The distinction which Loti has gained in France as a master of impressionistic French, Hardy had previously gained in England as a master of impressionistic English. His sensitiveness to aërial and atmospheric effects, to the moods and changes of day and night, to the voices of heath bells, the rustling of trees, the moaning of the wind, to the most delicate harmonies of colour and sound and form, enables him to bring his admirers into the inmost heart and shrine of the sombre and sphinx-like but exquisite Nature that he worships.

IV

"Par le génie du rhythme et la puissance d'expression, par le merveilleux secret de donner, instantanément, à toute sensation son exposant sonore avec sa pulsation de vie, Swinburne est un des prodiges de l'histoire littéraire."—P. DE REUL.

BORN in the year of Queen Victoria's accession (on April 5th, 1837), Algernon Charles Swinburne is beyond all comparison the greatest poet now living. He comes of an old Northumbrian family. His father was Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, younger son of Sir John Edward Swinburne, his mother Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham. It is erroneous to say that he was educated in France, his sojourns in that country having been of the briefest description, but he was from early days an ardent French scholar. Like Shelley, he was educated at Eton. He matriculated from Balliol in 1856. While at the University he contributed four times—three articles and a poem—to *Undergraduate Papers,* a periodical edited by

John Nichol. He left Oxford in 1860, without having taken a degree. As Jowett remarked in a letter to Stubbs (to whom the young Swinburne was sent for private coaching), he was the most extraordinary young man he had ever come across, devoting the whole of his time and thought to French and English literature, often of the most out-of-the-way kind, and to poetry. "It was all language with him: I could never find that he was following any line of thought." In the following year he went to Italy—always a considerable event in an artist's life. But to this visit an additional interest attaches. At Fiesole was living Walter Savage Landor, to whom the young poet had a letter of introduction. His admiration for the author of *Imaginary Conversations* has been expressed in *In Memory of Walter Savage Landor* (*Poems and Ballads*), in the *Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor* (*Studies in Song*), and in the Greek dedicatory verses of *Atalanta in Calydon.* Landon lived to accept this dedication, but died before the play was published. On his return to England the young poet lived for about a year in Cheyne Walk with Rossetti, whom he had met at Oxford engaged upon the Union frescoes. He also became intimate with Burne-Jones and William Morris. Though in some respects owing a good deal to the stylistic influence of the pre-Raphaelite school, his poetry owes little to the author of *The House of Life.* Indeed, from the first his hand was stronger and surer than Rossetti's ever was.

His first book (*The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond*) appeared in 1860. In 1865 *Atalanta in Calydon* made him famous, and in the following year *Poems and Ballads* made him notorious. *Atalanta* is often called Swinburne's greatest work. Less Greek in spirit and form than the later *Erectheus,* its more sumptuous colouring has always made it more popular. Some of the speeches, notably the open-

ing "Maiden and mistress of the months and stars," and the Herald's "Some furlongs northward where the brakes begin," are as fine as anything in English dramatic verse, while the choruses, of which the greatest perhaps are "When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces," and "We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair," prelude the unimagined wealth of metrical invention to be displayed next year in *Poems and Ballads.* Before this volume, in the same year as *Atalanta,* appeared *Chastelard,* the first part of the Mary Stuart trilogy, a foretaste of the fiery luxuriance which marked Swinburne's first lyric volume. *Poems and Ballads* (1866) was greeted with howls and hisses from the critics. Scandalous verses there were, no doubt, rioting on the crests of some of these billows of song—the enemies of poesy took a special delight in exposing them to the general view. What they failed to perceive was the relative harmlessness of all this outburst about the roses and lilies of vice and white death; or, again, that the poems were the outpourings of a young singer up to the chin in the Parian flood, and possessed by a poetic energy so urgent that it could not wait to apply the touchstone of reality or the chastening planes of experience. Faustine and Dolores are scarcely human women. Their attributes are borrowed from the conceptions of the poets, especially those of the Baudelaire school that Swinburne chiefly admired. In a book where so much is great, it is temerarious to mention any particular poems. Perhaps the finest are *The Triumph of Time,* the two Proserpine poems, *Anactoria, Dolores, Faustine, Itylus,* and *Félise.* Such poems as these, *Hesperia, Aholibah, A Match,* came as a revelation to students of English verse. The mastery of rhythm seemed to sum up and to surpass the previous experiments of our tone poets. In *Songs before Sunrise* (1871) are the earliest of the poems which celebrate the Italian struggle for liberty. After *Poems*

and Ballads this is Swinburne's most uniformly great volume of lyrics. Some of the poems are concerned with definite events (*The Halt before Rome, Quia Multum Amavit,* etc.), while others are more abstract songs of liberty (*The Pilgrims, Mater Dolorosa, Mater Triumphalis*). *Hertha* and *The Hymn of Man* set forth a subtle and complete "Pananthropism," which takes the place of the paganism of a few years before. *Before a Crucifix* is a terrible indictment, not of Christ, but of modern Christianity. *Bothwell,* the second play of the Scotch trilogy, appeared in 1874. Although Thomas Hardy has upset Mr. Symons's "reasonable hope that *Bothwell* is the longest play in existence," the fact remains that five hundred large pages are far too many for a dramatic work. But its historical accuracy and the sustained excellence of the verse alike make it a notable achievement. *Songs of Two Nations,* in the following year, is a pendant to *Songs before Sunrise.* It consists of a splendid *Song of Italy,* written in 1867 in praise of Mazzini, an *Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic* (1870), and a series of seventeen sonnets entitled *Diræ,* which must be among the fiercest and most bitter things ever written—even upon Napoleon III. *Erectheus* (1876) is the second tragedy in imitation of the Greek. It reproduces the feeling of the tragedians (Æschylus more especially) much more closely than does *Atalanta.*

A second series of *Poems and Ballads* appeared two years later. Only one piece recalls the erotic luxuriance of the earlier volume—*At a Month's End.* The wonderful *Ave atque Vale,* written in memory of Charles Baudelaire, stands out as the greatest poem in the book. As an elegy it is almost comparable with *Adonais* and *Lycidas. A Forsaken Garden* is one of the first and one of the finest of those poems in which Swinburne has sung the sea in all its moods, as no other has ever sung it. There are also

some successful translations of Villon, but the *Ballade of François Villon,* written in one of the French poet's own favourite metres, is far finer than any of these. These almost miraculous experiments in rondeaux and ballades, so completely surpassing the originals in flexibility, betray the strong influence of Banville and the French *Parnasse.* The chief interest of *Songs of the Springtides* (1880) centres in *Thalassius,* which may be regarded as autopsychological. In *Studies in Song,* the poet's marvellous sympathy with the sea is at its height (*Off Shore, By the North Sea*). In 1881 *Mary Stuart* completed the cycle of the Queen of Scots, which had occupied the poet intermittently for sixteen years. Though its interest is perhaps more historic than poetic, towards the close it rises to a very high dramatic pitch. *Tristram of Lyonesse* (1882) is the greatest achievement of Swinburne's later years. Owing to the complexity of its psychology it has not the mediæval atmosphere of Morris's *Defence of Guinevere,* but as poetry pure and simple it takes far higher rank. *Iseult at Tintagel* is one of the most powerful monodies ever written. *A Midsummer Holiday* (1884), *Poems and Ballads,* third series (1889), *Astrophel* (1894), and *A Channel Passage* (1904), are volumes of miscellaneous poems, and include all Swinburne's most characteristic themes. *Astrophel* contains a splendid tribute to Sir Philip Sidney, and *Poems and Ballads* and *A Channel Passage* are rich in memorial verses to the poet's friends and compeers. In these later books the poet's powers seem to be waning a little. He has still the same wonderful fertility in metres, but the sureness of hand, the inevitability of phrase are lacking. Nevertheless, *A Nympholept,* and *The Ballad of Dead Men's Bay* (*Astrophel*), *Les Casquettes* (*A Midsummer Holiday*), *The Armada,* and the Jacobite poems in the third *Poems and Ballads,* and the dedication of *The Channel Passage*

to the memory of William Morris and Burne-Jones, are among his most perfect work. This last, written in the *Dolores* metre (in which Mr. Swinburne never fails), forms a sort of antiphon to the dedication of *Poems and Ballads* (1866).

To go back a little, Marino Faliero (1885) is a drama founded on the story of the famous Doge. *Locrine* (1887) is extraordinary in that its ten scenes are all written in differently arranged rhymed decasyllable lines. It is necessarily rather in the nature of a *tour de force,* but has considerable dramatic and very great poetic value. In parts it reminds one faintly (rather on the surface than in fibre) of Maeterlinck. In 1892 Swinburne made an unexpected and not very happy experiment. *The Sisters* is a modern society love-tragedy, and might almost be a burlesque of Tennyson in his more bourgeois moments. *The Tale of Balen* (1896) is far more simple, and therefore in a certain sense more successful than *Tristram,* but it cannot be compared with the earlier work for poetic power. *Rosamond, Queen of the Lombards* (1899), a dramatic poem that has its source in a story in Gibbon, closes the list of Swinburne's poetry, with the exception of the *Heptalogia,* first published anonymously in 1880. This consists of seven parodies of poets then living: Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Coventry Patmore, Lytton, Rossetti, and Swinburne himself. They are rather in the nature of criticisms, and at times (especially in the Lytton) inclined to be savage.

Mr. Swinburne's prose has many of the characteristics of his verse. It combines the same command of words with the same perfect rhythm and unrivalled mastery of alliteration. A study of William Blake (1868) was the first prose volume of any size that the poet produced. This was followed in 1875 by a book of miscellaneous literary papers entitled *Essays and Studies.* Its perfervid and

torrential style makes rather breathless reading, and is apt to obscure the really acute criticisms which it decorates. But it never descends to mere wordiness, and frequently rises to the heights of lyric prose, as in the superb passage on Rossetti's *House of Life,* and the marvellous word-picture of a storm at sea which opens the essay on Hugo's *L'Homme qui Rit,* and is finer than the verse description of the same storm which the poet has lately given us in *The Channel Passage.* Two later volumes of critical essays —*Miscellanies* (1886) and *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (1894) are quieter in style, but gain thereby a dignity and strength which fully make up for the picturesqueness of the *Essays and Studies.* These essays, for the most part very brief, are principally, though not exclusively, concerned with poets. In *Miscellanies* the most notable papers are those headed *Wordsworth and Byron,* and *Tennyson and Musset:* the first an extraordinarily violent and very nearly ridiculous attack on Byron as a man and a poet; the second, a rather unnecessary defence of the great English poet against the small French one. The *Short Notes on English Poets* are the best things in the volume and display Mr. Swinburne's finest critical abilities. The latter half of *Studies in Prose and Verse* is taken up with eight articles on Hugo's posthumous works. The great Frenchman's relation to Mr. Swinburne is rather in the nature of that which Charles I.'s head bore to Mr. Dick.

Besides these three collections and the *William Blake* mentioned before, Mr. Swinburne's prose works comprise *George Chapman* (1875), *A Study of Shakespeare* (1880), and *A Study of Ben Jonson* (1889), which show an exhaustive knowledge of and perfect sympathy with the Elizabethans. *A Note on Charlotte Brontë* appeared in 1877, and *A Study of Victor Hugo* in 1887. Most of the poet's early pamphlets, as well as *Dead Love,* a little

romance published the year before *Atalanta,* have long been out of print. The most notable of these are *Notes on Poems and Reviews* (1866), a fierce reply to his own critics, and *Under the Microscope* (1872), an equally virile denunciation of Rossetti's, more especially of Robert Buchanan, author of the famous *Fleshly School of Modern Poetry.* Not the least of Mr. Swinburne's achievements is the Dedicatory Epistle to the collected edition of his poems, which gives an interesting insight into the poet's own attitude towards his work. Many of his predilections (such as the preference of *Erectheus* to *Atalanta*) are not those of most of his readers. But he has himself talked of "the flagrant falsity and the impudent absurdity of the favourite opinion that a great man is probably not the best judge—if, indeed, he be not naturally the worst judge—as to the respective worth of his several great works." For the last twenty years or so Mr. Swinburne has resided with Mr. Watts-Dunton at The Pines, Putney. His life has illustrated for a much longer period an almost unprecedented and rare subjection and devotion to literary and artistic influences and emotions. As long ago as 1885 Guy de Maupassant described him as the most extravagantly artistic temperament of our time.

INDEX

INDEX

Abbott, Dr., *Francis Bacon* by, 320
Actors, companies of, the rise of, 147
Adams, Thomas, of Wingrave, celebrated Puritan preacher, 396
Adlington, William, translator of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, 85
Agas, Ralph, map-maker, 328
Agincourt, Drayton's, 194
Allen, Dr. J. W., 255, 461
Alleyn, Edward, actor, 151
Andrewes, Bishop Lancelot, 390
Antiphonal singing, the germ of the liturgical drama, 132
Apollo Tavern, the, 268
Apuleius, Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass* of, 85
Arabian Nights, The 20
Arber, Prof., edition of Aschham by, 67; edition of Gascoigne's *The Steele Glass*, 102
Arden of Feversham, 151, 168
Arnold, Matthew, comparison of, with Sir T. More, 76; his sonnet on Shakespeare, 231
Arraignment of Paris, The, Greave's, 158
Ascham, Roger, *Toxophilus* and *The Scholemaster* by, 66, 172
Ashmole, Elias, antiquary, 543
Aubrey, John, anecdotes of Shakespeare by, 213; collaborator of Anthony à Wood, 546; *Brief Lives*, 548; a veritable Paul Pry, 549
Awdeley, John, *Fraternitye of Vacabondes* by, 306

Bacon, Delia, and the Shakespeare-Bacon theory, 254
Bacon, Francis (Lord Verulam), *The New Atlantis* suggested by Moore's *Utopia*, 75; early life of, 310; *Advice to Queen Elizabeth*, 311; *Promus*, 312; *The Advancement of Learning*, 313; the first great book in English prose of secular interest, 313; Lord Chancellor, 314; *Novum Organum*, 314; downfall, 315; his moral obliquities, 315; *The Essays*, 317; *History of Henry VII.*, 317; quality as a historian, 317; various estimates of his character, 320; his claims as a scientist, 320; *The New Atlantis*, 321
Baildon, Mr. H. B., 44
Bale, John, author of the interlude *Kyng Johan*, 140
Bandello, Matteo, 85
Bannatyne MSS., The, 40
Banquet of Dainty Conceits, A, an Elizabethan songbook, 107
Bapst, E., *Deux Gentilshommes Poètes* by, 56
Barbour, John, 41
Barclay, Alexander, *The Ship of Fools* by, 50
Barclay, John, *Argenis* by, derived from More's *Utopia*, 75

Barclay, Robert, Quaker apologist, 556
Barnfield, Richard, songs of, 207; his praise of Shakespeare, 221
Barret, William, author of a record epic still unpublished, 189
Barrow, Isaac, 551
Basse, William, 188; elegy on Shakespeare by, 240
Bates, K. L., *The English Religious Drama* by, 143
Baxter, Richard, *Reliquiæ* by, 553; *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, 553; his contemporary fame, 554
"Bayes," Davenant and Dryden the originals of, 489
"Beaumont and Fletcher," the title, little more than a chronological expression, 258
Beaumont, Dr. Joseph, *Psyche*, a poetical "mammoth" by, 412
Beaumont, Francis, his friendship with Jonson and Fletcher, 259; analysis of the plays known as Beaumont and Fletcher's, 260 *et seq.*; plays in which his share is most apparent, 261
Beckett, Thomas à, 21
Bedingfield, Thomas, translator of Macchiavelli, 92, 328
Bellamy E., *Looking Backward* derived from More's *Utopia*, 75
Belleforest, 85
Belvedere, Bodenham's, 106, 203
Bentley, Richard, his share in the Ancient and Modern Learning controversy, 541
Bergerac, Cyrano de, *Voyage de la Lune* of, 75
Berners, Lord, translation of Froissart by, 59
Bible, The Bishops', 128; *The Authorised Version of the*, 128
Bibliotheca, Sir Thomas Elyot's, 69
Birch, Thomas, Spenserian scholar, 195
Birrell, Mr. Augustine, *Marvell* (E.M.L.) by, 414
Bishops' Bible, The, 128
Blackfriars Theatre, 217
Black-letter type, 11
Blades, William, 89
Blank verse, Surrey the first to use, 56
Boas, F. S., *Shakespeare and his Predecessors* by, 169; edition of Kyd by, 169
Boccaccio, influence of, on Chaucer, 20-22
Bodley, Sir. Thomas, diarist, 329
Boëthius, Chaucer's fondness for, 25
Boisteau, Pierre, 85
Boleyn, Anne, Sir Thomas Wyatt and, 52
Bond, R. Warwick, 169
Book of the Duchess, Chaucer's, 15-18
Boorde, Andrew, 63
Borron, Robert de, 36
Bowge of Court, The, Skelton's, 50
Boyle, Charles (Earl of Orrery), *The Epistles of Phalaris* by, 541
Boyle, G. D., *Characters and Episodes of the Great Rebellion* by, 473
Bradley, A. C., *Shakespearean Tragedy* by, 256
Brady, Nicholas, Metrical Psalms by, 126
Bramston, Sir John, memoir-writer, 550
Brandes, Dr. G., *William Shakespeare* by, 256
Brandt, Sebastian, *Narrenschiff* by, 50
Brathwait, Richard, the *Journal of* "Drunken Barnabee" by, 423
Brémond, Henri, *Life of Sir Thomas More* by, 77

Breton, Nicholas, lyrics of, 207; literary tracts and pamphlets, 304; their high literary excellence, 305; as a writer of "characters," 305
Bridgett, Father, *Life of Sir Thomas More*, by, 77
Broke, Arthur, translations from Bandello by, 85
Brooke, Stopford, *Ten Plays of Shakespeare* by, 227
Browne, Sir Thomas, life and character, 349-350; *Religio Medici*, 350; its fascination, 351; *Hydriotaphia*, *ib.*; qualities of his style, 351; the influence of his thoughts and manner, 352
Browne, William, *Britannia's Pastoralls* by, 188; epitaph on Countess of Pembroke, 209
Brut, The, Layamon and Wace's, 38
Bryskett, L., translator of Giraldo, 92
Buckingham, Duke of, *The Rehearsal* by the, 489; the original of "Zimri," 489
Bullen, Mr. A. H., 204, 208, 255; *Elizabethan Song-book* edited by, 108; edition of Peele and Marlowe by, 159; edition of Beaumont and Fletcher by, 295; editions of Marston and Middleton by, *ib.*
Bunyan, John, the representative of uneducated Puritanism, 424; sketch of his life, 425 *et seq.*; *Grace Abounding*, 426; in prison, 428; *The Pilgrim's Progress*, 429; *The Holy War* and *Mr. Badman*, *ib.*; imperishable features of his allegory, 430
Burbage, Richard, actor, 151, 217
Burghley, Lord, *Ten Precepts to his Son Robert* by, 309
Burnet, Gilbert, Bishop of Salisbury, *History of My Own Time* by, 535; qualities as a historian, 536
Burton, Robert, *The Anatomy of Melancholy* by, 343; its literary pedigree, *ib.*; influence on later literature, 344; verses anticipating *Il Penseroso*, 344; a scholarly cento, *ib.*; estimate of its varied learning and philosophy of life, *ib.*
Burton, William, Elizabethan translator, 92
Busby, Dr., 552
Busher, Leonard, the earliest pleader for religious toleration, 396
Butler, Samuel, life of, 481-482; his popularity and poverty, 483; *The Elephant in the Moon*, *ib.*; as a writer of "characters," 484; his mastery of rhyme, *ib.*; *Hudibras*, *ib. et seq.*; a medley of wit, satire, and humour, 484
Butler, Samuel, *Erewhon* by, derived from More's *Utopia*, 75
Butter, Nathaniel, *The Weekly News* of, 563
Byrd, William, 107, 204

Camden, William, *Britannia* by, 327
Campanella, *Civitas Solis* by, 75
Campaspe, Lyly's, 153
Campion, Thomas, 107; denunciation of rhyme by, 172-175; song-books, 204; lyrics of, 205
Canterbury Tales, The, Chaucer's, 20 *et seq.*
Carew, George, 334
Carew, Richard, translator of Tasso, 90
Carew, Sir Richard, *Survey of Cornwall* by, 336; as a literary critic, 336

Carew, Thomas, lyrics by, 367; epitaph on Donne, 368
Carey, Robert, diarist, 333
Carleton Sir Dudley, 334
Carlyle, R. M. and A. J., *Life of Latimer* by, 68
Carpenter, Prof., 196; *English Lyrics* by, 210
Cartwright, Rev. W. eulogy of Fletcher by, 264
Cartwright, William, poems by, 423
Casaubon, Isaac, influence of his Latin translation of Theophrastus, 305
Caslon, William, a famous type-founder, 10
Castiglioni, *The Courtier* of, 84
Cavendish, George, *Life of Wolsey* by, 64
Caxton, William his age coincident with the era of modern England, 4; (the standardiser of our language, 5; sketch of his life, *ib. et seq.*;) Gibbon's criticism, 10; his influence in fixing the language, *ib.*; Lord Spencer's collection of sixty Caxtons, 9; editions of Chaucer and Gower, 32
Chamberlain, John, 334
Chamberlayne, William, *Pharonnida* by, 412
Chambers, Mr. E. K., *Mediæval Drama* by, 135; *The Mediæval Stage* by, 143
Chapman, George, his scholarship, 88; translation of *The Iliad* and *Odyssey*, *ib.*; qualities and defects of his rendering, 89; collaborator with Ben Jonson, 273; tragedies, 274; magnificence of his rhetoric, *ib.*
"Characters," the growth of English prose, 306 *footnote*
Charles II., personal influence of, on literature, 478
Chase, L. N., *English Heroic Plays* by, 507
Chasles, M. Philarète, 169, 253
Chaucer, Geoffrey, praise of, 13, by contemporaries and immediate successors, 13; early life of, 14; visits Italy, 15; royal and other patronage, *ib.*; his tomb the nucleus of Poets' Corner, 16; fictitious legends concerning, *ib.*; the portrait by Occleve, 17; autobiographical allusions in his poems, 18; three chronological periods in his writings—French, Italian, and English—18; *The Canterbury Tales*, 20 *et seq.*; the excellence of their plan, 23; Dryden's famous criticism, 24; qualities of his style, 24; his text, *ib. et seq.*; growth of modern interest in, 28; periods of Chaucerian scholarship, *ib.*; the modernisation of, 29; the vicissitudes of his fame, *ib.*; Dryden's defence for the modernising of, 30; a short bibliography of, *ib.*
Cheke, Sir John, a famous teacher of Greek, 65
Chess, The Game and Play of the, 7
Chesterton, Mr. G. K., 224
Chettle, Henry, 222
Child, Prof., studies in Chaucer by, 27; edition of Spenser by, 196
Chillingworth, William, 396
Christie, W. D., *Globe* editor of Spenser, 196
Chronicle plays, the place of, in the evolution of English drama, 139
Church, R. W., *Spenser* by, 196
Churchyard, Thomas, 103
Cibber, Colley, 499
Cinthio, 85

Civitas Solis, Campanella's, suggested by More's *Utopia*, 75
Clarendon, Earl of, Edward Hyde, *History of the Rebellion* by, 472; its great literary qualities and historical faults, *ib.*; a national monument, 473
Clarendon Press, the, 474
Colet, John, 65
Colin Clout, origin of the name, 50
Collier, Jeremy, his attack on Congreve and the stage, 519-527
Collier, J. Payne, 169; *Seven English Miscellanies* edited by, 107; *History of English Dramatic Poetry* by, 143; edition of Spenser by, 196
Collins, Prof. Churton, quotation from, respecting the vicissitudes of Chaucer's fame, 28; edition of Greene by, 169; *Essays and Studies* by, *ib.*
Complaint to Pity, Chaucer's, 18
Condell, Henry, 217, 249
Confessio Amantis, Gower's, 32
Congreve, William, *The Morning Bride*, 503; the gulf between Restoration and Revolution comedy, 518; educated in Ireland, *ib.*; his reproof by Voltaire, 520; lost to the stage at thirty, 519; controversy with Jeremy Collier, *ib.*; life and character of, *ib.*; amalgam of wit and humour, *ib.*; *Love for Love*, *ib.*; "final and flawless comedy," 519
Constable, Henry, sonneteer, 201
Corbet, Bishop, *Iter Boreale* by, 423
Corrie, George Elwes, edition of Latimer's *Sermons* by, 68
Coryat, Tom, 63; *Crudities* by, 335
Cosin, Bishop, 552
Cotton, Charles, translation of Montaigne by, 96; poems by, 423
Courant, The Daily, 563
Court of Love, The, Chaucer's, 19
Cowden Clarke, C., as a moderniser of Chaucer, 29
Cowley, Abraham, a poet at twelve, 408; *The Cutter of Coleman Street*, 410; *The Mistress*, *ib.*; Latin poems, *ib.*; Pindaric odes, *ib. et seq.*; his literary influence considered, 410
Craik, G. L., *Spenser and his Poetry* by, 196
Cranmer, Thomas, the chief artificer of the English Prayer Book, 124
Crashaw, Richard, the most mystical of English poets, 381-382; the poets' poet, 382
Creation of the world, Ussher's chronology of the, adopted in the English Bible, 391
Creed, Thomas, editor of Lucretius, 499
Croft, H. H. S., edition of Elyot's *The Governour* by, 69
Crowne, John, *Sir Courtly Nice* by, 516

Dallington, Sir Robert, 335
Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins, The, Dunbar's, 42
Danett, Thomas, Elizabethan translator, 92
Daniel, Alexander, diarist, 329
Daniel, Mr. P. A., 248
Daniel, Samuel, "volunteer laureate" in succession to Spenser, 190; "well-languaged Daniel," 190; sonnets of, 201; as literary critic, 337

Daniell, John J., *Life of Herbert* by, 378
Dante, influence of, on Chaucer, 20
Davenant, Sir William, befriends Milton, 440; the original of "Bayes," 489; as theatre manager, 512
Davey, Henry, *History of English Music* by, 108
David and Bethsabe, Peele's, 159
Davies, Sir John, 196 *footnote*
Davison, Francis, *Poetical Rhapsody* by, 203
Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, in Elizabethan song-book, 106
Day, John, a famous type-founder, 10
Dee, John, diarist, 329
Dekker, Thomas, plays and lyrics of, 276; a dramatist of real life, 277; the antiquarian value of his satirical pamphlets and plays, 303; *The Guls Hornbook*, 304; *The Batchelor's Banquet*, 306
De la Mare, Mr. Walter, *Henry Brocken* by, 424
Demaus, R., *William Tyndale, a Biography* by, 129
Denham, Sir John, *Cooper's Hill* by, 417; his threnody on Cowley, *ib.*
Dennys, John, 188
De Regimine Principum, Occleve's, containing the portrait of Chaucer, 16
Deschamps, Eustace, his praise of Chaucer, 13
D'Ewes, Sir Symonds, 328, 333
Dickenson, John, metrical experiments by, 174
Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers, The, 7
Digby, Sir Kenelm, "an arrant mountebank," 406
Diodati, Charles, the friend of Milton, 433-437
Dobell, Mr. Bertram, the discoverer of Traherne's poems, 385 *footnote*
Don Quixote, Shelton's translation of, 93; Ormsby and Watt's translation, 96
Donne, John, sounds a new note in English poetry, 357; his precocity and friendship with Sir Henry Wotton, 358; with Essex to Cadiz, *ib.*; *first poems*, *ib.*; in the Fleet prison, 359; finds a patron in King James, 360; Dean of St. Paul's, *ib.*; from sensualism to sanctity, *ib.*; his monument in St. Paul's, 361; an amazing neuropath, *ib.*; Carew's eulogy, 368; qualities of his verse and its influence, 369; as a preacher, 390
Dorset, Earl of, Charles Sackville, poems of, 422
Douglas, Bishop John, exposes Lauder's forgeries, 461
Douglas, Gavin, his version of *The Æneid*, 45
Dowden, Prof., *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art* by, 256
Dowland, John, 107, 204
Downes, John, author of *Roscius Anglicanus*, 527
Doyle, Sir Conan, *Micah Clarke*, by 485
Drake, Dr. Nathan, 169; *Shakespeare and his Times*, 256
Drant, Thomas, metrical critic, 172
Drayton, Michael, his sonnets, 192; England's *Heroicall Epistles*, 192; *Agincourt*, 193; Poly-Olbion, 194; his metrical versatility, 195; his posthumous reputation, 195
Droeshout, Martin, portrait of Shakespeare by, 241
Drummond of Hawthornden,

William, visited by Ben Jonson, 268; an accomplished dilettante, 363; *Poems*, 364; friendship with Drayton, 365; visited by Ben Jonson, *ib.*; *The Cypresse Grove*, *ib.*; his achievement as a sonneteer, *ib.*
Dryden, John, his famous estimate of *The Canterbury Tales*, 21; as a moderniser of Chaucer, 29-30; the founder of modern English prose, 479; first poems, 487; married Lady Elizabeth Howard, *ib.*; early plays, *ib.*; *Annus Mirabilis*, 488; his tribute to Shakespeare, *ib.*; poet laureate, *ib.*; the original of "Bayes," 489; his revenge on Buckingham, *ib.*; the pruriency of his plays, 490; his admiration for Milton, 491; his heroic tragedies, *ib.*; rhymed couplets, *ib.*; *Absalom and Achitophel*, 491; *MacFlecknoe*, 493; *Religio Laici*, 494; *The Hind and the Panther*, 495; misfortunes bravely met, 496; translations and paraphrases, *ib.*; *Fables*, 497; burial in Westminster Abbey, 498; his undisputed dictatorship, *ib. et seq.*; an author taken on trust, 499; as a literary critic, *ib.*; *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 500; Johnson's eulogy, 499; Matthew Arnold's estimate, 507
Du Bartas, *Divine Weeks* by, 91
Duff, Gordon, *Early Printed Books* by, 9
Dugdale, Sir William, *Antiquities* by, 544; *Monasticon Anglicanum*, *ib.*; *Baronage of England*, *ib.*
Dunbar, William, the greatest of the Scottish Chaucerians, 41; *The Thistle and the Rose*, 42; *The Golden Targe*, *ib.*; *The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, *ib.*; the prototype of Burns, 44
D'Urfey, Thomas, 498
Dyce, Alexander, edition of Skelton by, 51; estimate of Shakespeare by, 257
Dyer, Sir Edward, 173, 209

Eames, W., *Bibliography of Raleigh* by, 340
Earle, John, *Microcosmographie* by, 308; the best of the "character" writers, *ib.*
Edward II., Marlowe's, 167
Edward III., 151
Edward VII., defence of Dryden by King, 497
Edwardes, Richard, 106; *Damon and Pythias* by, 139
Eggestein, early printing of, 3
Eikon Basilike, disputed authorship of, 356
Eliot, Sir John, *Monarchy of Man* by, suggested by More's *Utopia*, 75
Elizabeth, Queen, her literary accomplishments, 96
Elizabethan songs and lyrics, 105
Ellesmere MS., the Chaucerian, 26
Ellis, Sir Henry, edition of Early English Chronicles by, 62
Ellwood, Thomas, his friendship with Milton, 440-442; *Autobiography* of, 556
Elton, C. I., *William Shakespeare: his Family and Friends* by, 214
Elton, Prof., *Drayton* by, 196
Elyot, Sir Thomas, 69
Encomium Moriæ, Erasmus's, 76
Endymion, Lyly's, 153

England's Helicon, an Elizabethan song-book, 106, 203
England's Parnassus, an Elizabethan song-book, 106, 203
English, the history of, before Caxton, 3
Epithalamium, Spenser's, 186
Erasmus, lectures of, at Cambridge, 65
Erdeswicke, Sampson, 336
Etherege, Sir George, historical importance of his plays, 512
Euphues, Lyly's, 152; the first approach to the novel of manners, 297
Evans, Sir John, edition of Browne's *Urne-Buriall* by, 351
Evelyn, John, his studious and respectable *Diary*, 534; its historical value, *ib.*
Everyman, 134

Fabyan's Chronicles, 61
Faerie Queene, Spenser's, 177 *et seq.*
Fairfax, Edward, *Godfrey of Bollogne; or, The Recoverie of Hierusalem*, translated from Tasso by, 90; Isaac d'Israeli's eulogy of, 90
Farmer, Richard, *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare* by, 256
Farquhar, George, the comedies of, 522
Faustus, Dr., Marlowe's, 165
Featley, Daniel, celebrated Puritan divine, 396
Fell, Dr., 552
Feltham, Owen, *Resolves* by, 310
Fenton, Sir Geoffry, *Tragical Discourses* by, 85; translation from Guicciardini, *ib.*
Ferrar, Nicholas, influence of, on Herbert and Crashaw, 378-381
Feuillerat, Prof., 169
Field, Nat, actor, 151
Field, Richard, Shakespeare's friend and publisher, 221
Fielding, Henry, Chaucer compared to, 24
Filmer, Sir R., *Patriarcha* by, derived from More's *Utopia*, 75
Fisher, John, preacher, author, and martyr, 70
Fitzgibbon, Mr. H. M., 45
Flamsteed, John, first Astronomer-Royal, 475
Flatman, Thomas, painter and poet, 413
Fleay, F. G., *Guide to Chaucer and Spenser* by, 30; *Chronicle History of the London Stage* by, 169
Fletcher, Giles, religious epic poet, 186
Fletcher, John, association of, with Shakespeare and Beaumont and Massinger, 259; analysis of the plays known as Beaumont and Fletcher's, 260-263; plays in which his share is most apparent, *ib.*
Fletcher, Phineas, *The Purple Island* by, 186
Florio, John, translation of Montaigne, 92
Flower and the Leaf, The, Chaucer's, 19
Folios, the Shakespeare, 250-251
Ford, John, early dramatic hackwork, 286; *The Lover's Melancholy*, 286; *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*, 287; Lamb's extravagant eulogy of *The Broken Heart*, 288; his versification, 289
Ford, Thomas, 107
Fortescue, Thomas, *Forest or Collection of Historyes* by, 86
Fox, A. W., *Book of Bachelors* by, 340
Fox, George, *Journal* of, 556
Foxcroft, Miss, edition of Burnet's *History* by, 557

Foxe John, *The Book of Martyrs*, 120; its effect on English Protestantism, 122; buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, 443
Fraunce, Abraham, 173
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, Greene's, 156
Frith, Prof., edition of Ludlow's *Memoirs* by, 557
Froissart, Lord Berners, 59-60
Fuller, Thomas, *Historie of the Holie Warre*, 347; *Holy and Prophane State*, *ib.*; *The Historie of the Worthies of England*, 348; his wit and learning, *ib.*
Furnivall, Dr., 255; foundation of the Chaucer Society by, 27; edition of six Chaucer MSS. by, 28; edition of Boorde's *Introduction* and *Dietary* by, 63
Fust, early printing of, 2

Galathea, Lyly's, 152
Gammer Gurton's Needle, 138
Garnett, Dr. Richard, 460; *Age of Dryden* by, 507
Garth, Samuel, *The Dispensary* by, 499
Gascoigne, George, adventurous life of, 100; *George Gascoigne's Posie*, 101; *Jocasta*, 101; *Supposes*, *ib.*; *The Steele Glass*, 102
Gauden, John, his probable share in the *Eikon Basilike*, 356
Gaunt, John of, the patron of Chaucer, 15
Gayley, Prof., *Representative English Comedies* by, 143, 169
Gazette, The London, 562
Geffs, Abel, edition of Gascoigne by, 103
Genest, John, *Some Account of the English Stage* by, 526
Geoffrey of Monmouth, 38
Gerard, Father John, *Autobiography* of, 332
Gibbon, Edward, his criticism of Caxton, 10
Giles, Dr. J. A., edition of Ascham's works by, 66
Glanville, Joseph, 554
Globe Theatre, the, 217
Goddard, Jonathan, one of the founders of the Royal Society, 407
Godwin, Francis, Bishop of Hereford, literary influence of his *Man in the Moone*, 75, 397, 406
Golden Hind, The, story of Marlowe's reputed death on board, 162
Golden Legend, The, 8
Golden Targe, The, Dunbar's, 42
Golding Arthur, translator of Ovid, 84; Shakespeare's debt to, *ib.*
Goodman, Godfrey, Bishop of Gloucester, *Court of James I.* by, 396
Goodwin, Gordon, 196
Gorboduc, the first English tragedy, 87, 141; the influence of Seneca, 141; the use of blank verse in English drama, 142
Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, A, 106
Gosse, Mr. Edmund, verses to Mr. A. H. Bullen, 208; *Sir Thomas Browne* by, 350; *Life and Letters of John Donne* by, 362
Gosson, Stephen, *The Schoole of Abuse* by, 336
Governour, The, Sir Thomas Elyot's, 69
Gower, John, the foil of Chaucer, 32; his capital work, *ib.*; Warton's criticism, 34; comparison of, with Chaucer, 35; "Moral Gower," *ib.*; various editions of, *ib.*

Grafton, Richard, *Chronicle* of, 62
Gray, J. W., *Shakespeare's Marriage* by, 256
Gray's Inn, *The Comedy of Errors* played at, 222
Greene, Robert, attacks by, on Marlowe and Shakespeare, 155; lyrist, novelist, and pamphleteer, *ib.*; *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 156; lyrics of, 206; his *Groatsworth of Wit*, 222; *Pandosto* and *Menaphon*, 299
Greenhill, W. A., edition of Sir Thomas Browne, 350
Grenewey, Richard, translator of Tacitus, 392
Greville, Sir Fulke, 197 *footnote*, 209
Grey, Zachary, edition of Samuel Butler, 485
Groatsworth of Wit, Greene's 222
Grocyn, William, 64
Grosart, Dr., editions of Daniel and Spenser by, 196
Guevara, 84
Guido delle Colonne, 19
Gutenberg, John, 1

Habington, William, 385 *footnote*
Hakewill, Bishop George, his influence on Johnson, 396
Hakluyt, Richard, *Voyages* of, 335
Hales, John, the "ever-memorable," 395; his famous defence of Shakespeare, *ib.*; his learning and his charity, 395
Halifax, Marquis of, George Savile, brilliance of, as a pamphleteer, 538; *The Character of a Trimmer*, *ib.*
Hall, Edward, *The Union of the Noble and Illustre Families of Lancaster and York* by, 61; influence of his *Chronicle*, *ib.*
Hall, Elizabeth, Lady Barnard, the last surviving descendant of Shakespeare, 239
Hall, John, Shakespeare's son-in-law, 239
Hall, John, essayist and poet, 417
Hall, Joseph, his *Characterisms*, modelled on Theophrastus, 307; as a great preacher, 390
Halley, Edmund, astronomer, 475
Hamerton, P. J., *Intellectual Life* by, 310
Handful of Pleasant Delights, A, an Elizabethan songbook, 107
Hanmer, Sir Thomas, edition of Shakespeare, 252
Harleian MS., the Chaucerian, 26
Harman, Thomas, *Caveat for Common Cursetors*, a pioneer of "character" sketches by, 303
Harrington, James, *Oceana* of, suggested by More's *Utopia*, 75; his theories described by Scott in *Woodstock*, *ib.*; his friendship with Charles I., 403; *Oceana* by, 404
Harrington, Sir John, translator of Ariosto, 90, 209
Harrison, William, *Description of England* by, 326
Harry, Blind, 41
Harvey, Gabriel, influence of, on Spenser, 172
Hawes, Stephen, *The Passetime of Pleasure* by, 49
Hayward, Sir John, *First Part of the Life and Raigne of Henry the IVth* by, 327
Hazlitt, W. C., edition of Gascoigne by, 103
Hearne, Thomas, 63; *Reliquiæ* by, 346
Heminge, John, 217, 249

Henderson, Mr. T. F., *Scottish Vernacular Literature* by, 48
Henry IV., the first English king who spoke English habitually, 3
Henry VIII., literary influence of, 58
Henryson, Robert, *Robene and Makyne* by, 39
Henslowe, Philip, diarist, 329
Herbert, George, comparison of, with Herrick, 377; sketch of his life, *ib.*; *The Temple*, 378; critical estimate of, 379-381
Herbert, Sir Thomas, 335; his friendship with Charles I., 403; *Threnodia Carolina* by, 404
Herbert of Cherbury, Lord, 377; his *Autobiography*, 462; political career, 463; poems, 464; uses the *In Memoriam* stanza, *ib.*; the father of English Deism, *ib.*
Herford, Prof. C. H., *German Influence on English Literature in the Sixteenth Century* by, 50; edition of *The Shepheards Calender* by, 196
Herrick, Robert, *Hesperides*, 370; a versifier by instinct, 371; as a writer of *vers de société*, *ib. etc.*, his position among English lyrical poets, 372
Hewlett, Mr. Maurice, obligation of, to the *Morte d'Arthur*, 37
Heylyn, Peter, his *Survey*, 405; *History of the Sabbath*, *ib.*; his popularity in the eighteenth century, 405 etc.; *History of the Reformation*, 406
Heywood, Jasper, translator of Seneca, 83
Heywood, John, author of moralities and interludes, 136-137; the interludes of, 144; as literary critic, 337
Heywood, Thomas, a prolific playwright, 279; comedies of domestic life, *ib. etc.*
Higden, John, 8
Historia Britonum, Geoffrey of Monmouth's, 38
Hobbes, Thomas, *Leviathan* of, suggested by More's *Utopia*, 75; his eccentric father, 465; the patronage of the Cavendishes, *ib.*; dawn of his philosophical ambitions, 466; eleven years in France, 466; *Leviathan*, 467; his political conceptions, *ib.*; his influence on English political philosophy, *ib.*; his casuistry, 467; "squaring the circle," 469; a poet at eighty, 470; Aubrey's account of, *ib.*
Hoby, Sir Thomas, his translation of Castiglioni's *Courtier*, 85
Hoby, Sir Thomas, diarist, 329
Holinshed, Raphael, *Chronicles of England* by, 326
Holland, Philemon, Elizabethan "translator-general," 92
Hooke, Robert, the "greatest mechanick" of the seventeenth century, 474
Hooker, Richard, appointed Master of the Temple, 388; *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* by, 388; the genuineness of the sixth book of the *Laws*, *ib.*; the objects of his work, *ib. etc.*; a great prose classic, 390
Hookes, Nicholas, *Amanda* by, 423
Hopkins, John, joint author of the Psalms in metre, 126
Horne, Richard, as a moderniser of Chaucer, 29
Hoskins, John, assisted Ra-

leigh with the *History of the World*, 324
House of Fame, The, Chaucer's, 19
Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey, 54
Howard, Sir Robert, brother-in-law and collaborator of Dryden, 487
Howell, James, miscellaneous writer and Historiographer Royal, 401; his *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*, 402; his influence on the English essayists and his posthumous renown, *ib. etc.*
Huchown, 38
Hughes, John, Spenserian scholar, 196
Humphreys, H. Noel, *History of the Art of Printing* by, 9
Hunnis, William, 106
Hunt, Leigh, as a moderniser of Chaucer, 29
Hutchinson, Lucy, *Life of Colonel Hutchinson* by, 537

Interludes, the position of, in the evolution of English drama, 135
Italian influence, the extent of, in the Elizabethan age, 81, 140

Jaggard, William, 208, 249
James I., calls Chaucer "his master," 13; *The Kingis Quair* by, 41; works of, 309
Jamieson, T. H., *Life and Writings of Alexander Barclay* by, 50
Jason, The History of, 7
Jessopp, Canon, *Lives of the Norths* edited by, 557
Jew of Malta, The Rich, Marlowe's, 166
Jewel, Bishop John, 387
Jocasta, Gascoigne's, 101
Johnson, Gerard, bust of Shakespeare by, 241
Jones, Inigo, his share in Elizabethan masques, 267
Jones, Robert, 107
Jonson, Ben, early life, 264; escapes gallows by benefit of clergy, 265; Shakespeare acts in *Every Man in his Humour*, *ib.*; "Poetomachia," 266; *Cynthia's Revels*, *ib.*; *Sejanus*, 266; masques, *ib.*; songs, 267; poet laureate, 267; the Mermaid Tavern, *ib.*; journey to Drummond of Hawthornden, 268; king of the Apollo, *ib.*; "O rare Ben Jonson," 269; *Volpone*, *ib.*; *The Alchemist*, 270; *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Silent Woman*, *ib.*; characteristics of Jonson's comedy, 270; after Shakespeare, the most intellectual of Elizabethan dramatists, 272; his friendship with Sir Walter Raleigh, 324; *Timber*, 339
Jusserand, J. J., *Piers the Plowman* by, 114; *The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare* by, 299

Keffer, early printing of, 3
Kemp, Will, actor, 151
Ken, Bishop Thomas, author of two famous hymns, 554; his saintly character, *ib.*
Ker, Prof. W. P., *Essays on Mediæval Literature* by, 62; estimate of Dryden as a critic by, 500; edition of Dryden's *Essays* by, 507
Killigrew, Thomas, manager of the Theatre Royal, 512
Kinaston, Sir Francis, minor poet, imitator of Waller, 417
King, Edward, the subject of Milton's *Lycidas*, 439, 452
King, Henry, Bishop of Chichester, devotional poet, 423

Kingis Quair, The, by James I., 41
Kinwelmersh, Francis, 106
Knolles, Richard, historian, 328
Kyd, Thomas, *The Spanish Tragedie* of, 160; resemblance of his play to *Hamlet, ib.*
Kynaston, Edward, actor, 510

Laing, David, edition of Henryson by, 40; edition of Dunbar by, 45; edition of Sir David Lyndsay's works by, 48
Lamb, Charles, eulogy of Shakespeare, 234-236
Lament for the Makaris, The, Dunbar's, 43
Lancelot, Walter Map's, 38
Langland, William, comparison of, with Chaucer, 14; *Piers the Plowman* by, 113; outline of the poem, *ib.*; short bibliography, 114; *footnote*
Latimer, Hugh, literary qualities of the sermons of, 67; the story of Tenterden Steeple and the Goodwin Sands, 67; his martyrdom, 68
Latin influence, extent of, an Elizabethan literature, 80
Lauder, William, his charges of plagiarism against Milton, 461
Lee, Miss Elizabeth, *Selections from La Bruyère* by, 306
Lee, Mr. Sidney, *Elizabethan Sonnets* by, 210; theory regarding Shakespeare's sonnets, 230; estimate of Shakespeare's income as an actor, 238; *Life of Shakespeare* by, 256; *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*, 300; edition of Herbert's *Autobiography* by, 465
Lee, Nathaniel, unhappy life of, 504; his Marlowesque plays, *ib.*
Le Fèvre, Raoul, 5
Legend of Good Women, The Chaucer's, 19
Leland, John, the first great English antiquary, 62
L'Estrange, Roger, licenser of the press, 499, 562; *The Intelligencer* and *The News, ib.*
Lettou, John, a rival of Caxton, 8
Lilly, William, 543
Linacre, Thomas, 64
Lithgow, William, traveller, 335
Locke, John, medical studies and varying fortunes of, 558; a homely thinker, 559; *Essay on the Human Understanding*, 560
Lodge, Thomas, sonnets of, 203; the lyrics of, 206; *Rosalynde*, 229; as literary critic, 337
"Lothario," the name (from Rowe's *Fair Penitent*) supplants that of "Lovelace" as a synonym for a libertine, 369
Lounsbury, Prof. T. R., estimate of Chaucer by, 24; *Studies in Chaucer* by, 30
Lovelace, Richard, dramatist and lyrist, 368; Richardson's use of his name, 369
Lowe, R. W., *Thomas Betterton* by, 527
Lowell, J. R., as a critic of Chaucer, 31
Lowin, John, actor, 511
Lucy, Sir Thomas, Shakespeare and, 215
Ludlow, Edmund, *Memoirs* by, 543
Luttrell, Narcissus, Macaulay's use of his diary, 542
Lyly, John, *Euphues* by, 152; his comedies, 153; lyrics attributed to, 206; the suc-

cess of *Euphues*, 297; first approach to the novel of manners, 298; his imitators, 298
Lyndsay, Sir David, a Scottish Rabelais, 46-48
Lyrics, Elizabethan, 105-106
Lytton, E. B., *The Coming Race* by, 76

Mabbe, James, Elizabethan translator, 92
Macaulay, Prof. G. C., edition of Gower by, 35
"Machlinia," 8
Mackay, Sheriff Æneas, 45
Macray, W. D., edition of Clarendon's *History* by, 473
Madden, D. H., *Diary of Master William Silence* by, 256
Maeterlinck, M., quoted on the Elizabethan dramatists, 294
Malines, William of, 8
Malone, Edward, desecration of Shakespeare's bust by, 241
Malory, Sir Thomas, life of, 36; *Morte d'Arthur*, *ib.*
Manning, Anne, *The Household of Sir Thomas More* by, 77
Manningham, John, diarist, 330
Mansion, Colard, 6-7
Mantuanus, Baptista, 178, 219
Map, Walter, 38
Markham, Sir Clements, *History of Peru* by, 76
Marlowe, Christopher, life of, 161-162; translator and actor, *ib.*; death at Deptford or on board *The Golden Hind*, *ib.*; his place in English drama, 163; *Tamburlaine*, 164; Mr. Verity's estimate, 164; Charles Lamb on, 166; *Dr. Faustus*, *ib.*; *The Jew of Malta*, 166; *Edward II.*, 167; influence on Shakespeare, *ib.*; legend of his death at the hands of Jonson, 265
Marston, John, extravagant plays of, 275
Martin-Marprelate controversy, the, 387
Martyr, Peter, 124
Marvell, Andrew, his famous lines on Charles I., 418; colleague and friend of Milton, 420; his satires, *ib.*; the colleague of Milton, 439
Masques, Elizabethan, 267
Massinger, Philip, his association with Beaumont and Fletcher, 258-261; playmender and renovator, 289; a master of histrionic eloquence, 290; a literary economist, *ib.*; *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, 291; "Sir Giles Overreach," 291
Masson, Prof. David, *Drummond of Hawthornden* by, 365; *Life of Milton* by, 460
May, Thomas, historian and dramatist, 329
May, Thomas, Johnson's praise of, as a Latin poet, 410
Mayor, J. E. B., edition of Ascham's *Scholemaster* by, 67
Mazarine Bible, the, 1
Medwell, Henry, author of a miracle play, 135
Melbancke, Brian, *Philotimus* by, 299
Melville, Sir James, 334
Mentelin, early printing of, 3
Meredith, George, *Richard Feverel* compared with *Romeo and Juliet*, 224
Meres, Francis, 243
Merlin, Robert de Borron's, 36
Mermaid Tavern, the, 267
Middleton, Thomas, antiquarian value of his plays, 277;

The Changeling, 278; his scholarship, *ib. footnote*
Milton, John, his schooldays, 433; friendship for Diodati, 434; early poems, 434; at Cambridge, *ib.*; *Lycidas* and *Comus*, 435; travels on the Continent, 436; *Epitaphium Damonis*, 437; marriage with Mary Powell, *ib.*; pamphlets on divorce, 438; *Areopagitica*, *ib.*; Latin Secretary, 439; controversy with Salmasius, *ib.*; second and third marriages, 440; life at Bunhill Fields, 440; *Paradise Lost*, 442; domestic unhappiness, 442; death, *ib.*; religious opinions, 443; Johnson's estimate, *ib. footnote*; Shakespeare and Milton at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, 444; his controversial pamphlets, 445; *Areopagitica*, 446; *Eikonoclastes*, 447; his relations with Cromwell, 448; qualities of his prose style, 449; *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, 450; *Comus*, 451; *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso*, *ib.*; *Lycidas*, 454; the publication and history of *Paradise Lost*, *ib.*; Miltonic diction, 454; the Latin quality of his mind, *ib.*; the sources of the greatness of *Paradise Lost*, 457; his lack of emotion, 457; *Samson Agonistes*, 458; its Sophoclean qualities, *ib.*; his vocabulary and its dangers, *ib.*; the severity of his art, 458; bibliography, *ib.*; false charge of plagiarism by Lauder, 461; *Nova Solyma*, *ib.*
Miracle plays, 134
Mirror for Magistrates, The, 97; Sackville's *Induction*, 98
Miscellanies, Seven English, edited by J. Payne Collier, 107
Misfortunes of Arthur, The, a play acted before Elizabeth at Gray's Inn by Bacon and others, 143
Molière, Chaucer compared to, 22
Molza, Francesco Maria, translation of *The Ænid* by, 75
Montague, Charles, joint author of *The Town and the Country Mouse*, 495
Montague, Richard, a famous Jacobean preacher, 396
Montaigne, Florio's, 93; Cotton's, 96
Moralities, 134
More, Henry, Platonist and poet, 412
More, Sir Thomas, sketch of his life, 70; his dramatic rise and downfall, *ib.*; origin of *Utopia*, 71; its flattering reception, *ib.*; the first English version, *ib.*; *footnote*; analysis of *Utopia*, 72; influence of Plato and Lucian and St. Augustine, 75; its influence on later literature, *ib.*; his character an enigma, 76; bibliographical note, 77, *footnote*
Morell, Thomas, edition of Chaucer by, 26
Morgann, Maurice, *Character of Falstaff* by, 226
Morland, Sir Samuel, engineer, 476
Morley, Miss E. J., *Sir Philip Sidney* by, 300
Morley, Prof. Henry, critical work of, on Gower, 35
Morley, Thomas, 107, 204
Morte d'Arthur, Malory's, 35-36; influence of, on later literature, 37; various editions of, *ib.*; Huchown's, 38

Morton, Thomas, a famous Jacobean divine, 396
Moryson, Fynes, *Itinerary* of, 334
Mother Hubbard's Tale, Spenser's, 185
Mulcaster, Richard, Elizabethan critic, 337
Munday, Anthony, Elizabethan translator, 92; *A Banquet of Dainty Conceits*, 107; *Zelauto*, 299

Narrenschiff, Sebastian Brandt's, 50
Nash, Thomas, *Jack Wilton* by, 302
Naunton, Sir Robert, *Fragmenta Regalia* by, 334
Newman, John Henry, comparison of, with Sir T. More, 76
Nokes, James, actor, 511
Norden, John, historian, 336
North, Roger, *Lives* by, 536
North, Sir Thomas, translation of Plutarch by, 84
Northbrooke, John, Elizabethan critic, 336
Norton, Thomas, joint author of *Gorboduc*, 141
Nott, Dr. G. F., edition of Wyatt's poems by, 56
Nova Solyma, attributed to Milton, 461
Nutt, Mr. David, *Popular Studies in Romance* by, 38

Occleve, Thomas, 16
Old Wives' Tale, The, Greene's, 158
Oldham, John, poet and satirist, 420
Oliphant, F. R., article on Dunbar by, 45
Oliphant, Thomas, *Musa Madrigalesca* by, 210
"Orinda, The Matchless," 413
Ormsby, John, translator of Cervantes, 96
Osborne, Dorothy (Lady Temple), the *Letters* of, 551
Otway, Thomas, *The Orphan* by, 504; *Venice Preserved*, *ib.*; tragic death, *ib.*
Overbury, Sir Thomas, tragic life of, 307; *The Wife*, *ib.*; his "characters," *ib.*
Ovid, influence of, in Elizabethan literature, 82; Shakespeare's debt to, 218

Painter, William, *The Palace of Pleasure* by, 85
Palace of Pleasure, The Painter's, 85
Paltock, Robert, *Peter Wilkins* by, 75
Paradyse of Daynty Devices, The, 106
Parker, Archbishop, 127
Parliament of Foules, The, 18
Parry, William, 335
Passetime of Pleasure, The, Stephen Hawes's, 49
Passionate Pilgrim, The, 107, 208
Paterson, J., edition of Dunbar by, 45
Pattison, Mark, his view of Milton's prose, 449
Pauli, Dr. R., edition of Gower by, 35
Pearson, John, 551
Peele, George, lyrist and dramatist, 157; influence on Milton, 158
David and Bethsabe, 159; possible influence on Shakespeare, *ib.*
Penn, William, *Fruits of Solitude* by, 556
Pepys, Samuel, early life, 529; work at the Admiralty, 530; President of the Royal Society, *ib.*; history of his *Diary*, 530; a unique document, *ib.*; did Pepys anticipate publication? 532; R. L. Stevenson's view, *ib.*; Sir Leslie Stephen's view, 533
Percy, William, sonneteer, 202

Pettie, George, *A Petite Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 86
Pfister, early printing of, 3
Phaer, Thomas, translation of Virgil by, 83
Philips, Katherine, "the matchless Orinda," 413
Phillipps, Halliwell, *Ludus Coventriæ* edited by, 143
Phillips, Edward, miscellanist, the nephew of Milton, 432, 437, 447
Phillips, John, miscellanist, the nephew of Milton, 432-437
Phœnix Nest, The, an Elizabethan song-book, 106
Piers the Plowman, 113
Plomer, H. R., *English Printing* by, 9
Plutarch, Sir Thomas North's, 84
Policronicon, Higden's, 8
Pollard, Mr. A. F., *Thomas Cranmer* by, 124
Polland, Mr. A. W., estimate of Chaucer by, 24; *Chaucer Primer* by, 30; *English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes* by, 143
Poly-Olbion, Drayton's, 190
Pope, Alexander, as a moderniser of Chaucer, 29; his edition of Shakespeare, 252
Pordage, John, 385 *footnote*
Porson, Prof., 234
Prayer Book, the English, the evolution of, 122
Press, the, the development of, during the eighteenth century, 563; the power of, 565-567
Preston, Thomas, an Elizabethan dramatist, 142
Prideaux, Humphrey, memoir writer, 550
Printing, the transformation from xylography to topography 1; early history of, 2
Prior, Matthew, share in parodying Dryden's *Hind and the Panther*, 495
Proctor, Thomas, an Elizabethan anthologist, 106
Promptuarium Parvulorum, an early Latin lexicon, 70
Psalms, the Metrical, history of, 125
Psalter, the Mainz, 2
Purchas, Samuel, *Pilgrimes* by, 336
Puttenham, John, 175
Pynson, Richard, 8

Quarles, Francis, 384 *footnote*
Quartos, the Shakespeare, 244-248

Rabelais, Sir Thomas Urquhart's, 95; translation by W. F. Smith, 96
Rainolds, Dr., Elizabethan critic, 336
Raleigh, Prof., 460
Raleigh, Sir Walter, poems of, 209; the romantic interest of his life, 322; the patron of Bruno, 323; his literary friendships, *ib.*; epitome of his life as a man of action, *ib. footnote*; *History of the World*, 324
Randolph, Thomas, minor poet, to whom Milton owed a line, 423
Rankins, William, Elizabethan critic, 336
Raspe, R. E., *Baron Munchausen* by, 76
Rastell, John, writer of "interludes," 135
Ravenscroft, Thomas, 107
Ray, John, naturalist, 476
Reade, Charles, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, 6
Recueil des Histories de Troye, Le, 7
Reresby, Sir John, memoir writer, 550
Reynolds, F., *Some Principles*

of Elizabethan Staging by, 170
Rhyme-royal, 41
Rhys, Prof., edition of the *Morte d'Arthur* by, 37; *Studies in the Arthurian Legend* by, 38; *Celtic Heathendom* by, *ib.*
Rich, Barnabe, *Farewell to the Militarye Profession* by, 92
Richard, Thomas, *Misogonus* by, 139
Richmond, Leigh, *Fathers of the English Church* by, 68
Rivers, Earl, 7
Robene and Makyne, Henryson's, 40
Robertson, Mr. J. M., edition of Bacon's works by, 320
Robertson, Mr. J. Logie ("Hugh Haliburton"), 45
Robinson, Clement, an Elizabethan anthologist, 107; *Handefull of Pleasant Delites* by, 203
Roche, Walter, Shakespeare's schoolmaster, 213
Rochester, Earl of, poems of the, 421
Rogers, John, the first martyr of the Marian persecution, 119
Roister Doister, an interlude by Nicholas Udall, 138
Roman de la Rose, 18
Romeus and Juliet, The Tragical History of, Brooke's translation of, from Bandello, 85
Roper, William, son-in-law and biographer of Sir T. More, 77
Rosseter, Philip, 107
Rous, John, diarist, 331
Rowe, Nicholas, first biographer of Shakespeare, 215; his edition of Shakespeare, 252; tragedies of, 506; edition and life of Shakespeare, *ib.*; poet laureate *ib.*; translator of Lucan, *ib.*; *The Fair Penitent* by, 507
Rowlands, Samuel, *Martin Markall* by, 305; *Democritus* by, 343
Rowlands, Samuel, Elizabethan translator, 92
Rowley, William, collaborator with Thomas Middleton, the Elizabethan dramatist, 278; his satire, *The Search for Money*, 305
Roy, William, associate of Tyndale, 117
Royal Society, the, early history of, 407 *footnote*; later history of, 474

Sackville, Thomas, Earl of Dorset, his *Induction to The Mirror for Magistrates*, 98-100; his share in *Gorboduc*, 141
Saintsbury, Prof., on the Spenserian stanza, 185; quoted on Thomas Dekker, 276; *Dryden* by, 507
Salmasius, Milton's controversy with, 439, 448
Sanderson, Robert, theologian, 355
Sandys, George, traveller, 335
Sapho and Phao, Lyly's, 153
Savile, Sir Henry, translator of Tacitus, 92, 328, 391
Schelling, Prof., *Life of Gascoigne* by, 103; *Elizabethan Lyrics* by, 210
Schipper, Prof., 44
Schoeffer, early printing of, 2
Scholemaster, The, Ascham's, 66, 172
Scot, Sir John, of Scotstarvet, 365
Scott, Sir Walter, Chaucer compared to, 24; comparison of, with Shakespeare, 231
Scottish Vernacular Literature, Mr. T. F. Henderson's, 48

Sedley, Sir Charles, 420; *The Mulberry Garden* by, 516
Seebohm, Frederick, *Oxford Reformers* by, 64
Selden, John, greatest of antiquarian lawyers, 392; his *Table Talk*, 394
Seneca, influence of, in Elizabethan literature, 82, 141
Settle, Elkannah, Dryden's satire 494
Shadwell, Thomas, *The Medal of John Bayes* by, 493; Dryden's reply in *MacFlecknoe*, *ib.*; his appearance as "Og" in *Absalom and Achitophel*, 494; poet laureate, 496; his comedies, 517; *The Squire of Alsatia* and Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, 517
Shakespeare, William, date of birth, 212; misfortunes of his father, 212; early life, 213; Aubrey's anecdotes, *ib.*; marriage with Anne Hathaway, *ib.*; goes to London, *ib.*; his children, 214 *footnote*; Sir Thomas Lucy, 215; players' visits to Stratford, *ib.*; early work as reviser and adapter, 217; *Henry VI.*, *Titus Andronicus*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, 218; theatrical parts ascribed to him, *ib. footnote*; influence of Ovid and Mantuanus, 219; early comedies, *ib.*; Launce in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *ib. footnote*; early historical plays, 220; influence of Marlowe, *ib.*; poems, 221; Greene's attack, *ib. etc.*; his plays at Court, 222; patronage of the Earl of Southampton, 221; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 223 and *footnote*; *Romeo and Juliet* 224; *Merchant of Venice*, 225; *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, 225; *The Merry Wives*, 226; *As You Like It*, *ib.*; features of Shakespearean tragedy, 227 *footnote*; *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *King Lear*, 227; rivalry of Ben Jonson, 229 *footnote*; autobiographical element in *Coriolanus*, 230; the dedication of the Sonnets, *ib. footnote*; personal characteristics compared with Scott's, 231; his constructive imagination, *ib.*; his philosophy of life, 234; "this manly book," *ib.*; *Antony and Cleopatra*, 236; *Coriolanus*, 236; "romance plays," 237; retirement to Stratford, 239; history of his family, *ib.*; death and burial at Stratford, 240; portraits and personal appearance, 241; the first quarto editions, 244; *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 249; the first folio, 250; the second folio, 252; the third and fourth folios, *ib.*; critical fads and hallucinations, *ib.*; the identity of "W. H..," 253; the Baconian folly, 254; Theobald's emendations, 252 *footnote*; causes of Shakespeare's supremacy, 255; a select bibliography, *ib.*; acts in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humor*, 265
Shaw, Mr. Bernard, appreciation of Bunyan by, 424
Sheldon, Archbishop, 552
Sheldon, Thomas, translator of *Don Quixote*, 93
Shepheards Calender, Spenser's, 176-178
Ship of Fools, The, Alexander Barclay's, 50
Shirley, James, the last of the Elizabethan dramatists, 292; *Love Tricks*, *ib.*; victim

of the Great Fire, 293; *The Gamester*, *ib.*; his relation to his predecessors, 293
Sibbald, J., *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry* by, 46
Sibbes, Richard, celebrated Puritan preacher, 396
Sichel, Mr. Walter, 255
Sidgwick, Mr. F., edition of Wither by, 385 *footnote*
Sidney, Sir Philip, the fashion of sonneteering set by, 198; *Astrophel and Stella*, 199; French and Italian influence apparent in, 200; *Arcadia*, 300; its mixture of the pastoral and the chivalric, *ib.*; its popularity and literary qualities, 300; *Apologie for Poetrie*, 338; its critical value, *ib.*; as literary critic, *ib.*
Singer, S. W., Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* edited by, 64
Skeat, Prof., edition of Chaucer by, 29; *The Student's Chaucer* by, 30; *The Chaucer Canon* by, *ib.*; translation of *Piers the Plowman* by, 115
Skelton, John, 50-51
Small, J., edition of Dunbar by, 45; edition of Gavin Douglas by, 46
Smith, Alexander, *Dreamthorpe* by, 31
Smith, Captain John, *True Travels* by, 335
Smith, Dr. Miles, 128
Smith, Miss Lucy Toulmain, *The York Plays* edited by, 143
Smith, Prof. D. Nichol, *Eighteenth-Century Essays on Shakespeare* by, 256
Smith, Prof. G. Gregory, *Elizabethan Critical Essays* by, 340
Smith, W. F., translator of Rabelais, 96
Smollett, Tobias, Chaucer compared to, 22
Smyth, Robert, Italian translator, 86
Snell, Mr. F. J., *The Age of Chaucer* by, 30
Sommer, H. O., edition of the *Morte d'Arthur* by, 37
Song-books, Elizabethan, 202
Sonnet, history of the English, 198
South, Robert, 552
Southampton, Earl of, Shakespeare and the, 221
Southern, Thomas, the "heroic" tragedies of, 505
Southey, Robert, edition of the *Morte d'Arthur* by, 37
Spanish Tragedie, Kyd's, 160
Speculum Meditantis, Gower's, 33
Speed, John, *History of Great Britain* by, 326
Speght, Thomas, edition of Chaucer by, 19, 26
Spenser, Edmund, influence on, of Mulcaster and Gabriel Harvey, 176; *The Shepheards Calender*, *ib.*; life in Ireland, *ib.*; misfortunes and death, 178; real characters in the *Calender*, 179; *The Faerie Queene*, 180 *et seq.*; the poet of poets, 182; Leigh Hunt's appreciation of, *ib.*; Jonson on his diction, 181; the Spenserian stanza, 184; his later work, 184-185; *Epithalamium*, 186; *Prothalamium*, *ib.*; his profound influence on English poetry, 195; bibliography, 195 *footnote*; *Amoretti*, 202
Spielmann, M. H., *The Portraits of Geoffrey Chaucer* by, 16
Stanley, Thomas, minor poet, imitator of Waller, 417
Stanyhurst, Richard, translation of *The Æneid* by, 174

Stapleton, Thomas, the biographer of Sir T. More, 77
Stationers' Company, the rise of the, 79 and *footnote*
Steele Glass, The, Gascoigne's, 103
Stephen, Sir Leslie, *Hobbes* by, 470
Stepney, George, 499
Sternhold, Thomas, metrical version of the Psalms by, 126
Stevenson, William, probable author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 138
Stillingfleet, Edward, 554
Stoll, E. E., *John Webster* by, 295
Stow, John, 19, 26; *Annales of England* and *Survey of London* by, 326
Strachey, Sir Edward, edition of the *Morte d'Arthur* by, 37
Strode, William, *The Floating Island* by, 423
Stubbes, Philip, *Anatomie of Abuses* by, 305; Elizabethan critic, 336
Suckling, Sir John, a prototype of Rochester, 373; his prodigal career, *ib.*; Aubrey's account of his miserable death, 373-374; the gay and sparkling impudence of his lyrics, 375
Supposes, Gascoigne's, 101
Surrey, Earl of, Henry Howard, life of, 54; the legend of "fair Geraldine," 55; a disciple of Wyatt's, 56; the first to use decasyllabic blank verse, *ib.*
Sylvester, Joshua, translator of Du Bartas, 91; his translation an influence on Milton, 433
Symonds, J. A., *Predecessors of Shakespeare* by, 169

Taine, his estimate of Froissart quoted, 60
Tamburlaine, Marlowe's 163-164
Tate, Nahum, metrical Psalms by, 126, 494
Taylor, Jeremy, outline of the life of, 352; King Charles I. and, 353; *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, 354; qualities of his style, *ib.*
Temple, Sir William, diplomatic career of, 539; life at Moor Park, *ib.*; *Essays*, *ib.*; *Ancient and Modern Learning*, 540; the course of the controversy, 540; his posthumous reputation, *ib.*
Tenterden Steeple, the story of, first told by Bishop Latimer, 67
Theater and the Curtain, the, 149
Theater playhouse, 217
Theatre, Blackfriars, 149
Theatre, the Fortune, 149
Theatre, the Globe, 149, 217
Theatre, the Hope, 149
Theatre, the Rose, 149
Theatre, the Swan, 149
Theatre, the rise of the English, 146; the Elizabethan, 149; the Restoration, 512
Theobald, Lewis, his famous Shakespeare emendation, 252
Theophrastus, his *Characters* translated into Latin by Casaubon, 305
Thistle and the Rose, The, Dunbar's, 42
Thorndike, A. H., *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespeare* by, 295
Thynne, Francis, edition of Chaucer by, 26
Tillotson, Dean, 554
Title-pages, introduction of, 12
Titus Andronicus, 151
Todd, Henry J., editor of Spenser, 196
Todd, Mr. G. Eyre, 41, 45

Tottel's Miscellany, 52, 56, 105
Tourneur, Cyril, obscure life, 284 *footnote*; *The Atheist's Tragedie*, 285; *The Revenger's Tragedie*, 285; a morbid genius, *ib. etc.*
Toxophilus, Roger Ascham's, 66
Traherne, Thomas, 385 *footnote*
Trent, Mr. W. P., 460
Trevelyan, Mr. G. M., *England in the Age of Wycliffe* by, 114
Troilus and Criseyde, Chaucer's, 18
Tunstall, Cuthbert, Bishop of Durham, the friend of Sir T. More, 71
Turberville, George, translator of Ovid, 85, 104
Tusser, Thomas, 197 *footnote*
Twine, Thomas, translator of Virgil, 83
Two Noble Kinsmen, The, 237
Tyndale, William, influenced by Erasmus, 116; began his translation of the New Testament at Cologne, 117; Froude's estimate of the translation, *ib.*; *The Obedience of a Christian Man*, 118; controversy with Sir Thomas More, 118; martyrdom, 119; the subsequent history of his "Bible," *ib. etc.*
Typography, the invention of, 1
Tyrwhitt, Thomas, edition of Chaucer by, 26

Udall, Nicholas, author of *Ralph Roister Doister*, 138
Underdown, Thomas, Elizabethan translator, 92
Urquhart, Sir Thomas, eccentric career of, 94; translation of Rabelais, *ib.*
Urry, John, edition of Chaucer by, 26
Ussher, James (Archbishop of Armagh), *Annales* by, 391; his chronology of the Creation adopted in the English Bible, *ib.*
Utopia, Sir Thomas More's, its origin, 71; its brilliant reception, 72; the first English version, *ib. footnote*; analysis of, 72; influence shown by it of Lucian and Plato and St. Augustine, 75; its own influence on later literature, 75; bibliographical note, 77 *footnote*

Vanbrugh, Sir John, playwright and architect, 523; *The Relapse* by, *ib.*; *The Provoked Wife*, 524; Garrick's favourite part of Sir John Brute, *ib.*; his work as an architect, 525 *note*; Abel Evans's epitaph, 526
Vaughan, Henry, *Silex Scintillans* by, 383; Wordsworth and, 384
Vaux, Lord, 105, 209
Vere, Edward, Earl of Oxford, 209
Verity, Mr. A. W., criticism of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 165; *Marlowe's Influence on Shakespeare*, 169
Verney Letters, The, 550
Virgil, influence of, in Elizabethan literature, 82
Vox Clamantis, Gower's, 33

Walkington, Thomas, *Optick Glass of Humours* by, 343
Wallace, Blind Harry's, 41
Waller, Edmund, poems to "Sacharissa," 414; "Waller's Plot," *ib.*; his claim as a political innovator, 415; his occasional verse, *ib.*; his exaggerated reputation, 416
Waller, Mr. A. R., edition of Beaumont and Fletcher by, 295; edition of Crashaw

by, 382; edition of Cowley by, 414
Wallis, John, famous seventeenth-century mathematician, and one of the founders of the Royal Society, 407, 475
Walsh, William, critic, 499
Walton, Izaak, sketch of the life of, 399; *The Compleat Angler*, 400; his obligation to Breton and Dennys, *ib.*; *Lives* by, *ib.*; the posthumous fame of "Iz: Wa.," 401
Ward, Dr. A. W., 169; *Chaucer* by, 30; *English Dramatic Literature* by, 143
Warner, William, *Albion's England* by, 189
Warning for Fair Women, A, 168
Warren, Miss Kate M., translation of *Piers the Plowman* by, 114; editor of Spenser, 196
Warton, Thomas, *History of English Poetry* by, 30
Watts, William, 328
Webbe, William, denunciation of rhyme by, 175
Webster, John, influenced by Kyd, Shakespeare and Marston, 281; in imaginative force next to Shakespeare, 281; *The White Devil*, 282; *The Duchess of Malfi*, 282 *et seq.*
Weelkes, Thomas, 107
Wells, Mr. H. G., his obligation to Sir T. More, 76
Westcott, Bishop, *History of the English Bible* by, 129
Whetstone, George, Elizabethan critic, 104, 336; *Heptameron of Civill Discourses* by, 86; author of *Promos and Cassandra*, 142
Whitelocke, Bulstrode, 542
Wilbraham, Sir Rodger, diarist, 331
Wilbye, John, 107
Wilkin, Simon, editor of Sir T. Browne's works, 350
Wilkins, Bishop John, 75; *The Discovery of a New World* by, 406
Williams, W. H., edition of Skelton by, 51
Will's Coffee-house, Dryden at, 498
Wilmot, Robert, author of *Tancred and Gismunda*, 142
Wither, George, 384 *footnote*
Wit's Commonwealth, an Elizabethan song-book, 107
Worde, Wynkyn de, Caxton's assistant and successor, 9
Wordsworth, William, as a moderniser of Chaucer, 29
Wood, Anthony à, antiquarian, 545; a pioneer of biographical compilation, 546
Workman, Mr. H. B., *Dawn of the Reformation* by, 115
Wotton, Sir Henry, verses by, 209; provost of Eton, 394; *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 395
Wotton, William, *Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning* by, 541
Wren, Sir Christopher, one of the founders of the Royal Society, 407
Wright, Thomas, edition of Chaucer by, 27; edition of the *Morte d'Arthur* by, 37; edition of Wyatt's poems by, 53; *The Chester Plays* edited by, 143
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, outline of the life of, 51; striking individuality of his thought, 52; importance as a metrical innovator, 53; the Petrarchan sonnet-form, 53; his best innovation material rather than formal, 54
Wycherley, William, the coarsest writer for the English stage, 514; *The Country Wife* and *The Plain Dealer*, 514, 515

Wyclif, John, elected master of Balliol at the age of thirty-five, 110; a daring theorist, 110; pioneer of "university extensionism," 110; condemned for heresy, 110; death, 111; "Doctor Evangelicus," 111; his share in the translation of the Bible, 111; number of MSS. copies still extant, 112
Wynton, Andrew of, 41

Xylography, the transformation of, to typography, 1

Yarrington, Robert, *Two Tragedies in One* by, 168
Yonge, N., 107
Yonge, Walter, diarist, 332
Yorkshire Tragedy, The, 168

Zainer, early printing of, 3
Zell, Ulric, early printing of, 3; his supposed influence on Caxton, 9

INDEX

Acton, Lord, 1181
Addison, Joseph, his rupture with Pope, 585; finds a patron in Dryden, 611; continental travels, 612; *The Campaign*, *ib.*; association with Steele, 613; *The Tatler*, 614; *The Spectator*, 616-7; estrangement from Steele, 618; death, *ib.*
Aitken, G. A., edition of Defoe by, 580
Akenside, Mark, *The Pleasures of the Imagination* by, 631
Alison, Sir Archibald, 1014
Amory, Thomas, *John Buncle* by, 677
Angellier, August, *Life of Burns* by, 870
Arbuthnot, John, *History of John Bull* by, 606
Arnold, Matthew, epitome of his career, 1205; early poems, 1206; lectures as Professor of Poetry, *ib.*; his kindliness and humour, 1207; an arrested poetic greatness, 1208; "English-coloured verse," *ib.*; his meliorism, *ib.*
Arnold, Thomas, 1009
Atterbury, Bishop, 585-6
Austen, Jane, her placid life, 987; her gifts of observation, 989; artist and critic, 990; miniatures on ivory, 991; Macaulay's critical oxymoron, *ib.*; bibliographical note, 1005

Bage, Robert, novelist, 679
Bagehot, Walter, 1212
Bailey, J. C., 793
Barker, Granville, author of *The Voysey Inheritance*, 781
Barnes, Joshua, *Gerania* by, 603
Barrie, J. M., modern morality dramas of, 781
Beckford, William, 825
Benn, A. W., *English Rationalism* by, 818
Bentham, Jeremy, 1215
Bentley, Richard, Pope's animosity to, 585
Berkeley, Bishop, 814
Berry, Mary, journals and correspondence of, 701
Bingfield, The Travels and Adventures of William, 678
Birch, Thomas, historian, 724
Blackstone, Sir William, his exaggerated fame, 726
Blackwood's Magazine, 1083
Blair, Robert, 834
Blake, William, his connection with the romantic revival, 837; his childish visions, 838; work as an engraver, *ib.*; *Songs of Innocence*, 839; association with Hayley, 840; illustrations for the Book of Job, 841; the question of his sanity, *ib.*; the prophetic books, 842; the Elizabethan spontaneity of his lyrics, 843
Bolingbroke, Lord, friendship with Pope, 588; his influence on *The Essay on Man*, *ib.*
Borrow, George, apostle of the open road, 1133; a be-

lated Defoe, 1134; an insurgent personality, *ib.*
Boscawen, Mrs. 997
Boswell, James, *Life of Johnson* by, 762
Bower, Archibald, historian, 724
Boyle, Roger, Earl of Orrery, 646
Bradshaw, J., edition of *Chesterfield's Letters* by, 694
Brayley, E. W., Defoe's *Journal of the Plague*, edited by, 580
Brontë, Charlotte, life at Haworth, 1166; at Brussels, 1167; a literary miracle, 1168; *The Professor*, *ib.*; *Jane Eyre*, *ib.*; Lady Eastlake's criticism in *The Quarterly*, 1169; hero-worship of Thackeray, *ib.*; *Villette*, 1170; a new phase in English fiction, *ib.*
Brontë, Emily, *Wuthering Heights* by, 1166-7
Brooke, Henry, *The Earl of Essex* by, 680; *The Fool of Quality*, *ib.*
Brooks, Shirley, 1080
Broome, William, collaborator with Pope, 585
Brown, Dr. John, 1134
Brown, John, of Haddington, 1134
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, the story of her marriage, 1158; a voluble correspondence, 1164; *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, *ib.*
Browning, Robert, his varied precocity, 1155; friendship with Domett, *ib.*; *Pauline*, 1156; *Strafford*, *ib.*; *Sordello*, *ib.*; *Pippa Passes*, *ib.*; failure of *The Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, 1157; marriage, 1158; *Men and Women*, 1159; life in Italy, *ib.*; death of Mrs. Browning, *ib.*; entrance into London social life, 1160; *The Ring and the Book*, 1160-1; a growing abstruseness, 1161; death, 1162; the secrets of his strength, *ib.*
Brunton, Mary, 996
Bryant, Jacob, antiquary, 725
Buchanan, George, 846
Buckle, Henry Thomas, 1174
Buncle, John, Thomas Amory's, 677
Burke, Edmund, *Origin of the Sublime and the Beautiful*, 796; working on *The Annual Register*, *ib.*; the *Speeches*, 797; *Reflections upon the French Revolution*, 798; *Letters to a Noble Lord*, 800; the influence of his thought, 801
Burney, Fanny, *Evelina*, 681; her *Diary*, 682; qualities of her *Diary*, 703
Burns, Robert, his education, 854; not a Don Juan, 855; "New Lights" and "Auld Lights," 856; Jean Armour, 857; the Kilmarnock edition of his poems, 858; aristocratic recognition, *ib.*; "Clarinda," 860; Lockhart's account of his social triumph, 859; the tragedy of his life, 863; genius of the first order, 864; the poet of poverty and freedom, 865; as a poet of nature, 867; an insurgent genius, 869; bibliographical note, 870
Burton, John Hill, *Life of Hume* by, 727
Bury, Lady Charlotte, 996
Butler, Bishop, 816
Bryom, John, 735
Byron, Lord, ancestry and education, 970-1; *Hours of Idleness*, 972; *Childe Harold*, 973; marriage, *ib.*; popular indignation, 974; leaves England, *ib.*; association with Shelley, 975;

Don Juan, 976; poetical dramas, 977; methods of work, 978; association with Leigh Hunt, 979; death at Missolonghi, *ib.*; a master of prose, 980; "Byronism," 981; his theory of poetry, *ib.*; the defects of his qualities, 982; bibliographical note, 985

Campbell, J. Dyke, 985
Campbell, John, historian, 723
Campbell, Thomas, contrasted with Southey, 904; *Pleasures of Hope*, *ib.*; four great battle poems, 905
Carlyle, Thomas, friendship with Edward Irving, 1086; *Wilhelm Meister*, 1087; marriage, *ib.*; *Sartor Resartus*, 1088; *History of the French Revolution*, 1089; the destruction of the MS., 1090; the Hesperus of dinner-tables, 1091; *Cromwell* and *Frederick*, 1091-2; domestic infelicity, 1093; hatred of rationalism and symmetry, 1095; "an inveterate comedian," 1096; bibliographical note, *ib.*
Carpenter, Edward, 813
Carruthers, Robert, *Life of Pope* by, 592, 1084
Carte, Thomas, historian, 723
Carter, Elizabeth, 997
Chadwick, W., *Life of Defoe* by, 580
Chalmers, G., *Life of Defoe* by 580
Chambers, Robert, 1234
Chandler, F. W., 661
Chapone, Hester, 997
Chatterton, Thomas, the Rowley poems, 836; his posthumous fame, *ib.*
Chesterfield, Lord, unfair depreciation of, 683; outline of his life, 685-6; character of his son, 686; the *Letters*, 687; eulogy of St. Beuve, 687-8; Johnson's attack on the *Letters*, 694-5
Cibber, Colley, appearance of, in *The Dunciad*, 592
Clayden, P. W., *Rogers and his Contemporaries* by, 906
Cleghorn, James, 1083
Clough, A. H., 1227
Cobbett, William, 805
Coleridge, S. T., his intellectual precocity, 888; an eloquent dragoon, 889; pantisocracy, 890; *The Watchman*, *ib.*; friendship with the Wordsworths, 891; the Lyrical Ballads, 892; *The Ancient Mariner*, *ib.*; his influence on his contemporaries, 893; the poet's description of himself, 894; Hazlitt's picture of him, 895; travels in Germany, 896; visionary projects, 897; "an archangel somewhat damaged," *ib.*; Micawber traits, 897; *Christabel*, *ib.*; *Biographia Literaria*, 899; *Letters* and *Table Talk*, 900; bibliographical note, 985
Collins, Anthony, 815
Collins, William, a herald of the romantic triumph, 744; *Persian Ecologues*, 745; *Odes*, *ib.*; madness and death, 747
Cooke, Edward, *Voyage to the South Sea Trade* by, 574
Courthope, W. J., remarks by, on the decline of lyric in the eighteenth century, 593; *Life of Pope* by, 592
Cowper, William, at Westminster School, 782; twelve irresponsible years, 783; first seizue, 784; the Unwins, *ib.*; the Olney Hymns, 785; his letters, 786; *John Gilpin*, 787; *The Task*, *ib.*; *The Castaway*, 789; the greatest of our secondary

poets, *ib.*; *The Loss of the Royal George*, 790
Crabbe, George, secures the patronage of Burke, 791; poems, 791-2; a Pope in worsted stockings, 792; his realism, 793
Creighton, Bishop Mandell, 1177
Creevey, Thomas, *The Creevey Papers*, 707
Croft, James, edition of Cowper by, 793
Croker, John Wilson, 1082; caricatures of, *ib.*
Croly, George, 1005
Cross, W. L., 661
Crousaz, Jean Pierre de, critic of Pope, 589
Crowne, John, 646
Cumberland, Richard, as a novelist, 679; his comedies and memoirs, 705; the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary, *ib.*
Cunningham, Allan, 967

Dalrymple, Sir David (Lord Hailes), 724
Dalrymple, Sir John, 724-5
Darley, George, 937
Darwin, Charles, 1234
Darwin, Erasmus, 1233-4
Davey, Henry, 764, 1060
Defoe, Daniel, early training of, 570; a staunch nonconformist, 571; business struggles, *ib.*; *Essay upon Projects*, *ib.*; *The Trueborn Englishman*, 571-2; *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, 573; a triumph in the pillory, *ib.*; *The Review*, *ib.*; secret service under Harley, 574; *Robinson Crusoe*, *ib.*; origin of the story of Selkirk, *ib.*; marvellous fertility as a writer, 575; a national novel, 576; a great mystifier, *ib.*; a brilliant reporter, 578; *Journal of the Plague Year*, 579 *footnote*; later writings, *ib. et seq*; bibliographical note, 580-1; his position in the history of the novel, 639
De la Fayette, Madame, *La Princesse de Clèves* by, 644
Delany, Mrs., diarist, 700, 997
De Lolme, John Louis, *The Constitution of England* by, 726
De Quincey, Thomas, his autobiographical works, 942; intellectual precocity, *ib.*; philosophy and opium, 943; friendship with Coleridge and Wordsworth, 944; Miss Martineau's description, 946; his width of learning, 947; his incurable digressiveness, 948; his humour, 949; impassioned prose, 950
Dickens, Charles, early struggles, 1110-1; *Sketches by Boz*, 1111; *Pickwick Papers*, *ib.*; an indecent assault on the emotions, 1114; offends the American public, *ib.*; newspaper editor, 1116; his favourite novel, *ib.*; *Household Words*, 1117; the early chapters of *Great Expectations*, 1118; lecturing tours, *ib.*; "The Empty Chair," 1119; personal characteristics and methods of work, 1120 *et seq.*
Disraeli, Benjamin, born in a library, 1102; a great trilogy, 1104; *Lothair*, 1105; Carlyle's abuse, *ib.*
D'Israeli, Isaac, 1022
Dobell, Bertram, *Sidelights on Lamb* by, 936
Dodington, Bubb, *Diary* of, 693
Dunlop, John Colin, *History of Fiction* by, 661

Dyer, John, *Grongar Hill* by, 734

Edgeworth, Maria, her eccentric father, 992; nursery classics, 993; *Castle Rackrent*, *ib.*; creates the "Paddy" of fiction, 994; friendship with Scott, *ib.*; bibliographical note, 1005
Edinburgh Review, The, 1071-2, 1083
Eliot, George, autobiographical elements in her novels, 1135; her early studies, *ib.*; life with G. H. Lewes, 1136; *Scenes of Clerical Life*, 1137; the sensation aroused by *Adam Bede*, 1138; *The Mill on the Floss*, 1139; scientific jargon, *ib.*; *Silas Marner*, *ib.*; over-elaboration her besetting sin, 1140; a masterpiece of portraiture, 1141
Ellis, George, 1081
Elwin, Whitwell, editor of Pope, 592

Fenton, Elijah, collaborator with Pope, 585
Fergusson, Robert, Burns's obligation to, 850
Ferrier, Susan, 1000
Fielding, Henry, compared with Richardson, 653; *Tom Jones* the pivotal novel in English fiction, *ib.*; dramatic work, 655; essays, 656; *Joseph Andrews*, *ib.*; *Jonathan Wild*, 658; Bow Street magistrate, *ib.*; Tom *Jones*, 659; *Amelia*, 660; *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, 661
Fielding, Sarah, *Adventures of David Simple* by, 677
Finlay, George, 1011
FitzGerald, Edward, his genius for friendship, 1131; translation of Calderon, *ib.*; the effect of Tennyson's dedication, 1132; the Omar Khayyâm cult, *ib.*; one of the greatest of English writers, *ib.*
Francis, Sir Philip, 802
Freeman, Edward A., 1178
Frere, John Hookham, Byron's obligation to, 976
Friswell, J. Hain, 694
Froude, J. A., *Life of Carlyle* by; his theory of history, 1173; the attacks of Freeman, 1173; biography of Carlyle, *ib.*; a colossus among small fry, 1174

Galland, Antoine, translator of *The Arabian Nights*, 642
Galt, John, his adventurous career, 1001; his energy and versatility, 1003
Gardiner, Samuel R., 1180
Garth, Sir Samuel, 629
Gaskell, Elizabeth, *Mary Barton*, 1170; *Cranford*, 1171; *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, *ib.*
Gay, John, his pastorals, 624-5; *Trivia*, 625; *Fables*, 626; *The Beggars' Opera*, *ib.*; his epitaph, 627
Gibbon, Edward, early studies, 709; influence of Pascal and Bossuet, *ib.*; life at Lausanne, 710; as a militia officer, *ib.*; an historical Mt. Everest, 711; life in London, 712; his *Memoirs*, 714; the outstanding qualities of the *History*, 715
Gibbs, J. W. M., edition of Goldsmith by, 781
Gifford, William, 968
Gil Blas, 643
Gillies, R. P., 969
Gleig, G. R., 1005
Glover, Richard, 705
Godwin, Mary, *Frankenstein* by, 830
Godwin, William, *Caleb Williams* by, 829; *St. Leon*,

ib.; miscellaneous writings, *ib.*; his influence on Shelley, 1030
Goldsmith, Oliver, the influence of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 681; early life and wanderings, 765-6; writing for *The Monthly Review*, 767; reviewing for Smollett, 767-8; *The Bee*, 768; *Citizen of the World*, 769; *The Traveller* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 770-1; *The Good-Natured Man*, 771; poems and comedies, 772; death, 773; an instinct for style, 774; an immortal idyll, 775
Gough, Richard, antiquary, 725
Granger, James, historian, 725; "grangerising," *ib.*
"Grangerising," origin of the term, 725
Graves, Richard, *The Spiritual Quixote* by, 677
Gray, Thomas, his early poems, 738; friendship with Mason and Walpole, *ib.*; the *Elegy*, *ib.*; the *Odes*, 740; contributes to Warton's *History of English Poetry*, 741; his letters, 744; his treatment by Johnson, *ib.*
Green, John Richard, 1179
Gregory, Lady, 832
Grenville Memoirs, The, 694
Grenville Papers, The, 694
Grenville, Richard, Earl Temple, probable share of, in the *Letters of Junius*, 802
Grose, Francis, antiquary, 726
Grote, George, 1007
Guest, Lady Charlotte, 832
Guthrie, William, historian, 724

Hall, Mrs. S. C., 1084
Hallam, Henry, 1016
Hamerton, P. G., 1192
Hamilton, Elizabeth, *Cottagers of Glenburnie* by, 1001
Hamilton, Thomas, 1004
Hamilton, William, of Gilbertfield, 850
Hardy, Thomas, a new era in the natural history of English fiction, 1247; the Borrow of Wessex, 1249; his clear-eyed realism, *ib.*; a master of impressionistic English, 1250
Hawker, R. S., 1198
Hawkins, Sir John, 763
Hayley, William, 705, 793
Hazlitt, William, compared with Lamb, 926; a hard-won facility, 927; idiosyncrasies of his character, 928; his antecedents, *ib.*; first meeting with Coleridge, 929; journalism in London, 930; *Letters to William Gifford*, *ib.*; *Liber Amoris*, 931; essays, 932; death, *ib.*; a critic who never praises wrongly, 933; the critic's critic, 935; Lamb's eulogy, 939 *et seq.*
Hearne, Thomas, antiquary, 722
Henry, Robert, historian, 724
Herschel, Sir John, 1234
Hervey, Lord, the confidant of Queen Caroline, 688; the original of Sporus, *ib.*; his *Memoirs*, 689; a masterpiece of detraction, *ib.*
Holmes, D. T., 850
Home, John, 834
Hogg, James, 967
Hogg, Thomas Jefferson, 1024
Holcroft, Thomas, 679
Hood, Thomas, a thorough Cockney, 1066; sub-editor of *The London Magazine*, 1067; friendship with Lamb, *ib.*; puns and poems, 1068; the *Song of the Shirt*, 1069; estimates by Rossetti and Poe, 1070
Hook, Theodore, 1080

Hooker, Sir William, 1234
Hope, Thomas, *Anastasius* by, 826
Houghton, Lord, 1060
Howitt, Mary, 1084
Howitt, William, 1084
Hudson, W. H., 813
Hume, David, *Treatise on Human Nature* by, 717; a complacent deist, 718; *History of England*, *ib.*; its association with Smollett's name, 719
Hunt, Leigh, *The Examiner*, 1061-2; a Radical hero, 1062; the Cockney school, *ib.*; joins Byron in Italy, 1063; his *Autobiography* and *Life of Byron*, *ib. et seq.*; "Harold Skimpole," 1064; a feminine diminutive of Lamb, 1065
Hutton, R. H., 1212
Huxley, T. H., 1235-6

Inchbald, Mrs. *The Simple Story* by, 679
Ingpen, Roger, 764, 1060
Ireland, Alexander, 935

James, G. P. R., 824
Jebb, Sir R. C., 1022
Jefferies, Richard, 811 *et seq.*
Jeffrey, Francis, his influence as critic and editor, 1080-1
Jerrold, Douglas, 1080
Johnson, Samuel, *Rasselas*, 681; his veneration for Psalmanazar, 707; a typical Englishman, 750; early studies, 751; marriage and removal to London, 752-3; working for *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 753; *Life of Savage*, 754; the Dictionary and poems, 754-5; essays, 755; personal characteristics, 757; *Lives of the Poets*, 759; greater as a man than as a writer, 761; Boswell's *Life*, 762; the letters to Chesterfield, *ib.*
Johnstone, Christian Isobel, 996
Jowett, Benjamin, 1180
Junius, *The Letters of*, 801 *et seq.*
Jusserand, M., *English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare* by, 661

Keats, John, the source of modern æstheticism, 1043; his political independence, 1044; his poetical ancestry, 1045; early life, *ib.*; friendship with Leigh Hunt, 1046; influence of Haydon, 1047; *Endymion*, 1049; hostile reviews, 1050; Fanny Brawne, 1053; *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, *ib.*; death at Rome, 1054; essentially brave and manly, 1056; Greek and romantic influences, *ib.*; his criticism of life, 1060; subsequent influence, *ib.*; bibliographical note, *ib.*
Keble, John, 1222 *et seq.*
Kelly, Hugh, 679
Kennett, White, topographer, 722
Kingsley, Charles, college tutor to the working man, 1196; *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*, *ib.*; his three historical novels, 1197; a perfect boy's book, *ib.*; *Water Babies*, 1198; his songs and ballads, *ib.*
Kingsley, Henry, 1199
Knight, Charles, 1085

Lamb, Charles, Hazlitt's description of his early life, 910-11; character of his father, 912; the tragedy of Mary Lamb, 913; renewed acquaintance with Coleridge, *ib.*; the incomparable flavour of his *Letters*, 915; poems, *ib.*; *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*,

917; twelve years of "indefensible indolence," 918; *Essays of Elia*, *ib.*; his objection to the term "gentlehearted," 921; character of Mary Lamb, *ib.*; his personal traits, 923; his symposia, *ib. et seq.*; last years, 924-5
Lamb, Lady Caroline, 996
Landor, Walter Savage, *Gebir*, 1037; vicissitudes of his life, 1039; *Imaginary Conversations*, *ib.*; Carlyle's description, 1040-1
Lardner, Dionysius, 1085
Law, William, 816
Lawrence, Frederick, *Life of Fielding* by, 662
Lecky, W. E. H., 1175
Lee, William, *Life of Defoe* by, 580
Lennox, Charlotte, author of *The Female Quixote*, 676
Le Sage, Alain, 643
Lever, Charles James, 1108
Lewes, G. H., 1136-7
Lewis, Matthew Gregory, 823
Lewis, Sir G. Cornewall, 1009
Leyden, John, 967
Lhuyd, Edward, antiquary, 722
Lingard, John, 1015
Lockhart, John Gibson, the "Scorpion," 967; Spanish Ballads, 968; *Life of Scott*, *ib.*
Lodge, Edmund, *Portraits* by, 725
Lodge, Thomas, 646
Long, George, 1010
Lucas, E. V., *Life of Lamb* by, 939 *et seq.*
Luttrell, Henry, 1080
Lyell, Sir Charles, 1233
Lyttleton, Lord, George, 723
Lytton, E. Bulwer, a "milor Anglais," 1099; *Pelham*, *ib.*; historical novels, 1100; successful plays, *ib.*; quarrel with Tennyson, *ib.*; first of the utility novelists, 1101

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, intellectual precocity, 1017; Holland House, *ib.*; Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, 1018; qualities of his *History*, *ib.*; a priceless torso, 1021; bibliographical note, *ib.*
Mackenzie, Henry, *The Man of Feeling* by, 679; *Julia de Roubigné*, 680
Mackintosh, Sir James, 803
Macleod, Fiona, 834
Macpherson, James, *Original Papers* by, 725; the fiction of "Ossian," 834
Madox, Thomas, 722
Maginn, William, 1083
Mahon, Lord, editor of *Chesterfield's Letters*, 694
Mahony, Francis (Father Prout), 1084
Maigron, L., *Le Roman Historique* by, 969
Maine, Sir H. S., 1176
Mallock, W. H., *The New Republic* by, 1211
Malthus, T. R., 819
Mandeville, John, 814
Manon Lescaut, the influence of, on fiction, 645
Mansel, H. L., 1227
Marivaux, Pierre de, 642
Marryat, Frederick, 1105
Marshman, John Clark, 1013
Mason, William, biographer of Gray, 738, 749
Maturin, Charles Robert, 824
Maurice, Frederic Denison 1227
Maxwell, W. H., 1108
Melville, James, 846
Mendoza, Hurtado de, 643
Meredith, George, the greatest exponent of the post-Dickensian novel, 1243; publisher's reader, *ib.*; *Richard Feverel*, 1244;

Evan Harrington, *ib.*; writing for "Balliol and Trinity," 1245; the Meredithian cult, 1246; the great trilogy, *ib.*; his characterisation of women, 1247; two famous epigrams, *ib.*; his delineation of a true-born Englishman, *ib.*
Merivale, Charles, 1010
Mill, James, 1013
Mill, J. S., his *Political Economy*, 819; his intellectual precocity, 1218; his *Logic* and *Political Economy*, 1219; *On Liberty*, *ib.*; his *Autobiography*, *ib.*
Milman, Henry Hart, 1010
Minto, William, *Defoe* by, 580
Mitford, Mary Russell, originator of a new graphic *genre*, 999
Mitford, William, 1006
Moir, David Macbeth (Delta), 1004
Montagu, Lady Mary, her scholarship, 690; pursued by libels, 691; her letters, *ib.*
Montagu, Mrs. "Queen of the Blues," 997
Moore, Dr. John, author of *Zeluco*, 828
Moore, Thomas, Byron's "chauffeur," 982; undue depreciation of, *ib.*; his songs, *ib.*; Life of Byron, 984
More, Hannah, her precocity, 996-7; a "bluestocking," *ib.*; *Cælebs in Search of a Wife*, 998
Morgan, Thomas, 815
Morier, James J., *Hajji Baba* by, 826
Morison, J. Cotter, *Gibbon* by, 727
Morley, Henry, *Life of Defoe* by, 580
Morris, William, 1189
Motherwell, William, 967
Munchausen, Baron, Rudolf Raspe's, 67-8

"Namby-Pamby," origin of the term, 630
Napier, Sir William, 1014
Newman, F. W., 1227
Newman, John Henry, a romantic figure in English letters, 1220; early religious pre-occupations, 1221; a leading influence at Oxford, 1222; "Lead, kindly Light," *ib.*; the Oxford Movement, *ib.*; conversion to Roman Catholicism, 1225; a master of English prose, 1226; his subsequent influence, *ib.*
Nichols, John, *Literary Anecdotes* of, 726
Nicolson, William, antiquary, 721
Normanby, Marquis of, 996
Novel, sketch of the origin of the, 637 *et seq.*

Oman, Prof. C. W., 1015
Opie, Amelia, *Father and Daughter* by, 679
Orme, Robert, military historian, 723
Ossian, 833
Owenson, Sydney, Lady Morgan, a pioneer of Lever and Lover, 995

Paget, John, 1022
Paine, Thomas, 804
Paley, William, 817
Palgrave, F. T., 1193
Paltock, Robert, *Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins* by, 678
Parnell, Thomas, 627; his influence on Goldsmith, 628; "pretty Fanny's way," *ib.*
Pater, Walter, 1210
Patmore, Coventry, a concatenation of contrasts, 1152 *et seq.* the probable endur-

ance of his minor poetry, 1154
Patmore, P. G., 937
Pattison, Mark, 1180; edition of Pope's *Essay on Man* by, 592
Peacock, Thomas Love, his books "Tournaments of Cranks," 1040; personal traits, 1041
Percy, Bishop, *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* by, 833
Perry, Bliss, 661
Philips, Ambrose, his pastorals, 630; "Namby-Pamby," *ib.*; a collector of ballads, 631; *The Distressed Mother*, *ib.*
Philips, John, *Cyder* by, 734
Pinero, A. W., comedies of, 780
Pinkerton, John, historian, 725
Pomfret, John, popularity of *The Choice* by, 629
Pope, Alexander, his precocity, 583; *Pastorals*, *ib.*; influence of Walsh and Wycherley, 584; his life "one long disease," *ib.*; at Will's Coffee-house, *ib.*; *Essay on Criticism*, *ib.*; *Rape of the Lock*, 585; success of the translation of Homer, *ib.*; quarrels with Addison and Bentley, 586; his social circle at Twickenham, *ib.*; *The Dunciad*, 587; *Essay on Man*, 588; his debt to Bolingbroke, *ib.*; his mastery of phrases, 590; *Imitations from Horace*, *ib.*; Warburton as his champion, 589; the mystification attending the publication of his *Correspondence*, 591; death at the height of his renown, 593; his paramountcy, *ib.*; the Popean couplet, *ib.*; bibliographical note, 592 *et seq.*
Porter, Jane, 996
Powell, Dr. Baden, 1227
Price, Richard, 803
Priestley, Joseph, 803
Pringle, Thomas, 1083
Prior, Matthew, his career as diplomatist, 622; *Alma*, 623; his occasional verse, *ib.*
Prior, Sir James, 781
Procter, Bryan Walter (Barry Cornwall), 935
Psalmanazar, George, the *Memoirs* of, 706; the story of the hoax, *ib.*

Quarterly Review, The, 1081
Quixote, The Female, Charlotte Lennox's, 676
Quixote, The Spiritual, Richard Graves's, 677

Radcliffe, Ann, 821; her descriptive powers, 822
Raleigh, Prof., 661
Ramsay, Allan, *The Evergreen*, 848; *Tea-Table Miscellany*, *ib.*; his songs, *ib.*
Raspe, Rudolf Eric, author of *Baron Munchausen*, 678
Rawlinson, Thomas, antiquary, 722
Ray, John, 1233
Reade, Charles, 1200
Reynolds, John Hamilton, 1067
Reynolds, Stephen, 845, 1060
Ricardo, David, 819
Richardson, Samuel, his uninteresting personality, 646; his popularity with the "blue stockings," 647; *Pamela*, *ib.*; the fame of *Clarissa*, 649; outline of the story, 650 *et seq.*; epistolary fiction, *ib.*; copybook morality, 652; compared with Fielding, 653
Ridley, James, *Tales of the Genii* by, 825
Roberts, David, 1107
Robertson, James Craigie, 1011

Robertson, William, historical works of, 720
Rogers, Captain Woodes, *Cruising Voyage Round the World* by, 574
Rogers, Samuel, *Pleasures of Memory* by, 906; his famous breakfasts, *ib.*; *Table Talk*, *ib.*
Romilly, Sir Samuel, 1217
Roscoe, William, 1011
Rossetti, Christina, 1191
Rossetti, D. G., *The Blessed Damozel*, 1182; his personal magnetism, 1183; the origin of the P. R. B., *ib.*; *The Germ*, 1184; marries Lizzie Siddal, *ib.*; the burial and exhumation of his poems, *ib.*; moral and physical atrophy, *ib.*; his ballad witchery, 1185
Ruffhead, Owen, biographer of Pope, 592
Ruskin, John, approaches the P. R. B. through adoration for Turner, 1186; early education, *ib.*; gains the Newdigate Prize, *ib.*; animated and inspiring prose, 1187; *The Stones of Venice*, *ib.*; influence of Carlyle, 1188; *Fors Clavigera*, *ib.*; a great and irregular genius, 1189
Russell, Earl, *Life of Moore* by, 984
Rutherford, Mark, *Revolution in Tanner's Lane* by, 1196
Rymer, Thomas, critic and historiographer, 722

Sale, George, historian, 724
Savage, Richard, 620
Scott, Alexander, 849
Scott, H. Spencer, 764, 1060
Scott, Michael, 1003-4
Scott, Sir Walter, early studies and influences, 953-4; hard work and hearty play, 955; the Bannatyne Club, 956; the circle of his friends, *ib.*; the *Border Minstrelsy*, *ib.*; *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *ib.*; his methods of work, *ib.*; *Marmion*, 957; *Waverley*, 958; eight prosperous years, 959; the financial crash, 960; death at Abbotsford, 962; his personal appearance, *ib.*; his creative imagination, 963; his historical portraits, 964; a born romantic, 966; his *Journal* and *Familiar Letters*, 969
"Scriblerus Club," Swift's, 585
Scudéry, Madame, 641
Seeley, Sir J. R., 1177
Selkirk, Alexander, the hero of *Robinson Crusoe*, 574
Selwyn, George, 1080
Sempill, Robert, inaugurator of the "Habby Simpson" stanza, 849
Shaftesbury, Earl of, *Characteristics* by, 813
Shaw, G. Bernard, the plays of, 781
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, juvenile characteristics, 1023; marriage with Harriet Westbrook, 1025; Mary Godwin, *ib.*; "Mad Shelley, 1026; incomparable lyrics, 1027; death at Viareggio, *ib.*; early poems, 1028; influence of Godwin, 1030; his metrical resource, 1032; *The Cenci*, 1032; his letters, 1037; influence of Landor and Peacock, *ib.*; bibliographical note, 1042
Shenstone, William, *The Schoolmistress* by, 736; Johnson's ironical life of, 737
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, *The Rivals*, 776; *The School for Scandal*, 778;

The Critic, *ib.*; the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary, *ib.*; Byron's eulogy, 780; his successors, 780-1
Smart, J. S., *James Macpherson* by, 844
Smith, Adam, influence of *The Wealth of Nations* by, 807; the Darwin of economics, *ib.*
Smith, Albert, 1080
Smith, Charlotte, *The Old Manor House* by, 679
Smith, Sydney, his connection with *The Edinburgh Review*, 1072-3; "The King of Clubs," 1074; a popular social figure, 1076; the *Plymley Letters*, *ib.*; a king of jesters, 1078
Smith, W. J., editor of *The Grenville Papers*, 694
Smollett, Tobias, sketch of early life of, 663; influence of Le Sage, 664; *Roderick Random*, *ib.*; *Peregrine Pickle*, 665; *Count Fathom*, *ib.*; miscellaneous writings, 666-7; his influence traced in later literature, *ib.*; *Adventures of an Atom*, 667; *Humphry Clinker*, 668; qualities of his style, *ib.*; compared to Fielding, 669; the *History of England*, 719
Southey, Robert, the complement of Coleridge, 901; pantisocracy, 902; his *Letters*, 903; *Life of Nelson*, *ib.*
Spencer, Herbert, 1229
Steele, Richard, *The Christian Hero*, 614; his comedies, *ib.*; "dear Prue," *ib.*; association with Addison on *The Tatler* and *Spectator*, 615 *et seq.*; his share compared with Addison's, 617; estrangement from Addison, 618; qualities of his style, 620
Stephen, Sir Leslie, 1212
Sterne, Laurence, influence of Hall Stevenson on, 670; *Tristram Shandy*, 671; his imitators, 673; his popularity abroad, *ib.*; *Sentimental Journey*, *ib.*; the quintessence of oddity, 675;
Stevenson, R. L., "a sedulous ape," 1238; a finished artist at twenty-five, 1240; finicking tendency, *ib.*; a "master of wordmanship," *ib.*; *Stevensoniana*, 1242; his legacy to the English novel, *ib.*
Strachey, Charles, 694
Strutt, Joseph, antiquarian, 725; *Queenhoo Hall* by, *ib.*
Stubbs, Bishop, 1178
Surtees, Robert, 834
Swift, Jonathan, early life, 595; with Temple at Moor Park, 596; "Varina," *ib.*; *The Battle of the Books*, *ib.*; *A Tale of a Tub*, 597; ally of Harley's, 598; Stella and Vanessa, 599; Dean of St. Patrick's, 600; the Scriblerus Club, 601; *Gulliver's Travels*, 602; later works and death, 603 *et seq*; qualities of his style, 604 *et seq.*
Swinburne, A. C., the greatest living poet, 1250; Jowett's estimate, 1251; influence of Landor, *ib.*; association with the P.R.B., *ib.*; fame followed by notoriety, *ib.*; *Poems and Ballads*, 1252; *Ave atque Vale*, 1253; metrical experiments, 1254; the "Dolores" metre, 1255; qualities of his prose, *ib.*; critical essays, 1256; Guy de Maupassant's estimate of the poet, 1257
Swinton, John, historian, 724
Symonds, E. M. (George Paston), 1047
Symonds, J. A., 1192

Talfourd, Sir T. N., 936-7
Tannahill, Robert, 967
Tanner, Thomas, the *Bibliotheca Britannica* of, 721
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, the inherited "black blood," 1142; *Poems, by Two Brothers*, 1143; remarkable group of university friends, *ib.*; *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, *ib.*; a famous volume of minor poetry, 1144; death of Arthur Hallam, 1145; *In Memoriam*, *ib.*; his *annus mirabilis*, 1147; topical poems, *ib.*; a wonder of art, 1148; his academy verse, 1149; the *Idylls*, *ib.*; his dramatic failures, 1150; dialect poems, *ib.*; *Crossing the Bar*, 1151; last days, *ib.*; his yearnful music, 1152
Thackeray, William Makepeace, college friendships, 1123; offer to illustrate *Pickwick*, 1125; a Fraserian, *ib.*; joins staff of *Punch*, *ib.*; *Barry Lyndon*, 1126; "written by a gentleman for gentlemen," 1127; as a lecturer, *ib.*; his high-water marks, 1128; *Esmond*, *ib.*; editor of *The Cornhill*, 1130; *Roundabout Papers*, *ib.*
Theobald, Lewis, hero of *The Dunciad*, 592
Thirlwall, Connop, 1007
Thomson, James, *The Seasons*, 731; *Sophonisba*, 732; *Rule Britannia*, *ib.*; *The Castle of Indolence*, 733; the herald of the romantics, 734; personal traits, 733-4
Thrale, Hester, *Anecdotes of Johnson* by, 701, 763
Tickell, Thomas, Pope's quarrel with, 586; source of the quarrel between Addison and Pope, 628; his elegy on Addison, 628-9
Tindal, Matthew, 815
Toland, John, 815
Tooke, John Horne, 803
Tovey, D. C., Gray's *Letters* edited by, 749
Toynbee, Arnold, 819
Trelawny, E. J., 986, 1037, 1041
Trench, Melusina, letters and journals of, 701
Trevelyan, Sir G. O., 1021
Trollope, Anthony, a pariah at Harrow, 1201; life in Ireland, *ib.*; *The Warden*, 1202; the Barchester series, *ib.*; engaged by Thackeray for *The Cornhill*, *ib.*; 50,000 words a month, 1203; his Scheherazade faculty and his objective imagination, *ib.*; generous, tactless, unmetaphysical, 1204
Trollope, Frances, 1200, 1201
Trumbull, Sir William, the instigator of Pope's *Iliad*, 584-5
Tupper, Martin, 835
Tutchin, John, *The Foreigners* by, 572
Twining, Thomas, *Letters* of, 702
Tytler, William, historian, 725

Wainewright, Thomas Griffiths, apostle of the "dandy school," 935; his amazing career, 936
Waldegrave, Earl of, *Memoirs* of, 692
Walpole, Horace, friendship with Gray, 696; the Strawberry Hill Press, 697; Pinkerton's *Walpoliana*, *ib.*; Macaulay's severe judgment, 698; quality of his memoirs, *ib.*; the "incomparable" *Letters*, 699-70;

The Castle of Otranto by, 820
Walsh, William, his influence on Pope, 584
Warburton, William, defends Pope against De Crousaz, 589; edition of Pope by, 592, 817
Ward, A. W., edition of Pope by, 592
Warner, Fernando, 725
Warren, F. M., *History of the Novel* by, 661
Warton, Joseph, *Essay on Pope* by, 592, 747
Warton, Thomas, *History of English Poetry* by, 748; edition of Milton's *Early Poems* by, *ib.*
Waterland, Daniel, 816
Watson, Bishop Richard, 818
Watson, James, *Choice Collection of Scots Poems* by, 847
Watson, Robert, historian, 723
Watts, Alaric, 1085
Wells, H. G., *Dr. Moreau's Island* by, 830
Wheeler, James Talboys, 1013
Wherry, Albinia, *Life of Defoe* by, 580
White, Gilbert, 808; the secret of his potency, 810
White, James, *The Falstaff Letters* by, 915
Whitaker, John, historian, 725
Whitten, Wilfred, *Life of Defoe* by, 580
Wilberforce, William, 816
Wilkins, Peter, Paltock's, 678
Wilde, Oscar, comedies by, 780
Wilson, John (Christopher North), 968
Wilson, William, *Life of Defoe* by, 580
Winchelsea, Lady, 734
Wolfe, Charles, 903
Wollaston, William, 815
Woolston, Thomas, 815
Wordsworth, William, early life and education, 872-3; walking tour on the continent, 873; fading of his republican dream, 874; friendship with Coleridge and Lamb, 875; the Lyrical Ballads, 876; *The Prelude*, 878; marriage, 879; *The Excursion*, 880; his sonnets, *ib.*; Poet-Laureate, 881; a nature poet by instinct, 882; his poetic theory, 884; Coleridge's enumeration of his excellences, 885; his lack of dramatic power and humour, 886; bibliographical note, 985
Wraxall, Sir N. W., *Historical Memoirs* of, 704
Wright, Thomas, *Life of Defoe* by, 580; *Cowper's Letters* edited by, 793
Wroth, Lady Mary, 646
Wycherley, William, his friendship with Pope, 584

York, Powell, Prof., 1180; appreciation of Defoe by, 576 *note*
Young, Edward, *The Revenge* by, 632; *The Universal Passion, ib.*; *Night Thoughts*, 633